FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING





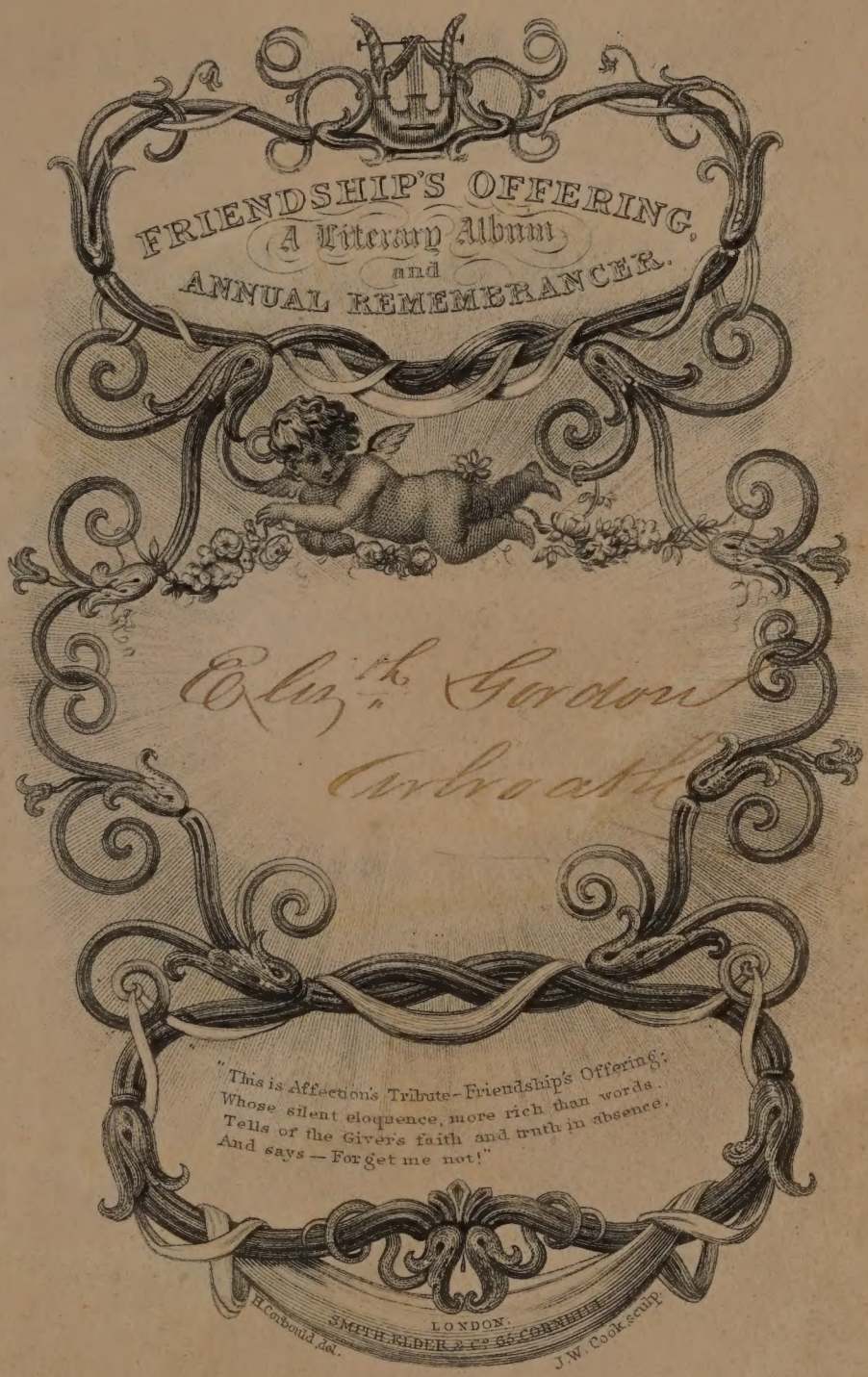


Drawn by E. T. Parris.

Engraved by H. T. Ryall.

My ain bonny Lassie.

Published by Smith, Elder & Co. Cornhill, London.


FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.
A Literary Album
and
ANNUAL REMEMBRANCER.
Eliz.th Gordon
Corbroath
"This is Affection's Tribute—Friendship's Offering;
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith and truth in absence,
And says—Forget me not!"
H.Corbould del.
LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER & Co. 65, CORNHILL.
J.W. Cook, sculp.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING;

AND

Winter's Wreath:

A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXXXV.

"This is Affection's Tribute, Friendship's Offering,
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith and truth in absence,
And says---Forget me not!"

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL,
BOOKSELLERS, BY APPOINTMENT, TO THEIR MAJESTIES.

1835.

LONDON:
Printed by Stewart and Co., Old Bailey.

TO

THE QUEEN'S MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

This Work

IS, BY PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFATORY SONNET.

Once more, my youthful friends, as wont, we meet
Around the Christmas hearth. The nut-brown ale
Flows gratefully, I wot, with song and tale,
Alternate blithe and sad, in mixture sweet.
Once more I leave my silent calm retreat
Your social circles courteously to hail;
Bringing some gifted friends, who seldom fail
To grace our party: Pray, give each a seat.
We come, each in his turn, to say our say
In verse or prose, intent all hearts to gain;
Blending the arch and simple, grave and gay,
But leaning aye unto the moral strain;
Hopeful, when idle hours have passed away,
That fruit to feed reflection may remain.

The Editor.

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THE INTERCEPTED LETTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS."

What an idol is an only child! With what an indescribable intensity of feeling does a father who has buried his first love, gaze upon his motherless daughter, — beautiful in her grief for the dead, — beautiful in her affection for her living parent! All his thoughts, feelings, anticipations and reflections, all his earthly interests, and heavenly hopes, are blended with the image of his child. Through her beauty and sweetness he mourns the departed, through her gentleness, and goodness he worships his Maker; for her he is ambitious, diligent, or anxious, according as his situation in life exposes him to the temptations of ambition, requires of him the toils of diligence, or harasses him with the trembling feelings of anxiety. In his eye she is perfection, and his affectionate pride in her leads him to attempt to make her more than perfection. He has just been taught, by an awful visitation of Providence, how perishable and transient are life's blessings and our mortal companions; yet with the bitterness of this

discipline on his heart, he builds again the palace of hope on foundations quite as frail, and his spirit reposes with a confidence that eternity alone can warrant on a creature fleeting as time, and as uncertain of continuance as the repose of a spring-born butterfly.

Such were the feelings with which the father of Lucy Rushton wept over his child, when he returned from the funeral of his wife. Mr. Rushton was a clergyman of good family, but not of great fortune; his sole dependence was a small living, and he had married a lady of higher family than his own, — not altogether and very decidedly in opposition to the will of her friends, but with their very cold consent, and but ill concealed reluctance. He lived happily with his wife, but not long: — her frame was feeble, her health was delicate, her spirits tremblingly but quietly cheerful; her affection for her husband and her only child, and her delight in their society, formed for her so great a fulness of delight in being, that she thought of no higher bliss in mortal life. Surely it is a pleasant thing to have our world at home, to find the most cheerful warmth at our own fire-sides, the pleasantest seat in our own chairs, the balmiest sleep on our own beds, and the most interesting conversation with the inmates of our own home and the members of our own family! — When one of this happy three had gone down to the grave, the remaining two became to each other so much the more intensely interesting and important. To a thoughtful and considerate parent, the education of an only child is an object sufficiently

absorbing to engross the whole attention, and to fill the whole soul; and where beyond the circle of home can an affectionate child look for wisdom to direct, and for affection to bless? Thus these two felt mutually dependent on each other. They were sincere in their mutual thought, and happy in the sincerity of it; the father that no daughter was like unto his, and the daughter that no father was like unto hers. Lucy was but fourteen years old when she lost her mother, but even at that early age she had reached her full stature, and was distinguished by a look of thoughtfulness and reflection beyond her years. But there was no pedantry in her thoughtfulness, there was no affectation in her gravity. Long indeed before she could know the meaning of sorrow, and when as yet she had shed only the tears of childhood, her look was staid and placid, and that with such a marked expression of sobriety, that a stranger by a passing glance could not but be struck with the interesting aspect of the child. She was thoughtful, not by affectation, not by means of sorrow, but by mere instinct. She used to look grave among her playthings, but not to sigh, for there was a pleasant calmness in the depths of her spirit, and her look of sedateness was but the manifestation of her deep joy, — her unruffled gladness in being. That, however, which most of all excited her father's pride, and drew his heart towards her with an almost reverence of love and affection, was the clear honesty of her countenance, exhibiting the profound simplicity of her heart. Nothing could exceed her utter ingenu-

ousness, — you could not look upon her speaking eyes without seeing that they told the truth ; hers was a countenance that could not, that would not deceive ; her eyes were windows through which you might read her heart. The tone of her voice was also very beautiful ; so clear, and so unhesitating, and so confiding. Conscious of nothing but truth within, she suspected nothing but truth in all with whom she conversed. Her understanding also was good, and accompanied by a sufficient aptitude to learn ; and thus to the eye of her father she presented a moral and intellectual image perfectly satisfactory and delightful. With such a pleasant companion as this, it is not to be wondered at that the father's time passed smoothly away ; and yet, though he loved his home, he neglected not his duty to his parish, but he visited the abodes of sickness, he carried consolation to the bed-side of the dying, and he witheld not his feet from the threshold of poverty, or his hand from contributing to the alleviation of distress. His affectionate daughter also became proficient in the work of charity, and few things are more conducive to true cheerfulness of mind than doing good in a good spirit. The sentimental distributors of annual blankets, and the advertized donors of coals by the bushel, no more understand what true charity is than do the cockney catchers of hedge-sparrows understand the science of ornithology. A blanket, a bushel of coals, will not cure all the ills of mortality. There are sorrows of heart, there are pains of a broken spirit, for which there is more balm in the voice of kindness

than in the purse of the wealthy, even in the hands of liberality. Lucy Rushton's bright eyes, soberly cheerful looks, and musical voice, were such treasures to the poor people of the village that they would not have sold them, if they could, for gold. She was happy in contributing, as far as in her lay, to the alleviation of the sorrows of the poor, and she could listen with such an exemplary patience to the long stories of the aged, that they thought her the wisest, and the nicest young lady that ever lived. All who saw the affectionate father and his gentle daughter could not but see how happy they were with each other, and could not but think that their life was all placidness, calmness, and unmingled bliss. But "the heart knoweth its own bitterness," and there was indeed a bitter sediment at the bottom of that sweet cup of life, which Mr. Rushton had to drink; for while he looked with pride upon his guileless child, and saw day after day the developement of those graces and virtues, of which from the very first dawn of reason she had given such good promise, he could not help thinking, also, that a time must come when she must be left to other guardianship, and when other eyes less partial than those of a father must watch over her. Yet, in the moments of sadness which this thought occasioned him, he comforted himself by thinking that the best and most effectual provision which a parent could make for a child against the trials of life, was the inculcation of sound moral and religious principles. "Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that

which is good?"—The wicked cannot, and the good will not.

Five years passed after the death of her mother, and then Lucy Rushton was entirely an orphan—fatherless and motherless. A new home was now prepared for her reception, and an almost new mode of life was set out for her. She went from the narrow and humble dwelling of a country clergyman to a large and stately family mansion, the residence of her mother's family, whom, indeed, she had occasionally visited, and whom she knew about as well as the eye of the unskilful knows a statue. The family consisted of Sir William Kennett, her mother's brother, and his lady—a cold, quiet, and formal couple, who seemed to have been stupified by the study of propriety, and who had scarcely any will of their own, or indeed any wish to have a will. The ruling spirit of the mansion was Lucy's maternal grandmother, the Lady Sarah Kennett, who from a noble family had condescended to ally herself to the semi-nobility of a baronet, and who, thinking that condescension had gone far enough, did never cordially forgive her daughter for having married an undistinguished clergyman. Lady Sarah was a most extraordinary woman, proud in spirit, but with no bustling haughtiness; commanding, but with no imperiousness of manner; exquisitely accurate and precise as to all the superficial formalities of life, her god was the world's eye, and her religion was conformity to the dictates of society. She had, indeed, none of the activity of unkindness, nor any of the spirit of kindness. She

could not speak to the heart, for she was scarcely sensible of the existence of a heart, save as a physical apparatus by which the blood is propelled through the veins; the style of her intellect was cleverness, that external kind of wisdom which the lightly thinking world can easily see and can glibly praise,— a manifest exhibition, though not a fidgetty ostentation of ability. There are some persons who carry their hearts in their eyes; so there are others whose wisdom rises to the surface, glances in the eye, dances on the tongue, and modulates every movement of the frame; and there is nothing which so much and so completely drives wisdom to the surface as an ambition to rule, govern and manage others; for on what principle can we presume to direct the movements of others, but by the possession of superior wisdom? — and how can we convince others of our wisdom unless we take especial care to let them see it? Lady Sarah Kennett had ruled from infancy. She had by a no very difficult dexterity contrived to have her own way even in childhood; and in youth she had governed her parents, she had governed her husband, she had governed her children, and now she was prepared to govern her grandchild, and perhaps to exercise over her a stricter discipline of subjection, in consideration and in memory of her mother's partial disobedience.

When Lucy entered Kennett Hall as her future home, her first thought was of the pleasure with which she had been accustomed to quit that region of frigidity, after the short and formal visits which she had made

there with her father, and at this painful reminiscence the tears fell from her eyes as freely as the drops of rain from a summer cloud. A certain quantity of sorrow even the accurate and sensible Lady Sarah Kennett would allow to the mourner who bewailed the death of her parent; but there was a point beyond which weeping seemed to her ladyship to be excessive, and therefore improper. Alas, alas! how strangely domineering are mankind over each other's hearts; presuming to regulate and measure out the various expressions of joy and sorrow; sometimes blaming excess and sometimes reproving defect, as though it were in the power of the mind and will to feel or not to feel. Nothing could be more true than the remarks which Lady Sarah made, or rather repeated on the subject of human sorrow; so true were they that they have stood the test of ages, and have been repeated till all the world knows them by heart; but with all their truth they are totally ineffective in suppressing those tears which flow from a wounded spirit. Poor Lucy, in having lost her father, had lost all that she had loved in the world, and all that loved her. True indeed it is, that her father's parishioners, from the highest to the lowest had esteemed, liked, respected, yes, and had even loved her according to their fashion, and she also had with a human and christian sympathy loved them; but when her father was gone she had lost her home-love; her heart was as a city broken down, and without walls; it dwelt in a fenceless solitude, and shivered in the wilderness of society. Kind words indeed were

spoken to her, but there was nothing kind but the words; they were modulated by formality, not melodized by affection; they were spoken rather by heart than from the heart. But the truly good are never entirely unhappy; for it is one essential of goodness that it thinks humbly of itself, and as it does not highly rate its deserts, it does not highly raise its expectations. Gratefully, therefore, did Lucy receive all that even looked like kindness or assumed the aspect of affection, and she sought with much diligence for something amiable and loveable in her grandmother, her uncle and her aunt; and she dwelt with delight on the few bright spots that she could find, however small they might be. So they who love gold dig deeply for it into the earth, and for the sake of a few grains of that which is so precious, they will sift and search over mountains of sand. But Lucy was not happy; her father's place was not supplied, the memory of him cleaved strongly to her heart, and the image of him who was not, became dearer to her than the presence and the sight of those who were. Though she was not happy, so far as buoyant cheerfulness is the manifestation of happiness, yet she gradually grew so accustomed to her sorrowful recollections that she took a mournful pleasure in them. Some persons enjoy laughter, some enjoy tears — some take pleasure in the society of the living, and some in the memory of the dead.

Now the time came that Lucy should lay aside her mourning garments, and this she did with much re-

luctance, for it was like parting with a memorial of her beloved father. Her form was graceful and her figure good, so that she well became whatever dress she wore, and, as her education had been rather mental than bodily, she was by no means studious of ornament; yet a well tempered mind superinduced a kind of instinctive propriety in dress, which converted neatness itself into the highest degree of ornament. A change of habit naturally draws and fixes observation, and Lucy's fine person irresistibly attracted the attention, and commanded the admiration of her frigid relatives. As Sir William Kennett was childless, Lucy was presumptive heiress to the estate; therefore she was regarded by her kindred with some degree of pride as being nearer to them than she would have been had there been any other probable inheritors of the property. The pride which Lady Sarah Kennett felt in her grand-daughter differed from the feeling with which the young lady had been regarded by her father: his was the pride of his own approbation; hers was the pride in the admiration of others. Every where was Lucy exhibited by her grandmother with all a grandmother's pride, and many were the gratifying compliments paid to the clergyman's orphan child. Since the decease of Mr. Rushton, indeed, Lady Sarah Kennett regarded her grand-daughter with an increased feeling of approbation, — affection it must not be called, for her ladyship was totally incapable of any such feeling; but she viewed her now as more immediately connected with her own family. There was, however,

to Lucy a great bitterness in the thought of her grandmother's increased kindness ; for the young lady could plainly enough discern that she had formerly been treated with distant coldness on her father's account; and that now she was beloved only because her father was removed : she could not sympathize with, and return that love, for much of her heart was in her father's grave.

Kennett Hall was not a place of great festivity. It pleased Lady Sarah that her son Sir William should not open his house miscellaneously to a multitude of visitors, but that with due decorum and well managed condescension, the select few should be admitted to visit at the Hall. This select few was a numerous company compared to the society to which Lucy had been accustomed in her father's time ; but scarcely any of the visitors had paid much attention to her, for such was the governing power of Lady Sarah, that she not only ruled over all the inmates of her house, but her despotism extended even to her visitors, who, by the way, were rather her son's visitors than hers ; but her son was a mere shadow—the actual master of the house was virtually a cypher. Lady Sarah seemed to think that so long as Lucy wore her mourning there was so far some connexion kept up with the memory of her father ; but when the garments of sorrow were laid aside, then it seemed as though the memory of the dead was buried in the grave that held his mortal body. Then Lady Sarah began to patronize her granddaughter, and she gave her visitors leave also to notice the young lady.

Amongst the visitors admitted to Kennett Hall was Mr. Rushton's successor, the Rev. Henry Calvert, whose first visit was paid about two months after the decease of Mr. Rushton, and whose second visit, for he was invited annually, was about two months after Lucy had laid aside her mourning. At his first visit, like a modest young scholar, he scarcely spoke but when he was spoken to, and seldom was a word at table uttered save by Lady Sarah herself, or by her ladyship's express — and almost expressed — permission; the talk had been languid common-place, a thing which Mr. Calvert had not studied, and in which therefore he was not very able to shine. At his second visit, however, the ice of the Hall was broken, and Lucy was regarded as one of the party, and permission was given to any guest to address her as such, and her grandmother no longer awed her into silence by a transient frown, or crushed her into insignificance by drawing away the attention of the person with whom she might have ventured to enter into conversation. Lady Sarah, we have said, was a clever woman, very, very, very clever — but notwithstanding her extreme cleverness she was not altogether without understanding; there are some persons, as the reader must know, whose whole substance of intellect is altogether whipped up into the froth of cleverness, and who have no substratum of understanding at all; but this was not absolutely the case with Lady Sarah, for though her cleverness was by far the preponderating quality of her mind, yet she had understanding enough to dis-

tinguish between a man of sense and a simpleton; and an immense deal of cleverness with a little understanding goes much farther in this world of ours, than a great profundity of understanding garnished with only a slight degree of cleverness. Her ladyship, therefore, discerned at Mr. Calvert's second visit, that he was really a man of good understanding; and for the sake of displaying her grand-daughter's erudition and intellect, she permitted Lucy to make a third in the party of conversation, leaving Sir William and his lady to talk common-place talk with the more common-place part of the party. Lady Sarah Kennett, alas! forgot, if she had ever known, that men's hearts are lost through the eye, and women's through the ear. She thought that love was to be made only in a dual solitude,—in shady groves, in moonlight walks, in sighing *tête-a-têtes*, by pressing hands and palpitating hearts. Even metaphysics, the driest and most unprofitable of all topics of speculation and talk, may be made the means of making love, and that without any degree whatever of art or artifice. The young clergyman had not the slighest intention in the world of winning the heart of Lucy Rushton, nor had he any thought that he should lose his own; but he was delighted for the first time in his life to bring into a pleasant and polite publicity the result of his many meditations and his much learning. He now for the first time felt that he had not studied in vain, that his mind was really enlarged, that he had thought justly as well as diligently, amiably as well as profoundly.

The listening ear, and the approving voice of one that understands, that appreciates, that is manifestly delighted with the thoughts that are uttered, and the graceful language with which they are clothed, give an impulse to the expression of intellect, and bring into sight treasures of knowledge and mental science, of the extent of which the professor himself was scarcely aware. Never is a young and ambitious student more delighted than when he is astonished at himself, and seems almost to look up to his own wisdom with respect; and, pleased as he is with himself, he is even better pleased with those who make him so. Then, of course, all that is amiable in his disposition and feelings begins to display itself, not with any conscious ostentation, but with a pleasant simplicity of unguarded impulse; his goodness of heart is not studiously protruded to catch applause, but seems rather betrayed than exhibited; the lead that is cast into the depths of his mind to bring up the soundings of wisdom, has also cleaving to it the pearls of moral beauty. And the pleased listener, especially if a gentle young female, mentally exclaims, "What treasures of wisdom and goodness that heart possesses!"—For, if by the rudeness of contradiction and the obstinacy of opposition, the mind of the wise man is provoked into the folly of anger, heat, and a loud intemperance of speech,—by a parity of principle, when its aphorisms are received with respectful attention, and when its oracles are listened to as the voice of truth modulated by the music of beauty, then all that is amiable

in the heart must involuntarily shew itself. So, step by step, when there is no suspicion, and no intention on either side, an exchange of hearts is made. While Henry Calvert was discoursing with a deep and earnest eloquence, blending in his conversation philosophical analysis with christian faith and human kindness, though he addressed himself more to the elder than to the younger lady, and though Lucy said but little, yet her pretty eyes were bright with a liquid splendour, which any slight touch of pathos might have condensed into an actual tear; her pleased lips stood tremblingly apart, telling of a rapturous approbation which was too deep for words. At the living light of that countenance, at the applause which gleamed in its every movement, the young speaker grew more eloquent and more impressive.

Lady Sarah Kennett, while listening with delight to the animated and intelligent talk of the young divine, had not the remotest idea that her grand-daughter had any other interest in the conversation than in its truth and wisdom. The careful grandmother would not, on any account, have suffered these two young persons to pass an hour together, with no other company than their own; but she very readily and unsuspectingly gave opportunity to the parties to recommend themselves to each other, far more effectually than they could or would have done by any rambling and strolling together in groves and lawns. Lovers do not become such by having no other society than their own; but when they have selected each other from the herd, it is then

that they love to be by themselves: more hearts are lost and won in society than in retirement. In the hours of solitude there is a recollection of what has passed in society; for while society obliterates the thoughts of solitude, solitude corroborates the impressions of society. Young ladies do not go to balls to realize their dreams; but they often go home and dream of what they have seen at a ball. And so far as the fascinations of a cultivated mind and an amiable disposition are of force to gain a female heart, these are never so effectually displayed as in conversation where the listeners are many, and where looks of approbation are abounding. The mind as well as the body is dressed for company; it chooses its best thoughts, it exhibits them to the best advantage, it conceals all that might tell against it, and it sets forth all that there is recommendatory about it. Generally speaking, also, there is seldom much love where there is no pride in the object loved; and when a young and susceptible mind sees others admire what it admires, then is its admiration increased, and in a female heart admiration is often the bud to love's blossom.

An impression had now been made on the heart of Lucy Rushton, of the nature of which she was herself quite unconscious and unsuspicious. Ten thousand pretty and pleasant thoughts were starting up, and dancing on the surface of her soul, like the bubbles which a sunlit summer shower makes on the bosom of a gentle stream. When she retired to rest that night, she had no weariness on her eyelids, and no

inclination for sleep; but what it was that kept her awake she knew not, nor did she care to enquire, for she was very happy, and had no wish to destroy her happiness by any attempt to analyse it. She was pleased with the world, and with all that it contained; she felt that all things were governed and guided by an unerring wisdom. Through the casement of her apartment, she looked out upon a scene as beautiful as moon, and stars, light clouds, and graceful vegetation could make. She thought it a pity to close the eye in sleep, when there was so much loveliness of heaven and earth to gaze upon. The night-wind sighed among the old trees in the park, and as they bent their broad branches to the passing breeze, they seemed instinct with consciousness and life. There shone in the light of the moon the spire of the village church, and it called to her memory the not far distant church in which her father had laboured with a pious and successful zeal. Tears sprang up as she thought of her departed parents, but those tears were so delightful that she felt as if religion sanctified and Heaven approved of them. She thought of those cottages in which she had once been a welcome visitor, where her lips had spoken consolation, and her hands had brought relief. She thought of the aged whom she had left upon the brink of the grave, and to whom her dear father had administered those words of everlasting truth which should be their guide through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Thus, much of the time usually devoted to rest passed away in a

delirium of tearful joy and pleasant meditation, in which the mind roved bee-like from thought to thought, and found something sweet in each. Henry Calvert, in the philosophic and eloquent talk of the preceding day, had spoken much and powerfully in illustration of the goodness of the Deity, bringing new illustrations with a truth as striking as their novelty; and in the recollection of these illustrations, Lucy felt a delight so pure, and so pious, that she thought that never before had the true principle of religion taken so firm a hold on her mind.

Lady Sarah Kennett was subject in no small degree to that infirmity which so frequently attacks clever people; she was highly susceptible of flattery, especially from persons whom she considered to possess understanding. Common praise from common-place people she affected altogether to despise, desiring only the intellectual homage of the intellectually powerful and distinguished; not perhaps considering that praise is most readily and most liberally bestowed by the best and most accomplished minds; for it requires a very inferior degree of mental capacity to find faults, but it is the privilege of the highest to discover beauties. Mr. Calvert had pleased Lady Sarah's vanity; he had, without saying a word of personal or direct compliment, addressed conversation to her of such a nature and in such a style as evidently gave her credit for possessing a mind of superior order. She was highly grateful for the compliment; and in order to show her gratitude she resolved to do Mr. Calvert the honour of

going to his church to hear him preach. The distance was three miles, the day was splendidly fine : Lucy and her grandmother went in an open carriage. Mr. Calvert preached as he had talked : his discourse was the result of deep thought and of right feeling ; he did not drag his hearers down to the bewildering depths of an unprofitable profundity, but he brought up for them and made manifest to them those truths which they could reach and appreciate when brought to the surface, but which they might not have discovered for themselves.

Before the service was over the beauty of the day had departed ; 'a little cloud like a man's hand' had raised up its rapidly growing strength from the western horizon, and had spread its dewy curtain over the face of the sky, and was now pouring its liquid treasures in rich profusion on the well pleased earth. When Lucy arrived at the church porch, holding her grandmother's arm, and saw the door of the parsonage-house not many paces from where she stood, and perceived that the rain was not likely soon to abate, her heart bounced and throbbed like a pet lamb bounding to free itself from the silken thread in which its tender mistress holds it. Her lovely countenance displayed a pretty confusion as she looked at Lady Sarah Kennett as much as to say, "What a pleasant pity it is that we must take shelter at the parsonage." With such a heavy shower of rain as this there certainly ought by rights to have been some forked lightning and pealing thunder, in order that Lucy might have fainted away, —

in order that Mr. Calvert might have carried her into the house in his arms, — in order that in the confusion their lips or cheeks might have met, — in order that Lucy might have blushed when she recovered from her swoon, — in order that they might have vowed eternal fidelity, and all that sort of thing. But there was neither lightning nor thunder, nor anything more terrible than a heavy rain, which was as welcome to Lucy's heart as it was to the parched ground and the thirsty trees.

Mr. Calvert made himself quite as agreeable in his own house as he had been at Kennett Hall ; he was eloquent with the same eloquence, not indeed with the repetition of the same thoughts, but with the same kind of sincere, deep-searching, and truly religious philosophy that finds good and the truth in all things. So pleased was Lady Sarah with the young divine, that she forgot the proud disdain with which she had been formerly accustomed to look down upon his predecessor, her son-in-law, and she now indulged and gratified Lucy by speaking of her father; and then the young lady made anxious enquiries concerning the poor people of the village, and she was pleased when she found that though they had lost one friend and benefactor, yet God in his good providence had raised them up another equally kind to relieve, and equally faithful to instruct them. It is a truly astonishing thing, and altogether unaccountable, yet so it is, that notwithstanding Lady Sarah Kennett was herself almost in love with Mr. Calvert, yet she never had

the slightest suspicion that her grand-daughter might also be captivated with the charms of his conversation and the amiable qualities of his mind. And though she was pleased to think that the new vicar was pleased with herself, yet it never entered her mind that he might be quite as much pleased with her grand-daughter, and perhaps rather more ; for, in the eyes of a young man, youth and beauty are a very pleasant addition and a very strong recommendation to female intellect. Much there is that passes before our eyes that we never see, because we never suspect it. Eyes are very useful things withal, but they do not amount to much unless there be a proper head to use them. Lady Sarah Kennett had not the remotest idea that all the eloquent truths that were spoken to her, were spoken for her grand-daughter ; her ladyship was not aware how much she was indebted for Mr. Calvert's amiable sagacity to Lucy's lovely looks and sweetly approving eyes.

The rain abated and the evening was fine ; Lucy and her grandmother returned to the hall, admiring the improved appearance of the earth after the shower ; and Lucy felt that the visit which she had paid to the home of her early youth, had been as refreshing as the rain to the dry ground. After this, Mr. Calvert called at the hall to enquire how the ladies got home. The probability was that they got home safely enough, and pleasantly too, for they had a very good carriage, steady horses, a sober coachman, admirable roads, a fine evening, plenty of time, and only three miles to travel.

But Lady Sarah Kennett received the vicar so courteously that he could not but soon call again; and, upon every repetition of his visit, his company seemed more and more agreeable.

Mr. Calvert was delighted to find himself on such good terms at the hall, and he never paid a visit there without discerning new beauties in the mind of Lucy Rushton. Long, very long after her heart was wholly his, he was taking great pains to win it, doing, saying and looking every thing that was amiable. But the worst of the matter was, that he could never find an opportunity of being alone with her. He was sure that his visits to the hall were acceptable to Lady Sarah Kennett, who was both master and mistress, without any right to be either the one or the other; and he began also to think that he was not altogether unwelcome in the sight of Lucy. More than once he meditated to speak on the topic which most deeply interested him to Lady Sarah herself, but there was an equal difficulty in finding an opportunity to speak to her alone; for the grand-mother and the grand-daughter seemed inseparable when he was at the hall. The two ladies so liked his company that they were resolved to have as much of it as they possibly could: this was highly flattering, but it was also deeply perplexing. To speak to Sir William Kennett would have amounted to as much as speaking to the butler; for the worthy baronet was as nobody in his own house, and was well content to leave the administration of affairs in the hands which so long had held the reins. There

was therefore no other alternative than writing. Writing is not the best mode of making love, but when no other mode can be found there is no help for it.

When the present Sir William Kennet was a child, it was thought advisible by his most vigilant and clever mother, that he should read nothing either printed or written, but that which had previously received her special licence and approbation; hence it came to pass, that all letters addressed to the young gentleman, were perused by the mother, before they were entrusted to the hands of her son. Through the indolence of the baronet, and the adhesiveness with which the dowager clung to every manifestation of power; this practice still continued; and the servants in the establishment were always in the habit of carrying all letters first to Lady Sarah, through whose hands they reached their ultimate destination, opened, or unopened, as her curiosity prompted, or indifference withheld her. A letter being delivered into the hands of her ladyship, for Miss Lucy Rushton, was an excitement of curiosity too strong to be resisted. The letter was opened; it was perused with avidity, and astonishment, —with anger, and almost with a deeper feeling still;— the dowager trembled exceedingly when she felt, as she certainly did, though she affected to deny it to herself, that she was actually jealous of her grand-daughter. On what ground, and with what justice Lady Sarah Kennett could be angry with her grand-daughter, because a young gentleman of good understanding and amiable disposition had thought proper to make

her an offer of his hand, it is impossible for us to say. There was nothing in the letter which at all implicated the young lady, as having given any encouragement to the suitor; but all was modest, diffident, humble, and tremulously respectful. He laid his heart and fortune at her feet, though that did not amount to much—for his fortune was small, and his heart was not his own. But it was a love-letter, — and in the eyes of the aged it is always an unpardonable sin for young persons to write or to receive love-letters.

Now, it seemed necessary that Lady Sarah should proceeed, in most grand-motherly magnificence and judicial pomp of manner, to summon before her the wicked culprit, and pass sentence of condemnation on the criminal, who had been guilty of the high offence of having a letter written to her by a gentleman. Passing therefore into her own dressing-room, with as much stateliness and loftiness of bearing as if the mace-bearer and the sword-bearer preceded her, and the train-bearer followed her, Lady Sarah Kennett rang her bell twice for her own maid, to whom, with due solemnity, she gave it in charge to tell Miss Rushton's maid to inform Miss Rushton that her presence was immediately required in her ladyship's dressing room. All this was done; and Lucy, light of heart, calm as purity, and cheerful as innocence, presented herself to her grandmother, wondering what could be the mighty matter. The cheerfulness of her spirit, however, suddenly abated, and the lightness of her innocent looks was exchanged for a blank astonish-



Drawn by E. C. Wood.

Engraved by F. Bacon.

THE INTERCEPTED LETTER.

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ment, when she saw upon her grandmother's brow a gathering cloud of thunder,—her lips compressed, the corners of her mouth drawn down, as she sat in awful state, waiting the approach of the young transgressor. Lucy paused for a moment, as she entered the room, as if afraid of the wrath which was but too manifest in the expression of her ladyship's countenance.

"Come hither, child!" said Lady Sarah, in a most terrible tone of voice.

Lucy was then as much afraid to remain at a distance, as she had before been to approach her venerable grandmother. With prompt obedience to the call, the young lady having closed the door of the apartment, drew near with a trembling and uncertain apprehension; and holding down her head, as if afraid to meet the angry gaze of her stern and haughty kinswoman, she saw in her ladyship's hand a letter, the superscription of which bore the name of Miss Rushton. The letter was open.—Now, there are some young ladies of twenty years of age, or thereabouts, who would not patiently endure to have letters which had been addressed to themselves opened by their grandmothers; but Lucy Rushton was not one of these; she had known but two positions, in neither of which she had been led, or tempted to the sin of resistance:—under her father's roof, and under his dominion, there was no command that she wished to disobey; love held her in obedience;—under her grandmother's roof, there was no command that she dared to disobey; fear held her in obedience:—so, under the opposite influences of love and

fear, she had been altogether withheld from the struggles of resistance. We cannot account for the fact, but we know that it is so, — that certain very clever and managing persons, who have the care of young persons committed to their charge, are in the habit of behaving towards them much after the manner in which a cat behaves to a mouse. For, when a cat catches a mouse with an intention of killing and eating it, she does not immediately and directly proceed to the work of murder and mastication, but she keeps the poor creature for a while in miserable suspense, tossing, and tumbling, and mumbling it about; so these clever folks, when they are fortunate enough to catch a young person in any fault or transgression, do not in a straightforward way proceed to reprove the offender, and to remedy the offence, but they bother, and bepreachify, lecture, prose, prate, talk, and mystify, till the poor victim writhes with impatience, and almost faints with mere vexation. After this manner did Lady Sarah lecture her granddaughter. Lucy saw a letter addressed to herself; but who had written it, what it contained, or why it made her grandmother look so awful, she could not possibly divine; — but because her ladyship looked very angry, therefore the granddaughter looked humble. Lady Sarah began her lecture, by speaking of the duty which children owed to their parents and guardians; she then proceeded to speak of the great decorum of all the Kennett family; how, when young, they had submitted themselves to be guided by their parents and their elders; how that

the present Sir William Kennett never thought of having a will of his own, in opposition to the will of his mother; how that every successive generation grew worse and worse; how that the young people of the present day seemed disposed to turn the world upside down; how that young ladies, especially, forgetful of the modesty and retiring diffidence which had graced the spinsterhood of their grandmothers, instead of repelling the addresses of the other sex, rather encouraged and invited them. Then followed a great deal of talk about the gravity that became the daughter of a clergyman, interspersed with conjectures as to what might have been the system of moral discipline pursued by Lucy's father. At the mention of her father's name, her heart swelled as if it would burst, and she wept copiously; — at sight of these tears, the old lady became more eloquent, and more didactic; and Lucy continued sobbing, and was unable to speak; though she very much wished to know what was the meaning of all this, for at present all was wrapped in profound mystery.

In the art of ingeniously tormenting, care must be always taken that, when the patient has been softened into tears, the irritation be not carried on so long that the tears become dried up, and hardened into cold indifference, or warmed into an angry resistance. Lady Sarah Kennett had one to deal with, who could certainly bear a great deal, but there is a limit beyond which patience itself cannot go. Aware of this, her ladyship thought it now advisable to come more di-

rectly to the heavy charge which she had to bring against her grand-daughter. Presenting therefore to her the superscription of the letter, she said, "Do you know whose hand-writing is this?"

"No, madam," was the sobbing reply.

"And I suppose," rejoined the grandmother, "that you cannot conjecture whose it is?"

"Indeed I cannot;" said Lucy.

One of the most frequently inculcated maxims, which Lucy had heard from the lips of her beloved father, was the value and importance of a strict and hearty adherence to truth. Now, just at this moment it occurred to her, though she could scarcely tell why, but it certainly did come into her mind, that it was possible that the letter might have been written by Mr. Calvert; and the moment that she had this suspicion, she felt that it was a duty which she owed to the majesty of truth to confess even her suspicions; therefore she said with a little hesitation, — with that slowness of utterance which seems to indicate an almost improbable theory,—"unless it be from Mr. Calvert."

At hearing this, the countenance of Lady Sarah Kennett exhibited a change by no means for the better; the redness of indignation was added to the ruggedness of anger, and suddenly she exclaimed, "From Mr. Calvert! From Mr. Calvert! What right had you to expect a letter from Mr. Calvert?"

"I have no right to expect any letter from Mr. Calvert," replied Lucy; "but you asked me if I could conjecture from whom it came, and I know of no one

else at all likely to write to me, and I am sure I cannot imagine what Mr. Calvert should have to write to me about."

"Pray Miss Rushton," said Lady Sarah, almost angry with herself for the indignation which she had betrayed, "may I make bold to ask what encouragement you have given Mr. Calvert to address to you a letter of this kind? I am sure that he never would have written such a letter, had he not known that it would meet with a welcome reception."

Now, Lucy understood the subject of the letter perfectly well, and she was covered with blushes, and was tremulous with a mighty confusion, so that for a a while she could not speak; but when she had recovered her self-possession, she replied, — "I am not conscious of having given Mr. Calvert any encouragement whatever. Indeed, I never saw or spoke to him but in your ladyship's presence."

Her ladyship was then somewhat angry again, and rather tartly replied, "Yes, yes, — I believe I was rather in the way; this letter seems to intimate as much. I spoiled your pleasant meetings by my unwelcome company."

"Nay, madam," answered Lucy, "I considered Mr. Calvert's visits paid to you, and not to me."

"So did I," said Lady Sarah, somewhat sharply.

"I thought that it was for the pleasure of your ladyship's conversation," continued Lucy, "that Mr. Calvert made his calls so frequent."

"So did I," again her ladyship replied; "and you

also seemed to enjoy the pleasure of his conversation; for you were never absent when he was here."

With much simplicity of heart and purity of thought, Lucy replied, "I am sure that I would have withdrawn had I thought my presence an intrusion."

Her ladyship started, and said, "What?"—There was no disguising the matter from herself; it was as clear as light that Lady Sarah Kennett was jealous of her grand-daughter; but fortunately for her ladyship's peace of mind, she found that her secret was her own, and she discovered it just in time to keep it so. She struggled with herself for a few minutes; then rising from her seat, she put the letter into her grand-daughter's hands, saying in a very altered tone,—"Take the letter, my dear, and answer it."

"How shall I answer it?" said Lucy in a sweet confusion.

"Answer it as you think it ought to be answered," said her grandmother. "Mr. Calvert is an amiable and a worthy man."

Lucy took the letter and answered it; but neither letter nor answer shall be given here, lest they should find their way into the polite letter-writer; for they were both much superior in style to those which appear in that work on the same topic. Suffice it to say, that the letter was so answered, that, after the lapse of a few months, it was absolutely impossible for Mr. Calvert to marry Lady Sarah Kennett, seeing that, by Scripture and our law, a man may not marry his wife's grandmother.

THIRTEEN YEARS AGO.

(Beggar-girl.)

THIRTEEN years ago, mother,
A little child had you ;
Its limbs were light, its voice was soft,
Its eyes were — oh, so blue !
It was your last, your dearest,
And you said, when it was born,
It cheered away your widowhood,
And made you unforlorn.

Thirteen years ago, mother,
You loved that little child,
Although its temper wayward was,
And its will so strong and wild ;
You likened it to the free bird,
That flies to the woods to sing,
To the river fair, the unfettered air,
And many a pretty thing.

Thirteen years ago, mother,
The world was in its youth :
There was no past ; and the all to come
Was Hope, and Love, and Truth.

The dawn came dancing onwards,
  The day was ne'er too long,
And every night had a faery sight,
  And every voice a song.

Thirteen years ago, mother,
  Your child was an infant small,
But she grew, and budded, and bloomed, at last,
  Like the rose on your garden wall.
Ah, the rose that you loved was trod on,—
  Your child was lost in shame,
And never since hath she met your smile,
  And never heard your name!

(*Widow.*)

Be dumb, thou gipsey slanderer,
  What is my child to thee?
What are my troubles — what my joys?
  Here, take these pence, and flee!
If thou *wilt* frame a story
  Which speaks of me or mine,
Go say you found me singing, girl,
  In the merry sun-shine.

(*Beggar-girl.*)

Thirteen years ago, mother,
  The sun shone on your wall:
He shineth now through the winter's mist,
  Or he shineth not at all.

You laughed *then*, and your little one
Ran round with merry feet:
To day, you hide your eyes in tears,
And *I* — am in the street!

(*Widow.*)

Ah, God! — what frightful spasm
Runs piercing through my heart!
It cannot be my bright one,
So pale — so worn ;—Depart!
Depart — yet no, come hither!
Here! hide thee in my breast!
I see thee again, — *again!* — and I
Am once more with the bless'd!

(*Beggar-girl.*)

Ay, — gaze! — 'Tis I, indeed, mother,
Your loved, — your lost, — your *child!*
The rest o' the bad world scorn me,
As a creature all defiled:
But *you* — you'll take me home, mother?
And I — (tho' the grave seems nigh,)
I'll bear up still; and for *your* sake,
I'll struggle — *not* to die!

B. C.

THE FATE OF THE OAK.

The Owl to her mate is calling ;
  The River his hoarse song sings ;
But the Oak is marked for falling,
  That has stood for a hundred springs.
Hark ! a blow, — and a dull sound follows ;
  A second, — he bows his head ;
A third, — and the wood's dark hollows
  Now know that their king is dead.

His arms from their trunk are riven, —
  His body all barked and squared, —
And he's now, like a felon, driven,
  In chains to the strong dock-yard.
He's sawn through the middle, and turned,
  For the ribs of a frigate free,
And he's caulked, and pitched, and burned ;
  And now — he is fit for sea !

Oh ! *now*, — with his wings outspread,
  Like a ghost (if a ghost may be,)
He will triumph again, though dead,
  And be dreaded in every sea.

The lightning will blaze about,
And wrap him in flaming pride,
And the thunder-loud cannon will shout,
In the fight, from his bold broad-side.

And when he has fought, — and won,
And been honoured from shore to shore,
And his journey on earth is done, —
Why, what can he ask for more?
There is nought that a king can claim,
Or a poet, or warrior bold,
Save a rhyme, and a short-lived name,
And to mix with the common mould!

B. C.

THE HISTORY OF A LIFE.

Day dawned. Within a curtained room,
Filled, to faintness, with perfume,
A lady lay, at point of doom.

Day closed. A child had seen the light:
But for the lady, fair and bright,
She rested in undreaming night!

Springs came. The lady's grave was green;
And, near it, often-times was seen
A gentle boy, with thoughtful mien.

Years fled. He wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough race,
And won, at last, a lofty place.

And then — he died! ... Behold, before ye,
Humanity's poor sum and story;—
Life, — Death, — and (all that is of) Glory.

B. C.

ON THE TOMB OF ABELARD AND ELOISA.

O'ER this pale stone let Love and Beauty weep,
For here the wrecks of mighty passion sleep.
Here, where no jealous pang, no tyrant hand,
Can break, O Love, thy sweet, and bitter band;
Lies Abelard's by Eloisa's heart;
One to the last, not even in death to part!
Here, where the wounded spirit bleeds no more,
Their pilgrimage of life and love is o'er.

Printed by J. Goodall

SALTZBURG.

On Salza's quiet tide the westering sun
Gleams mildly; and the lengthening shadows dun,
Chequered with ruddy streaks from spire and roof,
Begin to weave fair twilight's mystic woof,
Till the dim tissue, like a gorgeous veil,
Wraps the proud city, in her beauty pale.
A minute since, and in the rosy light
Dome, casement, spire, were glowing warm and bright;
A minute since, St. Rupert's stately shrine,
Rich with the spoils of many a Hartzwald mine,*
Flung back the golden glow: now, broad and vast,
The shadows from yon ancient fortress cast,
Like the dark grasp of some barbaric power,
Their leaden empire stretch o'er roof and tower.

Sweet is the twilight hour by Salza's strand,
Though no Arcadian visions grace the land:
Wakes not a sound that floats not sweetly by,
While day's last beams upon the landscape die;

* The dome of the Cathedral of St. Hubert is covered with copper; and there are many altars and shrines in the interior constructed of different sorts of marble, brought from quarries in the vicinity. St. Hubert, to whom the Cathedral is dedicated, was by birth a Scotchman.

Low chants the fisher where the waters pour,
And murmuring voices melt along the shore ;
The plash of waves comes softly from the side
Of passing barge slow gliding o'er the tide ;
And there are sounds from city, field, and hill,
Shore, forest, flood ; yet mellow all and still.

But change we now the scene, ere night descend,
And through St. Rupert's massive portal wend.
Full many a shrine, bedeckt with sculpture quaint
Of steel-clad knight and legendary saint ;
Full many an altar, where the incense-cloud
Rose with the pealing anthem, deep and loud ;
And pavements worn before each marble fane
By knees devout — (ah ! bent not all in vain !)
There greet the gaze ; with statues, richly wrought,
And noble paintings, from Ausonia brought,—
Planned by those master minds whose memory stands
The grace, the glory, of their native lands.
As the hard granite, 'midst some softer stone,
Starts from the mass, unbuttressed and alone,
And proudly rears its iron strength for aye,
While crumbling crags around it melt away ;
So, midst the ruins of long eras gone,
Creative Genius holds his silent throne, —
While lesser lights grow dim, — august, sublime,
Gigantic looming o'er the gulfs of Time !

J. R.

THE CLIENT'S STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SPAIN IN 1830," &c.

It was late one Saturday evening in December, when I received a letter, which, on opening, I found to be from Walter Moreton: and the purport of the letter was, to request my immediate presence at Cambridge, in the capacity both of a friend and of a lawyer. The letter concluded thus: "Do not delay your journey many hours after receiving this. My urgency will be explained by the change you will perceive in yours, Walter Moreton."

I had known Walter Moreton in youth, and in manhood: we had been intimate, without having been altogether friends; and the attraction which his company possessed for me, arose rather from the shrewdness of his remarks than from any sympathy of feeling betwixt us. Of late years, I had seen comparatively little of Moreton: I knew that he had married; that he had been in straightened circumstances; that his father-in-law had died, and had left a large fortune to his wife; that she had died, and left him a rich widower; that he had married a second time, and that he was now

the father of three children. From the tenor of the letter I had received, I could scarcely doubt that Walter Moreton had been seized with some dangerous illness, and was desirous of settling his worldly affairs. My old intimacy with Moreton would of itself have prompted me to obey his summons; but the requirement of my professional aid of course increased the celerity of my obedience. Early next morning, therefore, I put myself into the Cambridge coach; and after dispatching a hasty dinner at the Hoop, I walked to Walter Moreton's house in Trumpington street.

I was prepared for a change, but not certainly such a change as that which presented itself. Walter Moreton could not have been forty, but he seemed a broken-down man; grey haired,—thin visaged,—and cadaverous. His expression, too, was changed; there was an uneasy restlessness in his eye; his lips had grown thin; and he appeared, moreover, to be under the influence of extreme nervousness.

He received me with apparent kindness; thanked me for my ready compliance with his wish; and informed me at once that he had need of my professional services in the disposal of his property; but I had no difficulty in perceiving, from a certain reserve and distractedness of manner, that something beyond the mere making of a will had brought me to Cambridge. I did not of course make any observation upon the change which I observed in his appearance; but expressed a hope that his desire for my professional assistance had not arisen from any apprehen-

sions as to the state of his health; to which he only replied, that his health was not worse than usual, but that it was always well to be prepared; and he added, "Come, Thornton, let us to business;" and to business we went.

I need scarcely say, that I was prepared for instructions to divide the father's fortune according to some rule of division, — or, perhaps, of some capricious preference, among his children — two sons and one daughter, children yet of a tender age, — and to secure a life-rent interest to his wife. Great, therefore, was my surprise when Mr. Moreton, after mentioning a few trifling legacies, named, as the sole successors of his immense fortune, two individuals unknown to me, and of whose connexion with the testator I was entirely ignorant.

I laid down my pen, and looked up: — "Mr. Moreton," said I, hesitatingly, "you have a wife and children!"

"I *have* children," said he; "but God preserve *them* from the curse of wealth that does not belong to them."

"Moreton, — Walter Moreton," said I, "you are over-scrupulous. I know indeed, that this large fortune has come to you through your first wife; but it was her's to give; she became the sole heiress of her father, when his three sons of a former marriage were unfortunately drowned in the ——"

"Hush, Thornton!" interrupted he, hastily; and in a tone so altered and so singular that it would have startled me, had I not at the moment been looking in

his face, and seen the expression that passed over it, and the convulsive shudder that shook his whole frame. I perceived there was a mystery, and I resolved to be at the bottom of it.

"Moreton," said I, rising and approaching him, and laying my hand gently on his shoulder, which slightly shrunk from my touch. "We were once companions, — almost friends; as a friend, as well as a lawyer, you have sent for me. There is some mystery here, of which I am sure it was your intention to disburden yourself. Whatever the secret be, it is safe with me. But I tell you plainly, that if you are resolved to make beggars of your innocent children without giving a sufficient reason for it, some other than Charles Thornton must be the instrument of doing it.

"Thornton," said he, in a grave tone, and without raising his eyes,— there *is* a mystery, — a fearful mystery; and it shall be told this night. That done, neither you nor any man can be the friend of Walter Moreton; but he will have no occasion for friendship. Reach me some wine, Thornton, and pour it out for me; my nerves are shattered: — another glass, — now, sit down, — no, not there, — ay, ay, — one other glass, Thornton."

"I took my place in a large high-backed chair, as Walter Moreton directed me; and he, placing himself a little out of my view, spoke as follows: —

"It is now upwards of ten years, as you know, Thornton, since I married my first wife, the daughter of Mr. Bellenden, — old Bellenden the lawyer. She,

you also know, was the child of a former marriage, — and that the large fortune of my father-in-law which in the end came — no matter how — to me, belonged to him, or rather to his three sons, in right of his second wife, who was also dead at the time of my marriage. I could not have indulged any expectation that this fortune would ever reach me; for although I knew very well that, failing my wife's three half-brothers, it came entirely into her father's power, yet there could be no ground for any reasonable expectation that three healthy boys would die off, and make way for Agnes. Mark me, Thornton, I did not marry for money; and the thought of the succession which afterwards opened, never entered into my mind. I will tell you, Thornton, the first occasion on which the hope dawned upon me. There was an epidemic in this part of the country; and my father-in-law's three sons were seized with it at one time. All the three were in the most imminent danger; and one evening when the disease was at its height, and when my wife seemed greatly distressed at receiving a message that it was doubtful if any of the three would survive till morning. — 'And if they should die;' said I, within myself! — This supposition constantly recurred, — and was so willingly entertained that I lay awake the whole of that night, planning within myself the disposal of this large inheritance; forgetting, at the time, that another life, that of my father-in-law, stood betwixt us and the succession. Next morning, however, a favourable change took place, and eventually the three youths recovered: but so

strong a hold had the hopes, which had been thus suddenly created, taken of my mind, that in place of their being dissipated by the event, which naturally deprived them of any foundation they ever had, I was not only conscious of the keenest disappointment, but felt as if an untoward accident had defrauded me of something that was all but within my reach. 'How near I have been to affluence,' was a constantly recurring thought; and when I heard every morning, that this person was dead, and that person was dead, a feeling of chagrin was invariably felt. You are perhaps incapable of understanding these feelings, Thornton; and so was I, until the events took place which gave birth to them."

Moreton paused a moment; but I did not interrupt him; and, after passing his hand over his forehead, and filling out with an unsteady hand another glass of wine, he proceeded:—

"You must understand, Thornton, that these were mere thoughts, feelings, fancies: if I had stood beside the sick beds of these boys, when the flame of life was flickering, I would not have blown it out; if two phials had stood by, one containing health and the other death, do not suppose I would have administered the latter:—no; I was no murderer, Thornton—no murderer—then!

"You know something of the river here; and of the passion for boating. The three boys often indulged in this exercise; and it sometimes happened that I accompanied them. One day about the end of August,

we had spent the day at Eel-pits, and it was not far from sunset when we set out to row back to Cambridge. It was a fine calm evening when we left that place, but it soon began to rain heavily; and in the scramble for cloaks and umbrellas, which the suddenness and heaviness of the shower occasioned, the boat was all but upset; but it righted again, and served only as matter of mirth to the boys; though in me a very different effect was produced. More than a year had elapsed since the presence of the epidemic had given rise to the feelings I have already confessed to, and the circumstance had been nearly — but not altogether forgotten. At that moment, however, the thoughts that at that time had continually haunted me recurred with tenfold force. 'If it had upset!' I said within myself, while sitting silent in the stern, — 'If it had upset!' and the prospect of wealth again opened before me. The three boys, Thornton, were sitting shouting, and laughing, and jesting, and I sat silently in the stern, putting that question to myself. But it was only a thought, a fancy, Thornton; I knew that no one but myself could swim; but any thing premeditated was as far from my thoughts as yours. I only contemplated the probable results of an event which was nearly taking place.

"Well,—we continued to row; and it soon fell dusk, —and then the moon rose; and we continued to ascend the river, — ours the only boat upon it, — till we were within less than two miles of Cambridge. I had occasionally taken a turn at the oar; but at that time I

sat in the stern; and still something continually whispered to me, 'if the boat had upset!' I need not tell you, Thornton, that little things influence the greatest events; one of those little things occurred at this moment. I had a dog in the boat, and one of the boys said something to it in Latin. 'Don't speak Latin to the dog,' said another, 'for its master does not understand Latin.' 'Yes he does,' said the eldest, 'Mr. Moreton understands dog Latin.' This was a little matter, Thornton,—but it displeased me. There was always a good deal of assumption of superiority, especially on the part of the eldest, on account of his university education; and little annoyances of this kind were frequent. It was precisely at this moment that something dark was seen floating towards us: it chanced to come just in the glimpse of the moon on the water, and was seen at once by us all; and as it approached nearer, till it was about to pass within oar's length of the boat ——You have heard the story, Thornton,—you said, if I recollect, that you knew the three boys were" —— Here Moreton suddenly stopped, and hastily drained the wine he had filled out.

"Drowned in the Cam," said I:—"yes, I knew of this misfortune; but I did not know that you were present."

"I was—I was—*present!*" said Moreton, laying a peculiar emphasis on the word. "Ay, Thornton,—you've hit the word,—I was present,—but listen: I told you the dark object floated within an oar's length of the boat; at once the three boys made a spring to the

side of the boat, extending arms and oars to intercept it; and—in an instant the boat was keel uppermost!"

Moreton pronounced the last words rapidly, and in an under tone,—and stopped: he raised the wine decanter from the table, but let it drop again. Moreton had yet said nothing to criminate himself: the incident appeared, from his narrative, purely accidental; and I therefore said, "Well, Moreton—the boys were unhappily drowned; but it was the consequence of their own imprudence."

"Thornton," said he, "you are there to hear a confession; I am here to make it;—'tis of no use shrinking from it: fill me a glass of wine, for my hand trembles. —Now,—two of the boys, the two youngest, I never saw; as God is my judge, I believe if I had seen the youngest, I would have done my uttermost to save him. I suppose they sank beneath the boat, and floated down below the surface. The eldest, *he* rose close to me; we were not twenty yards from the bank; I could have saved him. I believe I *would* have saved him, if he had cried for help. I saw him but for a moment. I think, when I struck out to swim, I kicked him beneath the water—undesignedly, Thornton, —undesignedly: but I did not turn round to help him; I made for the bank, and reached it—and it was then too late. I saw the ripple on the water, and the boat floating away; but nothing else.—Thornton—I am his murderer!"

When Moreton had pronounced this word, he seemed to be somewhat relieved, and paused. I imagined

his communication had ended; and I ventured to say that although it was only justice that the inheritance which had become his should revert to the heirs of those who had been deprived of it, — supposing them to have been deprived of it by his act,—it was proper to consider the matter coolly; for there was such a thing as an over-sensitive conscience; and it was perhaps possible that, in the peculiar circumstances attending the awful event, his mind had been incapable of judging correctly; that he might have too much coupled the fancies which had preceded the event, with the event itself; and that want of presence of mind might have been mistaken for something more criminal. I confess that, in speaking thus, although I believed that such reasoning might in some cases be correctly applied, I had little hope that it was so in the present case. There was a deliberateness in the mode of Moreton's confession that almost commanded belief; and besides, Moreton was no creature of imagination. He had always been a shrewd and strong-minded man; and was in fact, all his life, a man of realities.

"No, no, Thornton," said he, "I am no fancier: believe it to be as I have told you. But if you ever could have doubted, — as I do not believe you do, — your doubts would have been dispelled by what you have yet to hear. I am not going to give you a narrative of my life; and shall say nothing of the time that immediately followed the event I have related. The fortune became my father-in-law's; and my wife became an heiress. But my present circumstances

were no wise changed. Brighter prospects led to increased expences; and embarrassments thickened around me. You know something of these, Thornton; and tried, as you recollect, ineffectually, to extricate me from them. Meanwhile, my father-in-law, who speedily got over the loss he had sustained, spoke of his daughter,—of Agnes, my wife,—as a great heiress, and boasted and talked much of his wealth, though it made no difference in his mode of living. 'Not one shilling, Walter, till I die,'—was constantly in his mouth: and not a shilling indeed did he ever offer, although he well knew the pressing difficulties in which we were placed. I once, and only once ventured to ask him for some advance; but the answer was the same. 'Not a shilling, Walter, till I die: patience, patience,—it must all go to Agnes.'

"Must I confess it, Thornton? yes—I may confess any thing after what I have already confessed. The words 'not a shilling till I die,' were continually in my ears. The event that had placed fortune within my power frequently recurred to my memory; and with it, the conviction that I was no way benefited by it: the nearer vicinity of wealth only made the want of it more tantalizing. The 'ifs,' and fancies, that had formerly so frequently arisen in my mind, had all been realized. The crime,—ay, Thornton, the crime—that had placed an inheritance within my view, seemed the blacker since no advantage had attended it; and the oft-repeated 'not a shilling till I die,' repeated, and re-repeated with a complacent chuckle,

and on occasions the most inopportune, begot within me an insatiable longing for — ay, why mince the matter? —for the moment when the saying should be fulfilled.

"You recollect very well, Thornton, my application to you in December, 182—, six years ago. You recollect its extreme urgency, and the partial success which attended it, sufficient however to keep me from a jail. You might well, as you did, express your surprise that my wife's father should suffer such a state of things to be; but he could suffer any thing, save parting with his money; he was a miser; the love of riches had grown with their possession: and I believe he would have suffered me to rot in jail rather than draw upon his coffers.

"It was just at this time, or at most a week or two subsequent to it, that Mr. Bellenden was attacked by a complaint to which he had been long subject, — one, requiring the most prompt medical aid; but from which, on several former occasions, he had perfectly recovered. Agnes was extremely attentive to her father; and on Christmas evening, as we were both on the way to the sick-chamber, we met the family surgeon leaving the house.

"'You are perhaps going to spend some time with my patient?' said Mr. Amwell.

"'My husband,' said Agnes, 'means to spend an hour or two with my father: I have a particular engagement at present, — and am only going to ask how he does.'

"'I have some little fears of another attack,' said

Mr. Amwell; 'do not be alarmed, my dear madam, — we know how to treat these things; promptness is all that is required. It will be necessary, my dear sir,' said Mr. Amwell, addressing me, 'to lose no time in sending for me, should Mr. Bellenden experience another attack; all depends upon the prompt and free use of the lancet. There is no occasion for any alarm, madam. The good old gentleman may live to eat twenty Christmas dinners yet.'

"Mr. Amwell passed on, and we entered the house, and ascended to the sick-chamber. My wife remained but a few minutes, — she had some particular engagements at home; and as she left the room, she charged me to lose not a moment in calling Mr. Amwell, should there appear to be any occasion for his aid. She shut the door, and I seated myself in a large chair near to the bed.

"Mine was a singular situation. I, who for many years had had my hopes directed towards a great inheritance — I, who had seen, and rejoiced to see, the most formidable obstacles removed, and who had myself been instrumental in removing them, was now watching the sick-bed of the only individual who stood between me and the succession, — an individual, too, whose death I had looked forward to and had allowed myself to hope for. I could not help smiling at the singular situation in which I was placed; and as I looked towards the sick-bed, and heard only the uneasy breathing of the old man in the silence of the room, I felt — very like a criminal.

"There was a table near to me with several phials upon it. I took them up one by one, and examined them. One was labelled, 'laudanum.' While I held it in my hand, all the demon was within. My pecuniary difficulties seemed to augment; the excellence of wealth to increase; the love of enjoyment grew stronger; and my estimate of the value of an old man's life weaker. At this moment, the sick man asked for drink. Thornton! — need I hesitate to confess that I was strongly tempted—but I resisted the temptation; I held the fatal phial for a few moments in my hand; laid it down, pushed it from me, and assisted the old man to his needs. But no sooner had I done this, and re-seated myself, than I began to accuse myself of inconsistency. These, thought I, are distinctions without any real difference. A youth, who stood betwixt me and fortune, was drowning; and I did not stretch out my hand to save him: there are many kinds of murder, but in all the crime is the same.

"I had nearly proved to my own satisfaction that I was a fool, when certain indications that could not be mistaken assured me that Mr. Amwell's fears were about to be realized, and they instantly were, to the fullest extent. Mr. Amwell's parting words recurred to me: 'all depends upon the prompt use of the lancet.' My heart beat quick; I rose, — hesitated, — re-seated myself, — rose again, — listened, — again sat down, — pressed my fingers on my ears, that I might hear nothing, — and leaned my head forward on the table. I continued in this posture for some time, and

then started up — and listened. All was silent; I rang the bell violently; opened the door, and cried out to call Mr. Amwell instantly, — and returned to the chamber — which I believed to be no longer a chamber of sickness, but of death; and re-seated myself in the chair, with a strong persuasion that the last obstacle to fortune had been removed. But, — Thornton, — again I knew that I was, a second time, a murderer!"

Here, Mr. Moreton paused, and leaned back in his chair, apparently exhausted. I again thought his communication had ended; and although I could not now address him as I had addressed him before, I was beginning to say that to make absolute beggars of his children could not be an acceptable atonement for crime,—when he interrupted me, heedless, apparently, of my having addressed him.

"In a few minutes, Mr. Amwell entered the room. He approached the bed, bent over it, turned to me, and said, 'I fear it is too late, Mr. Moreton.'

"'Perhaps not,' said I; 'at all events make the attempt.'

"Mr. Amwell of course did make the attempt; and in a few moments desisted; shook his head, and said, 'A little, and I have reason to believe only a *very* little too late,' and in a few minutes I was again left *alone*.

"Thornton, since that hour, I have been a miserable man."—Another long pause ensued, which I did not attempt to break; and Moreton at length resumed.

"Since that hour, I say, Charles Thornton, I have never known a moment's peace. My wife's tears for her father fell upon my heart like drops of fire; every look she gave me seemed to read my innermost thoughts; she never spoke that I did not imagine she was about to call me murderer. Her presence became agony to me. I withdrew from her, and from all society — for I thought every man looked suspiciously upon me; and I had no companion but conscience, — ay, conscience, Thornton, — conscience that I thought I had overcome; as well I might, for had I not seen the young and healthy sink, when I might have saved? and how could I have believed that? .....but so it was, and is: look at me, and you will see what conscience has made of me. Agnes sickened, and as you know, died. This I felt as a relief; and for a time I breathed more freely; and I married again. But my old feelings returned, and life every day becomes more burdensome to me. Strange, that events long passed become more and more vivid, — but so it is. The evening on the Cam, and the death-chamber of old Bellenden, are alternately before me.

"Now, Thornton, you have heard all. Are you now ready to frame the will as I directed? I am possessed of a quarter of a million, and it belongs to the heirs of those for whom it was originally destined."

Some conversation here ensued, in which my object was to show that, although the large property at Moreton's disposal ought never to have been his, yet, if the events which he had related had not taken place, it

never could have come into the possession of those for whom he now destined it. I admitted, however, the propriety of the principle of restitution to the branches of the family in which it had originally been vested, but prevailed with Mr. Moreton, in having a competency reserved for his own children and for his wife, who married in the belief that he was able to provide for her. And upon these principles, accordingly, the testament was framed and completed the same evening.

It grew late. "Walter Moreton," said I, rising to take leave, "let this subject drop for ever. When we meet again, let there be no allusion to the transactions of this evening."

"Thornton," said he, "we shall never meet again."

"There are remedies, my friend," said I,—for could I refuse to call the wretched man before me friend? —"there are remedies for the accusations of conscience: apply yourself to them; if the mind were relieved by religious consolations, bodily health would return. You are yet little past the prime of life; I trust we may meet again in happier circumstances. Conscience, Moreton, is not given to us to kill, but to cure."

Moreton faintly smiled. "Yes, Thornton," said he, "There are *remedies;* I know them, and will not fail to seek their aid. Good night!"

I returned to the inn, and soon after retired to bed; as may easily be believed, to think of the singular revelations of the evening. For some time these thoughts kept me awake; but at length I fell asleep. My

dreams were disturbed, and all about Walter Moreton. Sometimes he was swimming in the river, or standing on the bank, pointing with his finger to a human head that was just sinking; sometimes he was sitting by the bed-side of old Bellenden, examining the phials, and walking on tiptoe to the door, and listening; and sometimes the scene of the past evening was renewed, when I sat and listened to his narrative. Then again, he had a phial in his hand, and uncorked it; and in raising it to his mouth, it seemed to be a small pistol; and just at this moment I awoke.

The last scene remained forcibly and vividly on my mind. It instantly occurred to me that he might have meditated suicide, and that that was the *remedy* of which he spoke. I looked at my watch; it was an hour past midnight. I hastily dressed, and hurried to Trumpington Street. There was a light in one of the windows. I knocked gently at the door; and at the same time applied my hand to the knob, which yielded. I hurried upstairs, directed by the situation of the light I had seen, and entered the room. Moreton stood near to the bed, beside a small table; a phial was in his hand, which, at the moment I entered, he laid down. I sprang forward and seized it. It was already empty. "Ah, my friend!" said I — but farther speech was useless. Moreton was already in the grasp of death.

NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BRANNER.

Gather, ye sullen thunder clouds;
Your wings, ye lightnings, wave,
Like Spirits bursting from their shrouds;

And howl, thou wild and dreary storm,
Like echoes of the grave,
Sounds of the brothers of the worm.

Ay, wilder still, ye thunders, roll,
Ye lightnings, cleave the ground:
Ye cannot shake the Christian soul:

In God's high strength she sits sublime,
Though worlds were dust around;
Defying Chance, outliving Time.

Αἰων.

BEATRICE.

A Lover's Lay.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Gentle, happy Beatrice,
  Visioned fair before me,
How can it a wonder be
  That many so adore thee?

Old, and young, and great, and wise,
  Set their love upon thee;
And if gold could purchase hearts,
  Riches would have won thee.

Social, cheerful Beatrice,
  Like a plenteous river,
Is the current of thy joy,
  Flowing on for ever!

Many call themselves thy friends;
  Thou art loved of many;
And where'er the fair are met,
  Thou 'rt fairer far than any.

Pious, duteous Beatrice,
All good angels move thee ;
Meek and gentle as a saint —
Most for this we love thee !

I can see thee going forth,
Innocent and lowly,
Knowing not how good thou art,
Like an angel holy :

See thee at thy father's side,
Most touching is thy beauty,
Gladdening that benign old man,
With cheerful love and duty.

I can see his happy smile,
As he gazes on thee ;
I can feel the boundless love
That he showers upon thee !

What a happy house thou mak'st,
Singing, in thy gladness,
Snatches of delicious song,
Full of old love-sadness !

How I've sate and held my breath,
When the air was winging,
From some far-off chamber lone,
Breathings of thy singing.

How I've listened for thy foot,
Sylph-like stepping, airy,
On the stair, or overhead,
Like a lightsome fairy.

What a happy house it is
Where thou hast thy dwelling!
Love, and joy, and kindliness,
There evermore are welling.

Every one within the house
Loves to talk about thee:—
What an altered place it were,
Sweet Beatrice, without thee!

I can see thee, when I list,
In thy beauty shining,
Leaning from the casement ledge,
Round which the rose is twining.

I can see thee looking down,
The little linnet feeding;
Or sitting quietly apart,
Some pleasant volume reading.

Would I were beside thee then,
The pages turning over,
I'd find some cunning word or two
That should my heart discover!

I would not heed thy laughter wild —
  Laugh on, I could withstand thee,—
The printed book should tell my tale,
  And thou shouldst understand me!

I know thy arts, my Beatrice,
  So lovely, so beguiling,—
The mockery of thy merry wit,
  The witchery of thy smiling!

I know thee for a syren strong,
  That smites all hearts with blindness;
And I might tremble for myself,
  But for thy loving-kindness;

But for the days of bygone years,
  When I was as thy brother:
Ah happy, faithful Beatrice,
  We were meant for one another!

I'll straightway up this very day,
  And ask thee of thy father:
And all the blessings life can give,
  In wedded life we'll gather.

THE FIRST SLEEP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "PURITAN'S GRAVE."

It is easy to imagine that the first man would not be soon tired of using his eyes and ears, and of exercising his new made senses. Every sight was new, and seeing itself was new; — and, as Solomon has said, speaking of the human race at large, the eye is never satisfied with seeing, — it is natural to suppose that the first man's first day of being must have been one of intense and absorbing interest. Adam had not upon his shoulders the cares of the world; he was placed in a scene of surpassing beauty, with senses to perceive, with faculties to apprehend, with leisure to contemplate, with taste to admire, — and his whole being was absorbed with the external world, and he felt it to be, as God had pronounced it to be, very good. The first man looked out upon the world with the eye and feeling of a philosophical childhood; wonder came not upon him gradually, by the slowly uplifting of the curtain of ignorance; but the whole scene of the good

and beautiful was made manifest at once; there was no sensation of contrast, yet there was a strong sensation of beauty and delightfulness; he had come out of an unfelt darkness into a glorious light,—from an unperceived chaos into an exquisite order; his first sensations were blended into one, not as yet analysed; for man begins not to analyse till he has ceased to enjoy, even as a child when he is tired of his playthings begins to destroy them. The music of the birds, and the fragrance of Eden's earliest flowers, the freshness of the unpolluted air, which had not as yet been breathed in sighs, or made vocal by execrations,—the pretty plumage of the birds, the stately march of the mightier animals, the meandering movement of the wily serpent,—the dazzling light which shone from heaven, and the sweet reflection of the sky's bright-blue, from the living stillness of the unruffled water,—the rich fruits hanging in harmonious clusters from vines and trees, and the leaves glimmering with an emerald brightness in the light of the sun,—all formed together a mass of mingled beauty which made life glorious.

Did the first man, on the first day of his being, soliloquize? Did he feel glad, and did he shout forth his gladness? In what language did he speak, or with what cadence did he utter the joy which his heart did feel? He could not be silent; light-hearted gladness, which has never known care, must burst forth in voice. The birds were all singing around him. He had organs of utterance, and a power of modulation; and if he

were moved to utterance by the influence of sympathy with the sweet voices about him, his first vocal expression must have been singing. Man's first devotion must have been therefore a hymn of praise. The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted with joy at the creation of this lower world; and doubtless he, the first parent of all those for whom this world was formed, set forth his gladness at his birth melodiously. And did he grow weary of the beauty with which he was surrounded? Was his curiosity soon gratified? Did his rapture presently subside into calm satisfaction and philosophical approbation? — No; there was growing novelty in every scene, there was an increasing interest in every living creature, in every opening flower, in every green herb; when the lark sprang upwards, cleaving the air with its dancing pinions, and shouting its lively gratitude, then did man by the power of sympathy with which his Maker had endowed him, feel his soul awaken by a kindred emotion of gladness. He was not soon tired of admiring the beautiful plumage of the birds, and the pretty gambols of the newly created animals rejoicing in their being. Nor was he wearied with the bright monotony of his first day's cloudless sunshine; but as the day advanced he marvelled at the movement of the sun in its path through heaven; he almost wondered why it was that a light so glorious should abate of its strength; he marvelled at the lengthening shadows of the lofty trees, and he fixed his eyes with a dreamy admiration on the glowing orb as it slowly

descended to its evening bed, not curtained as yet with gorgeous clouds, and he fain would have run towards the apparently near horizon to catch the setting splendour,—but his own spirit sympathised with the coming sleep of all things round him. He saw the gentle blossoms of the flowers, which had expanded their beauties to the sun, now folding themselves up with a curious carefulness, and his own eyes felt a sympathy with the upfolding of the flowers. He was struck with the abatement of the day's music in the sky, and amidst the trees of the grove; for the lark had sunk down to her rest, and the many-coloured tenants of the trees were fixed in a beautiful stillness; there was an awfulness in their sleep which forbade him to disturb them. The bright eyes of the statelier animals, which had gazed upon him with a look of intellect and admiration, were now closed, and the lion had stretched its lordly length upon the ground.

And now, when with a pleasant sadness Adam had turned away from the western sky, having watched the last light of the sun, as of a glory never to return, he turned his eyes to the east, and there he beheld a milder light, a kind of sleeping sun, pale, placid, and benignant, climbing up the heavens and looking down upon the earth like a discreet comforter, who brings the silent look of compassion to those who have lost the delight of their eyes. Then came out the sharp and glancing light of the stars, twinkling here and there, with a dazzling uncertainty; and all this was exceedingly beautiful, so that he knew not which to

admire the most, whether the bright and glorious day, or the milder and more subdued beauties of the night; and as by day his sympathy with surrounding music made his breath vocal with the hymn of praise, so now, by a similar sympathy with universal silence, his hymn of praise had subsided into the gentle stillness of meditation, which enriches and fertilizes the soul more effectually than the loudest gladness of passionate praise, even as the steady flowing of the equable stream is more nourishing to the land through which it flows than is the sublimer dashing of a furious torrent.

All around him man saw the living creatures in the attitude of rest, having their eyes closed and their limbs motionless, and their tongues sealed up in silence; —and yet they were not quite so motionless as the earth on which they lay, for there might be perceived the gentle heaving of the frame in the involuntary movement of the inward life, and there might be heard their faint breathing like the sighing of the distant breeze. Then, prompted by what he saw around him, and by that inherent courtesy of conformity which so naturally belongs to an unpolluted mind, not touched as yet by the conceits of vanity, or disturbed by the conscious degradation of sin, man also assumed the attitude of rest. As yet he had scarcely felt the sensation of fatigue, but a sufficient languor had crept upon his frame to render him conscious of the pleasures of repose; and as during the day, and amidst the living and the dancing gaiety of nature, he had felt how good a thing is light, and how pleasing the sound of the cheerful voice, and

the movement of the vigorous limbs, so now, having been saturated with day's delight, he felt how beautiful was night, how sweet its stillness, and how welcome its repose; and he admired the wisdom which had formed the day, and the kindness which had ordained night, and he felt that the day and the night were both good. He felt it good to be awake, and he felt it good to be falling asleep; but as yet he knew not what sleep was; and his sleep came slowly upon him, for it was protracted by a bland astonishment; he marvelled about what new and pleasant variety of being was provided for him — of not being he had no conception, nor did he think that the gradual sealing up of the outward senses was a prelude to the cessation of his existence; he felt it rather as some new modification of it, delightful, because wonderful; for though the outward senses were shutting themselves up like the folding leaves of the sun-loving flowers, yet there were shut up within them a murmuring memory of the past day's music, a softened and confused picture of its sights dimly painted, but beautiful as the hills and valleys in a morning mist. His delight was gratitude, and his admiration praise. This was the moonlight of his being,—a mild reflection of the day; there was a consciousness, yet so faint, that it was as nothing compared with the vividness of waking thought and full sensation.

And what were the dreams of man's first sleep? Who shall awaken the memory of that most placid hour in the whole experience of humanity? Who shall tell how one by one the senses fell asleep, — how

sight, by a voluntary weariness, drew the curtains over its windows,— how the fragrance of the flowers gradually ceased to be distinguished, and how the night breeze died away on the no longer attentive and listening ear? Care and sickness, sin and sorrow, hope and fear, form the sad elements of our dreams in our ex-Eden world; but in the first sleep man ever slept, there were no such thorns as these in the pillow of his rest. He was at peace with all the world, and all the world was at peace with him. He had no remorse for sins of a past day, and no looking forward to pains, toils, and sorrows for a coming day; whether any other day was coming he knew not, thought not, inquired not, cared not. Waking or sleeping, he felt himself to be in the safe keeping of the Almighty, and every moment of time was complete in itself, independent of the past and of the future.

Night is the time for thought. The images and feelings of the day are then collected together, and they settle down into one condensed mass; so night brings to man his first lesson of wisdom; for true wisdom comes not by a laborious and pains-taking application of the soul curiously searching out the causes of things, but by the attentive and silent meditation which without passion or agitation reflects upon being and events. Wisdom comes not so much from man's seeking as from God's guidance. Even in dreams there is instruction, and from man's first night began man's first thought. So the ancient heathens said, "Dreams come from Jove." Man has no wisdom

till he reflects, and dreams are for the most part a reflection of the past. The dream of the first sleep was compacted purely of the elements of the sensations of the first day; thus, by a wonderful arrangement, the past became present again, and the mind had sensations without the help of the senses. Thus was man led to thought and meditation, and by the apparent infirmity of sleep, which for a while seemed to place him on a level with the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, he was elevated to the rank of intellectual, and advanced to a communion with the spiritual and invisible. When his body first slept, his mind first woke, and an impulse was given to the internal spirit. While, during the hours of his first day, his senses were pleasingly occupied and agreeably filled with surrounding external objects, with shapes, sounds, and colours, there was nothing but the animal consciousness awake, — a pleasing wonder absorbed every feeling — a wonder too pleasant to require or invite analysis. It was the quiet change from day to night, and the shadowy state of things placing them, as it were, in a double point of view, that gave man an introduction into the mysteries of thought, and taught him reflection. That which is seen once by the eye is seen merely by the animal part of our nature, — that which is seen by the mind's eye is seen intellectually. So man's first sleep awakened the powers of his mind; a pause was given to his senses, but none to his mental consciousness; even in sleep he felt himself to be living, and there was a seeing of sights not present to the

eye, a hearing of sounds not physically audible to the ear. Hence, then, sprang up at first the hardly recognised inquiry,—what sees if the eye sees not, or what hears if the ear hears not? So by a beautiful and striking arrangement the night was caused to cast light upon the day. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth forth knowledge." Surely, by this expression the Psalmist intended to set before us the great and beautiful truth, that the alternation of day and night is one of the prime sources of knowledge and the earliest nutriment of the intellect. But the birth of knowledge and the springing up of thought in the mind were as yet imperceptible, nor was it till the first sleep began to depart that its mysteries began to be developed, and its principles of instruction to be made known to the mind. The first night revealed the mysteries of the first day, and the second day made known the instructions of the first night.

If there was a curious and interesting awakening of the mind by the first falling asleep of the bodily frame, there was a still more interesting excitement of the thinking powers by the waking again from sleep. When man first woke to his new-made being, it was of course without reflection, for he was unconscious of the state from which he rose; but when he woke from sleep, it was from a weaker to a stronger sense of being, and his waking was as gradually developed as his sleeping had been. The mystery of sleep was not revealed till the sleep was over, nor its beauty apprehended till the frame was awake again, even as the

riddle of life itself is not solved till life be ended. Waking from sleep was beautiful, both for its novelty and for the sweet refreshment which it brought. It seemed to make the world anew, for with Adam's first waking the world itself was waking again; the morning songs of the birds sounded more gay; there was a livelier look of the trees as their leaves trembled in the morning breeze, and gleamed to the glancing of the sun's earliest rays; the little flowers, which had folded their blossoms up for the repose of the night at the departure of yesterday's sun, now opened their beauties to the light, and by the gladness of their graceful forms looked to the day a welcome which they could not speak; the very air felt new and fragrant, and there was an especial source of wonder in the newly risen sun. Thus, a fresh and pleasant impulse was given to thought, and a new topic of adoration to the invisible Creator. Gladness is gratitude, and pure joy is praise to the Maker of all things. With renewed wonder and increased delight man looked upon the awakened animals moving gracefully around him, and there was a greater interest in the being of the second day than there had been in that of the first. At first he had looked upon the world with pleased admiration; but after his first sleep he regarded it with curiosity, and a spirit of philosophical investigation; and as his mind was not darkened by sin nor clouded by passion, as nothing of the evil principle had yet been introduced or developed, knowledge and inquiry were purely satisfactory and unimpeded: he sought not with a mad

ambition for knowledge that was too high for him; he was not wearied in his inquiries nor baffled in his pursuit; but, on the contrary, all that he sought was accessible and all that he acquired was delightful.

There is something truly divine in the pure development of thought, in the consciousness of a reflecting power; and the world looks more beautiful in proportion as it is regarded with an intellectual attention. As man's being is not complete without his intellectual powers, so his pleasure in being is not complete without the exercise of those powers, and these powers were developed and awakened by man's first sleep. He was taught by the closing of the bodily eye to open the eye of his mind. How different man's first sleep, from the nights of pain, of anxiety and even of horror, that have since been passed on earth! But, even yet, "day unto day uttereth speech, night unto night showeth knowledge," if man were wise enough to learn.



Painted by A. L. Chalon, R.A. Engraved by H. [illegible]

CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD;

OR,

The Triad.

BY MARY HOWITT.

You have four, and I have three,
Jane, and Rose, and Emily.
Jane, my eldest, is sedate,
Fit to be a Crusoe's mate;
Quite a housewife in her way,
Busily employed all day.
When I'm sleeping in my bed
Jane is working overhead;
So correct, so kind, so sage,
She's a wonder for her age.
And if I had half a score
Of the cleverest daughters more,
I should ne'er expect to gain
One as useful as my Jane!

Rose is quite a different child,
Tractable enough, and mild;
But the genius of the three,
The lady of the family;

With a voice so wondrous clear!
And for music such an ear!
All our friends are in amaze
At the skill with which she plays;
You may name whate'er you will,
Rose for any piece has skill!
Then she writes, and can succeed
In poems beautiful indeed.
She can design too, and I never
For a child saw aught so clever!
Heads she draws, and landscapes too,
Better far than I can do,
Though no little sum was spent
To give me that accomplishment.
She is quite an artist now,—
Has it stamped upon her brow,
And I'm sure will earn her bread
With that intellectual head!

Emily, my youngest elf,
Is the picture of myself;
For her age extremely tall,
And the idol of us all.
Oh, the little roguish thing!
Now she'll dance, and now she'll sing,
Now she'll put on modish airs
Such as Mrs. Johnson wears;
Shaking her rich curling tresses
For the plumes with which she dresses.

On my life, I sometimes fear
She will mimic her when here !

Emily is bold and wild,
Quite a beau-ideal child,
Spoiled enough to have her will,—
Loving yet and gentle still ;
Just as poets say should be
The youngest of the family ;
A little happy, rosy pet ;
One all pretty names to get,
Puck, and Mab, and Mignonette !

HOURS AT COOMBE.

Light as in the summer hour,
Dancing in the sun-bright sky,
Flits around from flower to flower
The golden-winged butterfly, —
Such thy merry course has been,
Mary ! in thy childhood's dawn,
So thy footsteps have I seen
Twinkling o'er the velvet lawn.
With thee, love, and thy sisters twain
Would those days might come again !

When at noon-tide idly laid
Beneath the cedar's fragrant shade,

Pleased with thy gambols, I forsook
The pen, the pencil, or the book,
And, listening to thy thoughtless mirth,
I passed my happiest hours on earth ;
And when upon the purple hill
  The cooler breeze began to play ;
When all around was hushed and still,
  Save where the night-jar far away
  Resumed her melancholy lay ;
Then we freely strolled together
O'er the furze, the brake, the heather,
Chasing one while o'er the green
The dusky moth, but dimly seen ;
Or, perched upon the hillock's brow,
Rolling pebbles down below,
We watched the last bright tint on high
That streamed across the western sky.

Happy children ! while you may,
Sport the sunny hours away.
Ere ten summers shall have cast
Their twilights to the shadowy past,
Shall Mary, the demure and mute,
Pass muster, as a young recruit
Under Fashion's flag unfurled,
The gay ordeal of the world.
The dimpled cheek and laughing eye
Shall make a belle of Emily.

And thou too, little fairy thing,
Shalt enter in the world's gay ring,
Dream of the sonnets that you pen,
And flutter at the praise of men!

Then, when amid the festive throng
Your feverish thoughts are whirled along,
Then don not, girls, the peevish frown,
Nor cast the glance disdainful down,
If I should chance recall the time
I penned this desultory rhyme,
And from the memory's store resume
Your childhood's happy hours at Coombe.

C. H.

MY HERMITAGE.

Where two wizard streamlets meet,
I have fixed my sylvan seat;
A rustic cabin, thatched with heath,
With verdant meadows spread beneath,
And the wild wood sweeping round
A fertile nook of garden ground.
There, among my books and bees,
I plant my flowers, and prune my trees;
Study Nature; and, at times,
For Friendship's Offering scribble rhymes.

FANNY'S BIRTHDAY.

A Story for Children, and a Hint to Parents.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHILD OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND."

"Who knows but the salvation of ten thousand souls may depend upon the education of one single child."—BISHOP BEVERIDGE.

"WELL, mamma, if you say that I must not carry my little sister, I will promise you never to do so; but she is so very light a little creature, that we thought we might carry her:—Willy said he was sure we might.—Willy is coming across the lawn now, mamma," continued Rosamond; "and he is bringing such a beautiful nosegay!"

"We gave Willy leave," said Katherine; "to gather all the best flowers in our gardens; but I am sure the gardener must know that it is Fanny's birthday, and he has given him those fine geraniums, and that large branch of orange-flowers. I think a birthday is the happiest day in the whole year; don't you think so, Fanny?"—Fanny did not answer, but her smiling looks told as plainly as words, that she also thought a birthday a very happy day; she did not answer, for her merry eyes were fixed upon Willy, and his nosegay.

"And now, my little Fanny," said her mother; "though it is your birthday, perhaps you will allow

me to have my chair, of which you and your sisters have taken such entire possession. I suppose you will allow me to sit down, Katherine; I am going to be very busy with my work on this birthday; and though you are all to have a holiday, I wish first of all to ask you a few questions, and to say something to you about birthdays.—Well, well, little Fanny, you have nestled yourself into your usual corner behind me, in this great chair, and Willy has seated himself on the stool at my feet."

"And we like to stand, mamma," said Katherine; "my sister Rosamond and I will stand beside you, if you please."

"What do you think of birthdays, Katherine?"

"They are the happiest days in the year, mamma."

"And tell me what you mean to do all to-day, my children?"

The children looked up with astonishment.

"Yes, what do you mean to do with yourselves?"

"Oh, mamma! to play, to amuse ourselves," said Katherine; — and Rosamond added, "you always give us leave to play, mamma, on our birthdays: — and Willy looked up, and cried out, clapping his hands, "To play from morning till night!" — and Fanny peeped over her mother's shoulder, and looked at Willy, and laughed; and whispered in her mother's ear, "To play, nothing but play!"

"Nothing but play!" said their mother; "is that quite the right way of spending a birthday?"

"Why, mamma," said Willy, in an expostulatory

tone; "every body plays on birthdays, and I am sure you wish us to be happy on Fanny's birthday."

"First of all," said his mother; "tell me the meaning of the word birthday?"

"The day on which any one is born, mamma," said Willy.

"And what was your birthday, Willy?"

"The day on which I was born, mamma."

"My dear Rosamond," said her mother, turning away from Willy; "you seem to be the most thoughtful of the party, therefore I will speak to you. I see that Willy is more inclined to play with his sister Fanny than listen to me.—On the day that you were born, Rosamond, was a child of grace born into the world, or a child of wrath?" Rosamond still looked thoughtful, but she hesitated. "You remember the catechism, Rosamond?"

"I was born in sin, and the child of wrath," replied Rosamond.

"That is," continued her mother, "a child of wrath born under the curse of sin, and not a child of God's favour and grace: and is the birthday of such a being a day of rejoicing, Rosamond? Might we not say of such a birthday in the words of the wise man, 'the day of death is better than the day of one's birth?'—Shall, therefore, a child of sin rejoice because it is born into this wicked world?"

Rosamond looked very grave; and her mother, who had spoken with a very gentle voice, left her for a little while to her own thoughts."

"Well, Rosamond," she said at length, looking up from her work; "is a birthday a day of rejoicing?"

"No, mamma, from what you have said, I think it is not," said Rosamond; "and you would not have us make this day a happy day?"

"Indeed I would," replied her mother; "for though a child is born in sin, she need not continue to live in sin, she need not die in sin. This world, lost and fallen as it would be, were it left to itself, has witnessed the most wonderful sacrifice for sin, in the death of God's own Son: — and for the child's own heart, corrupt and fallen as it is, the Holy Spirit has been sent down from heaven, to give unto the child of wrath the nature of a child of God. Your birthday, my child, and the birthday of our dear Fanny, are the birthdays of Christian children. Your very name, my Rosamond, has been given you as a sign that you were no longer your own, but by profession at least, one of the children of the Church of Christ, bought with his blood, solemnly offered up to him with prayer, that your Heavenly Father would for his sake adopt you into his family; and in making you by his Spirit a lamb of Christ's flock, would make you also by adoption and grace a child of his love. If it were not for the day of a new birth into the kingdom of God, the day of the old birth would be indeed a birthday of misery. Be as merry, therefore, my dear children, as you please; but let your merriment be that of God's children."

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" cried Fanny, peeping

again over her mother's shoulder, "there is such a beautiful butterfly among Willy's flowers; it has been either asleep or feeding, and I am sure it is very bold, for it has never stirred from this — this — I don't know the name of the flower, mamma. I thought at first the butterfly was a flower, or the leaves of one flower which had fallen upon another; but all at once it opened its wings, and I saw that on the inside they were all dropped over with bright colours. Wait a moment, mamma, and it will open its beautiful wings again!"

"It is very happy, Fanny. That butterfly is, perhaps, as happy as any insect can be: — can you tell me the life of a butterfly, Fanny?"

"Oh! no, mamma; but perhaps my sister Rosamond can."

"Can you, Rosamond?" said her mother.

"Mamma," said Rosamond, "how can you ask me such questions?"

"Well," replied her mother; "I think I can give you some account of a butterfly's life. It first opens its wings when there is the summer's light in the sky, and the summer warmth in the air, and when the flowers on which it feeds have burst into bloom, and all the tiny cups within them are filled with sweet juices. Day after day it ranges through gardens and fields, and sleeps at night safe under the shelter of some dewy blossom; but its life is a life of a few sunny days,— it knows nothing of the past, nothing of the future,—and when it dies it never lives again. We cannot, there-

fore, blame a butterfly for keeping every day like a birthday, but perhaps we ought to blame a being that can never die for spending even a birthday like a butterfly's day. Do you understand me, Rosamond? do you, my little Fanny?—I was going to speak to you about those playful lambs that we can see as we sit here, on the green hill side; for their thoughtless mirth is also innocent: but your butterfly appeared among the flowers, and I could speak to you about it, as well as about a lamb."

"Then I suppose, mamma," said Katherine, (who had hitherto been silent,) with a very piteous expression, and in a very melancholy voice,—"I suppose we must not play, and it must be wrong to be merry."

"Oh no, Katherine, you have forgotten that I said, be as merry as you please; and as I told you yesterday, let all your lessons lie unopened, but do not forget that unmeaning mirth never becomes a child of God, and that she who is the first of God's creation, is not happy *because* she is thoughtless, but because her heart is full of thought, deep, quiet, but grateful thought. We do not understand the nature of our Heavenly Father's love, if we do not rejoice; we do not know what real happiness is, if we do not rejoice in the Lord. You love the sunshine, my children; you do not call it gloomy. Jesus Christ is himself, in a very high and glorious sense, the Sun of Righteousness; His presence, His favour, is the true sunshine, for in 'His presence is fulness of joy, at his right-hand there are pleasures for evermore.'"

THE EUTHANASIA.

Written in a Bible.

"Vanity of Vanities."— *Prov.*

What art thou, Life? The saint and sage
Hath left it written on this page,
That thou art nothing, dust, a breath,
A bubble broke by chance or death;
A sun-ray on a rushing stream;
A thought, a vanity, a dream.

And truly hath he told the tale:
Bear witness cell, and cloister pale,
Where loveliness, and wealth, and birth,
Have shrunk from sights and sounds of earth,
And chilled the heart, and veiled the eye,
And, daily dying, learned to die.

Yet, Life, thou'rt given for mighty things;
To plume the infant angel's wings;
To bid our waywardness of heart,
Like Martha, choose the better part;
To watch, and weep our guilt away,
"To-day, while yet 'tis called to-day."

If trials come, Eternal God!
By thee the vale of thorns was trod.
If death be nigh, shall man repine
To bear the pangs that once were thine?
To bleed where once thy heart was riven,
And follow from the Cross to Heaven!

Αιων.

THE LONELY HEART.

They tell me I am happy — and
I try to think it true;
They say I have no cause to weep,
My sorrows are so few;
That in the wilderness we tread,
Mine is a favour'd lot;
My petty griefs all fantasies,
Would I but heed them not.

It may be so; the cup of life
Has many a bitter draught,
Which those who drink with silent lips
Have smiled on while they quaffed.
It may be so; I cannot tell
What others have to bear,
But sorry should I be to give
Another heart my share.

They bid me to the festive board,
I go a smiling guest,
Their laughter and their revelry
Are torture to my breast;
They call for music, and there comes
Some old familiar strain;
I dash away the starting tear,
Then turn—and smile again.

But oh! my heart is wandering
Back to my father's home,
Back to my sisters at their play,
The meadows in their bloom,
The blackbird on the scented thorn,
The murmuring of the stream,
The sounds upon the evening breeze,
Like voices in a dream;

The watchful eyes that never more
Shall gaze upon my brow,
The smiles — Oh! cease that melody,
I cannot bear it now!
And heed not when the stranger sighs,
Nor mark the tears that start,
There can be no companionship
For loneliness of heart!

SARAH STICKNEY.

THE FAREWELL OF COLONNA.

Towards the close of the 15th century the Italian wars had exiled a considerable number of distinguished men from their respective homes. Among the rest was Stephano Colonna, of the illustrious Roman family of the name. He was charged with the singular offence of laying a spell on Leonore, a daughter of one of the princes of the house of D'Este, which deprived her of the power of sleep. The princess had for some time "outwatched the stars," and written various MSS. which she scattered and tore, and had completed the evidence of her being in the hands of witchcraft, by refusing to share the throne of Naples. The spell might have been more easily accounted for by the grace, wit and passion, of Stephano Colonna, one of the handsomest cavaliers of the land of romance. It is not improbable, too, that he had, according to the habit of his age, actually made some use of the supposed powers of the magician, or seer, Fabricio, who committed such havoc in cabinets and alcoves with the heads of statesmen and hearts of ladies, towards the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries. On Colonna, when he was arrested, was certainly found an amulet of the Bezoar, which he confessed to be a talisman, purchased at a high price from a Moor; with a paper of mystic characters, for which he acknowledged that he was waiting the interpretation by a spirit who obeyed the enchanter. However, he declared himself perfectly innocent of any attempt to exert those singular powers on the princess. The influence of his family saved him from the fate of a dealer with the evil one. But he was compelled to quit Italy for ever. This to him was worse than death. But the law was not merciful enough to grant his wish; and in despair he took service in the first expedition under Columbus. It should be stated for the gratification of those who think that faithful love ought always to be fortunate love, that Stephano returned to Europe with all his misfortunes turned into fame, by the discovery of the new world; that he found his princess faithful, and that Colonna and his fair bride became the theme of Italy, for love, prosperity, and an illustrious offspring.

The sea, the bright and breezy sea!
The ships are bounding on its wave:
Yet what are all its pomps to me?
The exile sees it but his grave.

The shore, the green and lovely shore !
I see the crowding lance and plume ;
To me the trumpet thrills no more,
The banner droops, the world is gloom.

A shadow sits upon my youth,
A fever feeds upon my frame ;
Life, what art thou ?— one great untruth ;
Love, what art thou ?— one bitter name.

The sun is sinking in the sky,
The dew is glittering on the flower ;
So sank he, when *one* form was nigh
That made the world an angel bower.

Dreams of the spirit ! where, oh where,
Ye thoughts of beauty are ye now ?
What hand has planted dark despair
In this proud heart, and lofty brow ?

It *is* the hour. I hear the tone
That from those lips of roses stole.
I see the diamond eyes that shone
With kindred music to the soul.

Come forth, thou wondrous talisman,
Wrought when the stars were veiled in gloom,
When stooped to earth the Crescent wan,
When earth was but a wider tomb :

When, through the vapours thick and damp,
That filled the old enchanter's cell,
Flashed on thy form the mystic lamp :
Come forth, thou angel of the spell !

If throned upon yon golden cloud,
Or floating on yon glassy wave,
Or rushing on the mountain flood,
Or sporting in the forest cave ;

Bright spirit of the talisman —
Come ! by thy master's mighty name !
I hear thy wing the breezes fan,
I see thy glance of starry flame.

We fly ; the world is left behind ;
Bright spirit, still I speed with thee.
What new-born fragrance loads the wind,
What new-born splendour gilds the sea !

Now, on me burst new earth, new skies ;
From sunny hill to sylvan shore
Is all one sheet of glorious dyes,
Of purple bloom, of sparkling ore.

Far as the dazzled eye can glance,
Spreads the broad land one glorious bower,
Where never shook the gory lance,
Where never frowned the dungeon-tower.

There in the myrtle-shaded grot,
Might life be silent as the stream
That slumbers through its crystal vault,
A dream, and love be all the dream.

Beneath the forest's dew-dropt spray,
A king, the grassy turf my throne,
Might fond existence melt away,
Till the long, lonely dream were done.

Again the talisman is dark,
Night and the world are come again;
I hear the trump, I see the bark,
Around lie agony and Spain.

No, the high prize shall yet be won!
Then what to me is sea or shore,—
The eastern or the western sun?
Thou shalt be mine, sweet Leonore!

MEMOR.

MUSTAPHA THE PHILANTHROPIST.

A Tale of Asia Minor.

Mustapha Ben Mustapha, Ben Ali, Ben Kaled, thou wast well-known, long-loved, and deeply-lamented. Tears are still shed upon the turban stone that marks the spot where thy remains sleep the sleep of the holy; the young women spread their veils upon thy grave, the young men pray to be like thee, brave, beautiful, and beloved; the old men thank Allah, that thou wast the light of their infancy, and the glory of their land. Yet thy sun was long clouded by sorrow, thy name was long stained by calumny, and anguish long bowed to the earth the brow that was yet to wear the heron plume of power, and the diamond chelenck of the favour of the Sultan, king of kings.

The father of Mustapha was one of the beys of Karamania, the chief of a tribe, the lord of a hundred villages, and crowning all his honours with the glory of having made the pilgrimage to Mecca. Thus rich, powerful, and a Hadgi, he had obtained the highest rank of felicity allotted to mortal man; his name became a pro-

verb throughout Anatolia for prosperity ; and when the Mollah blessed the marriages of the Moslem, he always added, " May thy good fortune be as the good fortune of the Bey Mustapha, and may thy head be as firmly fixed on thy shoulders ; may thy purse as long escape public robbery, and mayst thou, like him, sleep on the pillow of security, till thou goest to the world where men are neither plundered, beheaded, nor bowstringed, because they are richer, better, or longer-lived, than their neighbours."

But all have their troubles. There never was a sky which will not show a cloud now and then. There never was a lake without a ripple. Even the Bey Mustapha had his troubles. They came in the shape of a son ; that son was the finest youth in all Karamania, handsome, generous, brave, and beloved. The old Bey gazed on him with pride, the tribe with veneration ; he was the theme of the poet's song, of the story-teller's tale, and of the warriors' carousal. But in the midst of those bright prospects, there was a spot which looked full of storm, to the eye of the sagacious father. His son was a genius ; the Bey was a man of sense, his son was a speculator ; the Bey was content with the world as he found it, his son was a philosopher ; but the Bey pointed towards the distant towers of Constantinople, and asked whether philosophy could keep him out of their dungeons ? At length his time was come, as it comes to all. From his pillow, which overlooked one of the most smiling prospects of Asia Minor, he gave his gallant and sorrow-

ing son charge over his inheritance; finally he put into his hands an emerald signet, wrought with a mysterious inscription. "This," said the old man; "is the talisman of our house; it has kept us safe even under the scymetar of the sultan, for a hundred and fifty years. Keep it, until you must give it up, like me, with all things human." His son took the talisman with tears and awe, pressed it to his lips, and then attempted to decypher the inscription. It was totally unintelligible to him. "The language," said the Bey; "in which those words are written, is not capable of being read by one in a thousand, of any time of life; nor by one in a million of yours. If you shall die without learning it, you shall die in a dungeon: therefore learn it, son of my heart, as soon as you can." The Bey's voice had already sunk to a whisper. His son clasped his hand in filial anguish, and knelt beside the couch of the dying chief. "Where," asked he, "is this sacred language to be learned, O my father?" The Bey was silent; speech had perished on his lips; but he pointed to heaven, and then, with his hand on the head of his son, gave his spirit to the angels.

Mustapha was proclaimed Bey by the acclamations of a thousand of the finest horsemen in Anatolia. The world spread around him a prospect of beauty. Gold and jewels were like sand before him. The morning rose on the prayers of his people for his prosperity, and the evening heard the cry of the Muezzins returned by the songs of the Karamanian shepherds from the hills, in praise of Mustapha the flower of the land; but the

acclamations of the thousand horsemen were more grateful to the ear of the young warrior. Their squadrons galloping on the plain before the palace, the flashing of their scymetars, their adroitness with the pistol and the spear, kindled the passion which finds a place in the bosom of every Anatolian youth. In his glowing temperament it blazed into a devouring flame. But the flame must wait for a vent. In the meantime, he set his vivid invention to work: his quick eye saw a hundred defects in the equipment, management, and manœuvres, of his troops. He introduced remedies for them all. But the troops saw no necessity for their being wiser than their fathers. Like them, they could shoot an eagle on the wing, and cut through a turban at a stroke, — rein up a charger in full gallop, and slice a Persian or Curdistan skirmisher from the crown of the head to the chin. But their chieftain must be obeyed. He was obeyed, and his popularity instantly fell fifty degrees.

Mustapha keenly felt the difference between the faint cry with which he was welcomed in his next exercise of the squadrons, and the ardent acclamation that hailed his former presence. But his conviction of the true importance of the improvements was too strong to suffer him to go back. "They are my children," said he, as he returned dejectedly from one of those days in which his horsemen had manœuvred incomparably on the new plan, yet had suffered him to depart from the field without the waving of a sword. "I must treat them as such, bear with their follies, and

leave them to have more sense as they get more knowledge. But it is unfortunate that we have no war. A week's real work would teach them the use of those changes, and they would then know how to value them as they deserve."

As he was reaching his palace, in a gloomier mood than he had ever felt before, he saw a horseman riding down the neighbouring hill at full speed. As he approached, the yellow cap, and the imperial dragon on his breast showed that he was one of the Tartars of the Porte. He brought dispatches. They announced that the Muscovite dogs had dared to bark at the sublime Father of the faithful, and, what was more, to bite; that the Sultan had already condescended to retreat before the Infidel, for the mere purpose of destroying them within his own territory, and thus fertilizing his fields with their bones; that the Muscovite dogs being inspired by Satan, and not seeing the purpose of this discreet movement, had followed his Mightiness the Vizier, had dared to attack him two several times,—for which might their souls be speedily given to the black angel Monkiar, and their bodies to the ditches of Bulgaria, — even had the additional insolence to seize his cannon and baggage, and actually pushed their madness to the extent of threatening to march on Constantinople. The dispatch concluded with a command that the thousand cavalry under the orders of the Bey Mustapha, should instantly march to join the faithful army of the Padishah, in driving the Infidels into the Danube. The dark eyes of Mustapha flashed fire as

he read the words. He was now in the path to honours unbounded; his quick imagination saw before him fame, commands, national homage. He ordered the trumpets instantly to sound, recalled his horsemen eagerly, and told them the tidings. The Karamanian is brave by nature. He loves plunder, victory, gold-hilted scymetars, and fine horses; and he expected to find them all on the west of the Propontis. The squadrons were weary of their days of discipline. They flourished their pikes and swords rejoicingly, and gave the young Bey the first shout that he had heard from them for a month. In four-and-twenty hours he was in march, and the march never halted until he was in view of the bright waters of the Bosphorus.

All hitherto was exultation. The showy Bey and his Arab charger shared the praises of the whole Moslem populace, who thought it worth their while to leave their coffee cups, to see the handsomest soldier mounted on the handsomest horse in the Ottoman dominions. His cavalry won the next praise. Never had the idlers of Constantinople seen such dashing riders, so capitally equipped, with turbans so rich, caftans so embroidered, and boots so worthy of the Sultan's body guard. The European Spahis looked on with envy; but the Delhis, who always come from Anatolia, and go, fate only knows where, triumphed in so brilliant a body of comrades, and swore that they were worthy to fall into their rear. Nothing could be a higher compliment.

Their trial soon came. From the summit of a low

range of barren hills in Bulgaria, Mustapha one day saw a mob of foot and horse rambling about the country, some quarrelling, some robbing, some cooking, and some with their dogs loose, looking for game. He inquired of a peasant what this strange medley meant. To his utter astonishment he was told, that this was the Turkish army. This was enough; the cause of their defeats was evident. What could be done against the Muscovite bayonets and guns, with an army one half of whom were forced to rob for food, and the other to rob the robbers? His genius was instantly on the alert. He conceived a plan for at once restoring their discipline, and supplying their food; and determined to take the first opportunity of earning immortal fame by enlightening the brains of the blundering Vizier. But what was to be done with a commander-in-chief who had been a slipper-maker, and had never known the use of steel but in his own awl? His highness listened to the plan of the young Bey with a smile; said that it was excellent, but impracticable; that the Ottomans had been in the habit of conquering their enemies without these new inventions, and by the blessing of Mahomet, they would conquer them still. The Vizier having said thus much, made a sign to one of his attendants, and dropping his head on the sofa, fell asleep.

Mustapha indignantly returned to his tent. Some of his officers came round him on his entrance. "Comrades," said he, "I have failed. My infallible plan has been thrown away on the ears of that hog of a slipper-maker. He was drunk when I went, he was asleep

when I came away. So, fight or fight not, we must be starved." He rushed into the tent, and unbuckling his scymetar, began to meditate on the first fruits of his glory. A slight noise roused him; and he saw one of the Capidgis, with the Vizier's order for his head in one hand, and the bowstring in the other. It was clear that he had not yet learned to read the language of the talisman. The Capidgi came forward, to teach him a lesson on the liberty of speech. A true Turk would have given his neck in return. But Mustapha was too new to life to have acquired its perfect courtesies. He was a mountaineer, and rude in proportion. His only answer to the respectful salutation of the Capidgi, was a blow with the hilt of his loosened scymetar which brought the Sultan's officer to the ground. He then tore the order, and kicked the unfortunate instrument of justice out of the tent. He was on the point of mounting his charger, to lay the whole affair before the Divan; when a most flattering message arrived from the Vizier, apologizing for "the misconduct of the officer, who was on the point of being bastinadoed for his error," and requesting the company of the Bey to take coffee, and receive the command of a brigade of cavalry. Mustapha was instantly appeased. He flew to the Vizier's tent, was welcomed with remarkable graciousness, and was in the act of smoking the pipe of honour, when he felt his hands bound, and was marched, without another word, to the rear of the tent, where, on looking for his accusers, he could see nothing but the same Capidgi, bowing with habitual grace, and half a dozen

mutes, ready to perform that ceremony upon him which supersedes all others. "This comes," he murmured bitterly, "of attempting to put knowledge into the heads of asses. Let me escape but this once, and the world may fool itself after its own way, for the rest of my existence." The reflection was tardy, for the mutes were in the act of fastening the string round his neck. Another moment would have extinguished the man of genius. But at that moment a shell whizzing through the air, dropped into the centre of the group. The applicant of the string was crushed into mummy. Three others were shattered into fragments by the explosion. Mustapha stood a free man again. The Vizier's tent was set in a blaze, and he rushed through it in the confusion, and regained his own; in infinite wrath with blunderers of all kinds; but not yet including the teacher of tactics to slipper-makers.

He found the camp in a state of horrible clamour. The Infidels had made good a part of their promise, and were advancing to Constantinople, by marching over the bodies of the left wing of his Mightiness's army. The other wing was spreading out its plumage for such flight as it could manage; in other words, one half of the Ottoman host had been soundly beaten, and the other half were running away. He also found his gallant squadron taking it for granted that he had gone the path of all beys who are too wise for their generation, and who take coffee with grand viziers. But his presence restored their discipline at once. The Muscovites were covering the field with squad-

rons of horse, and mowing down every thing with their artillery. Mustapha moved his cavalry to the cover of a wood, formed them with admirable skill, and then advancing on a division of the Muscovites who were pursuing in the heat of victory, charged through and through them, and cut them to pieces. Nothing could be more lucky for the Vizier; for in two minutes more he must have been a prisoner, or trampled under the feet of the Muscovite lancers. The enemy, at this unexpected check, drew back, and the night falling, the Ottomans made their escape, glad to leave their tents behind them. This affair raised Mustapha's name prodigiously, and visions of glory began to kindle him again. The first dispatches from Constantinople displaced the slipper-maker, and fixed the Bey at the head of the forces, with orders to beat the enemy, and follow them to St. Petersburgh. But what was to be done, with an army of banditti? He instantly drew out a code of regulations. It was incomparable, and its announcement was hailed with universal joy. But its first attempt at practice raised a mutiny in every corps of the army. In this emergency, the new Vizier knew that his head was on his shoulders only till the messenger of the mutineers could return from the capital. He resolved to turn the tables by a victory; marched that night to find the enemy; found them; cut up their foraging parties; drove in their outposts, and fell like a thunderbolt upon their main body. The Infidels were slaughtered in front of their lines, through their lines, and out of their lines.

But day-break came; and they rallied. The Turkish cavalry had by this time jumped off their horses, and were packing up the plunder of the camp. Mustapha's quick eye saw the danger. But all the kettle drums, and trumpets of the earth could never draw a Turk from his plunder. The battle turned. The new Vizier fought with desperation: he gathered some bodies of horse from the skirts of the field, and bringing up his thousand Anatolians, formed the whole as a rear guard. But this was worse and worse. Their discipline was new to their countrymen, and at the first movement all was confusion. With agony of soul Mustapha saw his last columm of horse fighting like a rabble, every man in his own style. The enemy's artillery were now playing on every battalion of his infantry: and his final look at the field showed them melting away like masses of snow on Mount Hæmus. His next glance was at the canvas roof of a Russian tent. His horse had been knocked down by a six-pound shot, and he had been stunned by the fall, and found among the wrecks of the field. So much for the new tactics. Was he now to give his next glance at the roof of a Russian dungeon?

But this was a night of carousal in the Infidel camp. The general sent off a dozen couriers to St. Petersburgh with dispatches, describing the battle as a series of the most exquisite manœuvres, by which he had drawn the enemy into a night attack, and routed them at his leisure. He demanded crosses and ribbands for himself, and inquired her imperial majesty's pleasure as to what chamber of the seraglio she would prefer

for her present abode. But it is as impossible to keep the yellow-bearded Russ from brandy, as the black-bearded Turk from plunder. The captive Vizier was brought to the general's board; where he sat, until he saw him and his staff fall under it. He then threw the general's cloak over his shoulders, walked quietly to the spot where his horses were picketed, found the sentinels asleep, each man with a bottle beside him; led his horse through ten drunken regiments, and flinging the cloak over the eyes of the only man whom he found awake among fifty thousand, galloped off on the route to the capital. Indignant at his defeat, and more indignant at the stupidity which had sent the army into the field in a state which rendered victory all but impossible, he paused only to draw up a statement of the whole transaction, present it to the Sultan, and thus at once vindicate his own fame, and lay the foundation of conquests innumerable.

The paper was eloquent, admirably argued, and the most imprudent thing in the world. The Sultan received it from his anxious Vizier, with a look of the highest favour; even read it before he left the chamber, and at every sentence exclaimed, that he was a Solomon. Throwing over his neck a chain of diamonds of inestimable value, he departed, leaving the Vizier in exultation. But, as the door closed behind the retiring padishah, another opened. The Sultan's barber entered, glancing his eyes on the spot where the astonished Mustapha stood; he commanded his Janizaries to take away "the Anatolian Giaour, who yesterday

had the insolence to call himself Vizier;" with further orders, "to lose no time in fixing the head of the traitor on the seraglio goal, and the quarters of the poltroon on the public scaffold."

"Long live his Highness Achmet the Vizier," was the answering cry of the Janizaries, who instantly flung themselves upon him, and dragged him away, protesting against this violation of all justice.

But this day was the anniversary of the famous Santon Abubeker, and on this, no criminal could be executed before sunset. Thrown into a gloomy cell of the palace, Mustapha called for one of the cadis of the seraglio, to receive his dying declarations of innocence; the question of his property, he took it for granted, was already settled by his executioners. He had now time to ponder on his own proceedings, "What an infinite blockhead I must have been," was his first congratulatory ejaculation; "to trouble myself about patching up the brains of other blockheads. If men are accustomed to be beaten, woe to the meddler who attempts to teach them to beat. If I had left the Osmanli to run away according to their national tastes, I should now have been dining with the Sultan, instead of preparing to drink sherbet so terribly against the grain, with the Houris." His soliloquy was interrupted by the arrival of the jailor, who ushered in a basket of dates, brought by a messenger from the cadi, to tell the dying man that, being invited to a ball at the Austrian embassy, he had sent one of his scribes, to hear what he had to say. The detail

was brief; for as it began, the sun was setting, and the last dip of his rim in the Propontis was to be the signal of his parting with that head, which had been of so little use to him. "Prince," whispered the Scribe, as he pointed to the sinking orb; "there is but a moment between thee and death; what would'st thou give, to leave the dungeon behind thee?"

"Lands, treasures, all that avarice could solicit," exclaimed the prisoner, his ardent nature starting into sudden energy and hope —"What am I to do for life?"

"The task is the simplest, yet the most difficult in the world," was the reply; "It is, to keep thy thoughts to thyself."

Mustapha struck his forehead remorsefully. "If from this hour I ever try to make the world wiser than it chooses to be, may I be impaled in the Atmeidan!" was the quick exclamation. The cadi's deputy stamped upon the floor, and a low rumbling noise was heard; a stone gradually slipped on one side, and disclosed a dark, winding stair.

"In this cavern is safety," said the young Scribe, and plunged in; the prisoner followed. The stair led deep into the foundation of the palace; at length a glimpse of light was visible; he opened a grate, and the sea lay before them, broad, calm, and returning the silver beauty of ten thousand stars. At a signal, a boat appeared, starting from under the cypresses which line the seraglio wall. The Bey sprang into it, the messenger followed, and the steersman turned his helm away from the fatal shore, and hoisting his little sail,

soon left mosque and tower far in the horizon. Mustapha felt all the sudden elation of liberty. He lavished promises of opulence upon his deliverer.

"You must, at least, promise me one thing," said the Scribe. "It is, not to send me back to Constantinople. Having obeyed my master's orders, I must think of myself; and a return to the shadow of the Sublime Porte would only substitute my head for yours." The pledge was given. The little vessel shot along, and by day-break it had reached the long and narrow line of rocks which embattle the shore of what once was Ilium.

The journey to the Karamanian hills was rapidly made; the Bey being informed by the young Scribe that orders had been already sent off for the confiscation of his lands; and his own energy being determined to counteract the blow if possible. They arrived just the evening before the Pasha of Karamania, who was ordered to execute the sentence. He was a daring, greedy, and licentious ruffian; and the sound of confiscation would raise a Turk of any degree from the bed of death. At day-break the trumpets of the Pasha were heard in front of the palace gate. Mustapha would have fought for his inheritance, had there been time to summon his people; but the Pasha was irresistible. His troop of five hundred Spahis instantly filled the courts, and a glorious day of plunder was expected; but the Pasha had no desire to indulge them with the treasures said to be stowed up in the jewel-chamber of the palace. There he proceeded alone.

His surprise was excessive, at finding the chamber already occupied by a stranger, and that stranger Mustapha, who was supposed to have left his bones for the vultures. But the Pasha's insolence had not left him. He declared himself come to take possession of the lands of "a traitor, in the Sultan's name," and followed the words by a sweep of his scymetar. He had provoked a dangerous antagonist. Mustapha sprang aside, returned the blow, and rushed upon him like a roused tiger; he followed it by a second, and it was sufficient. The Pasha's head rolled at his feet.

His plan was instantly adopted. Knowing that successful rebellion always confers a title with the Porte, he took the Pasha's signet from his finger, wrote an order in his name commanding the Bey Mustapha to be reinstated in all his hereditary dignities, and having sealed it, locked the body in the room, and went forth to the people. The Janizaries murmured, but the popular voice was against them. They drew their swords, Mustapha lifted his finger, and instantly a volley was sent from every window, which laid one half of their number on the ground. The lesson was expressive; the rest laid down their arms, called their Pasha a traitor who had led the sons of the faithful to be butchered; and desired leave to enter into the service of the most magnanimous of Beys. Mustapha's sagacity told him that the Porte never quarrels with the bringer of presents. He sent the Pasha's diamond-hilted poniard and scymetar to the Sultan, his purse to the Vizier, and distributed his horses among the divan.

He received by the return of his Tartar, a firmaun from Constantinople, appointing him to succeed the deceased Pasha, as a "reward for his extinction of a rebel," and a promise of the first standard of three tails that fell to the imperial disposal. Ambition was now dawning on him again, and he longed to charge among the Muscovites, and bring off the heads of generals swinging at his saddle bow. But the cadi's messenger calmly pointed to the landscape round him; the mountains waving with forests of the most varied and vivid beauty, the plains covered with grain, the mosques, and minarets, the cottages, and pastures,—and asked, whether this was not better than being rescued from the bowstring by the explosion of a shell, or being within five minutes of the sharpest axe of the seraglio? As the youth spoke the words, and made his obeisance for having taken so great a liberty, Mustapha's eye glanced on his emerald; the letters were still unintelligible, but they seemed to assume a less cloudy shape. He now gave up the happiness of saving viziers, and being strangled for his pains; and resolved to be as happy as quiet and wealth could make him. But he was a genius, and when was a genius content with being as happy as quiet and wealth could make him? He went among his people, found every thing old, useless, and absurd; made changes in all instances, and succeeded in nothing. The arts of husbandry had been the occupation of the peasant from the infancy of time. The arts themselves had never gone beyond their infancy. The Bey discovered a hundred im-

provements; the people were hard to be taught: in some instances, however, he prevailed on them in mere obedience to adopt his new ploughs, his new system of watering their ground in the fierce heats of an oriental summer, and his new contrivances for sheltering their cattle. But, for one example of obedience, there were ten of the contrary. "Intolerable fools!" exclaimed he, when, after a day of argument with a group of clowns, he succeeded only in making them puzzled and himself angry: "What is the use of throwing away one's ideas on slaves as dull as the earth they tread?"

"None!" said the sententious young Scribe. Mustapha raised his aching head from the sofa, where he had flung himself in keen vexation; and darting his eagle eyes into the countenance of his young reprover, expected to have frowned him into the depths of humiliation. But, to his surprise, he was met by a glance as lofty as his own. It was the first time that he had distinctly seen that countenance; for the young Scribe habitually wore the deep turban of his profession, and his eye was constantly cast upon the ground. Now, however, it was shown fully, and struck him as singularly expressive. It had the classic form, and somewhat of the melancholy impress of the Greek statue, but it was enlightened by the full splendour of the Asiatic eye. The Bey grew silent; a feeling of awe, respect, and submission, altogether new to his imperious spirit, influenced him, and from this moment he was conscious that he had a master.

The summer was beautiful, and the Bey exulted in the success of his experiments. Wherever he had directed the husbandry, all seemed to be more luxuriant than in the whole range of the land beside. But, one evening, the sun plunged into a belt of clouds which mounted rapidly from the Mediterranean. The wind rose in wild gusts — night, sudden, chill and starless, covered the mountain forests as with a pall, under which the work of death was to go on undisturbed. The peasantry were roused from their sleep by the roar of sudden torrents, the thunderstorms set their mosques in a blaze, the lightning rifled and scattered the ancient trees which for centuries had been the shelter of their cottages; all was ruin. When day rose, slow, sad, and imperfect, the landscape far and wide was one scene of desolation. But, if all were sufferers, the chief havoc fell upon the unlucky experimentalists of the Bey. A new process by which the land was to be prepared for a tenfold harvest in the ensuing year, had stripped the soil of its usual autumnal covering of shrubs, weeds, and copse. The wind and rain had taken full vengeance on the attempt to disturb the old plan. The soil was torn up to the very bowels, and the reward of the Bey was, to find his palace surrounded by the multitude in a state of insurrection,— charging him with their calamities, denouncing his rashness as the cause of the sufferings which had fallen on the soil from angry heaven; and demanding bread. The Bey was overwhelmed. The cry of a multitude

was not to be resisted. Yet how was he to remedy the sufferings of thousands? He gave them all that his palace contained. It fed a few for a day! he sold his jewels! all was but a drop in the sand. The popular cry was raised louder still, when it was discovered that the Bey's liberality was increased, in proportion to the clamour. He was embarrassed, and turned to the young Scribe in his anxiety. "Stop!" was the brief answer; but the spirit of Mustapha was not made to stop in any thing. Liberal, eager, and lofty, he determined to show himself superior to this emergency. He now proceeded to strip himself of all that could be turned into value. The populace lived a week in lazy luxury, and liked this style of life so well, that they determined to continue it as long as they were able. They at length used threats: those revolted the high mind of the Bey; he drove them from the palace gates. That night, he was roused by a knocking at his chamber door. As he opened his eyes, a broad glare of light burst across them. He looked out from the casement; a wing of his palace was in flames, and some thousands of the peasantry were flinging torches and combustibles on the remaining wing; while a host of women with children in their arms, were exclaiming against "the tyrant who had starved them." Mustapha grasped his scymetar, and would have rushed out among the ingrates. He was checked by a gentle but firm hand. It was the young Scribe's.

"Your time is not yet come to be torn to pieces by a rabble," said he; "follow me."

"And leave those heartless wretches unpunished?" was the quick exclamation of the Bey.

"Better leave any thing, than leave your own head on their pikes," was the calm answer, as the Scribe led him, almost unconsciously, down a dark corridor which opened on the palace gardens. The shouts rose again, and the flames burst triumphantly over the gilt cupola. The Bey turned; but the eye of his young guide was on him; and he felt its power. Two of his Arab chargers were standing saddled before him. The roar and the flame rose wilder together. "Time is precious," said the Scribe, mounting one of the horses. The Bey reluctantly mounted the other. The Scribe gave his charger the rein. Both were instantly at full speed, and rushing like the wind towards the long and sandy shore of the Mediterranean, where it curves like a ring of gold, with Samos, blue and beautiful, a huge sapphire, in the rim.

For two days they wandered along the coast, until they reached the town of Scala Nova. The prospect had the usual loveliness of the west of Asia. The bright stream, the noble hills, the brilliant sea, the magnificent forests of Ionia, were before his eyes; but he could see nothing but the flames rising over his palace, and hear nothing but the roar of the ungrateful multitude.

"Fool that I was!" he exclaimed, as he dashed his hand against his ample forehead; "doubly fool, to expect that a generation of those souls of clay could understand my intentions."

"Time is the teacher," said the young Scribe; "the man who does in one year what he ought to do in ten, must have a master of his own, who will make him pay dear for his lessons. Try the world again." But the Bey scorned the world; and resolved on turning dervise, or fakeer, or hermit.

"Let me go," said the impatient exile, "where never sight or sound of man will reach me. Or let me wander where the earth will be all alike to me, where in the length and breadth of universal brotherhood all individuality is forgotten: or let me be the bandit of Roumelia, the Arab of the Zaara, or the Tartar of the northern wilderness. Never will I be the friend, the protector, or the prince, again."

In two days more, a Venetian ship was to sail for Egypt, with pilgrims for the Holy House. "Before you make your trial of solitude," said the young scribe, "try how you like the march to Mecca." Mustapha was indifferent to every thing; he would have marched to China, or the moon alike, if he could. "To Mecca then," was the answer. And they both went on board.

The passengers were, like all the living cargoes, which are yearly thrown on Arabia, composed of the produce of every nation, of the Moslem, Turks, Tartars, Persians, Indians, believers in all the shades of creeds which make the map of Mahometanism as motley as the patches of a Jewish gaberdine. The season was lovely, the sea was smooth, the wind was fair, and with a flowing sheet the vessel glided from

the bay, and floated along the shores of that richest landscape of the world. Mustapha was delighted with the scene. All to him was new, and novelty was the food of his eager spirit; but the sense of beauty, of grandeur, and of the overwhelming power of nature, luxuriated in the perpetual magnificence of the sky, the mountains, and the Ocean, that now expanded on him for the first time. He had never before seen the sea; the Propontis was but a lake, and the Bosphorus but a river; he now saw the majesty of the waters, spreading without a limit, sending forth the sun at dawn, as from some pearly palace in the depths of ocean, and at eve, opening their bosom for his descent among pavilions of purple and rose, and closing over him with billows of molten gold. As the vessel swept eastward from the Gulf of Macri, the mountain ranges, that make the rampart of the land from the violence of the winter storms, seemed to fly away behind him, light and rich coloured as the clouds, and swift as the clouds themselves. All was wild, fantastic, and vivid. The marble range of the Gulf of Macri was followed by the promontories that girdle the great Gulf of Satalia. Mustapha, without the consciousness of a poet, felt the creative thoughts of poetry; and compared the summits of the mountains, as they sparkled with incessant radiance, to crowns of living jewels dropped on them from the skies; or to the thrones of spirits that stoop from the stars to keep watch over the world. The glorious scene vanished,—only to be followed by a new multitude of all the shapes of beauty, rising from the

distant waters like floating pearls, and constantly spreading and ascending, until they stood above him in gigantic heights and forms, some frowning in savage grandeur, some clothed with sunshine like sheets of gold, some winding away bathed in twilight, like the figures of a long procession veiled in vestures of eternal purple. During the whole voyage down the coast between Rhodes and Scanderoon, Mustapha and the scribe were constantly on deck together, enjoying the luxuries of this great banquet of nature, but each according to his own feelings. Mustapha, with loud and eloquent delight; the Scribe, with deep and silent rapture. When the tongue of the noble Bey loftily poured out his wonder, the eyes of his young companion spoke it in the quiet tears of the soul. Yet this difference of their faculties was no hindrance to their friendship. It but gave a fine variety to their thoughts; and Mustapha, new to the world, and newer still to himself, often turned away from all the splendours of earth and heaven, to fix his eyes on the countenance beside him, as its expression was touched by the moment, glowing with solemn enthusiasm, and alternately pale and crimson with the high devotion of a worshipper of nature.

But they were now to lose the enchanted shore; and the vessel, leaving Scanderoon, ran down the coast of Syria. No change could be more complete; all was the barren wilderness: even the sea seemed to share the melancholy monotony of the land. All around was intolerable glare: the horizon of the waters had the look

of a vast buckler of brass. The air was stagnant: human life soured in the universal scorching; and as pilgrimage was the freight, bigotry broke out like a pestilence on board. Mustapha listened, first with astonishment to the bitterness of men for opinions, and then with laughter at the absurdity of the opinions. He saw the Persian ready to take the Turk by the beard, and the Turk ready to return the insult by the poniard, for the question, which of two men who had died a thousand years ago was the true descendant of the prophet. "May the prophet spurn them both out of paradise," was his laughing exclamation; "for the Shiite and the Sonnite would quarrel about the number of pearls in its pavement." Even while he was speaking, a furious battle arose in the fore-part of the ship. He was rushing towards it; but the scribe pulled his robe, and he turned. "They," said the youth, "are two doctors of the mosque fighting:" Mustapha stopped at once. He had no possible desire to interfere between such slippery personages as doctors of the mosque, and he returned his half-drawn scymetar into its sheath. But he had not far to follow the combatants, for one of them, a huge Arab of Medina, came running to the stern, dragging the other along by the neck, to throw him overboard. Mustapha's humanity instinctively made him grasp the defeated party, as he was on the point of being flung to the fishes. While with one hand he held up the unlucky combatant, and with the other kept his vanquisher at bay, he asked, what could have been

the cause of this mortal hatred? — "Ask the villain whom you have barely kept from my murder," exclaimed the defeated Mollah. — "Does the miscreant dare to repeat his impious words," roared the man of Medina; "I call every true Moslem to witness, as I call heaven and earth to avenge the crime, that he dared to doubt that the sacred camel which carried the prophet in the Hegira, was *white!*"—He could utter no more; he stood choking with fury. — "Dared to doubt it?" exclaimed his rescued antagonist; "I never doubted, for an instant, on the subject. I said, and say, that the sacred camel was *black*. And, if that misbelieving slave's dagger were at my throat, I should say it still:" the saying was unlucky, for in the effort to second his demonstration by a blow of a knife, hid in his sleeve, his foot slipped, and he fell under the very heels of his enemy. The Arab instantly rushed upon him, and before an arm could be raised for his protection, had hung him over the ship's side. Even Mustapha now shrank from advancing, for the Arab swore by the holy stone of Mecca, that, at his first step, he should see the heretic tossed into the sea. "But, to show that I understand justice," he exclaimed; "I shall give the wretch one chance more: — Achmet Ben Saddai, son of an evil mother, do you acknowledge that the camel was white?"—"Black," was the outcry in answer; "ay, black as midnight!" — Then, down to Satanai!" shouted the Arab, attempting to fling him into the waves: but the Mollah would not be shaken off; he clung to him with the nerve of death;

and the struggle was fierce, until the Arab uttered a scream of agony, and both plunged out of sight together. On their rising to the surface, the Mollah was seen dead, strangled by the grasp of his powerful fellow disputant. The Arab was dying; his broad chest displayed a mortal wound, which the Mollah had contrived to give him, at the close of the struggle, as a final specimen of his skill in the art of controversy. A boat was ordered to be let down to recover their remains; but the sailorship of the Mediterranean is tardy, and in the mean time the disputants were taken possession of by more interested activity. A couple of sharks had continued eyeing the struggle at the ship's side, in fair expectation of the consequences. They now pounced on both the doctors, swept them through surges, whose foam they soon turned red, and left the merits of the black and white camels to be settled by posterity.

"Well," said Mustapha, gravely, as the wrecks of those unfortunates disappeared; "I hope the rest of our disputants will be taught by their example?"—

"When," said the Scribe; "were fools ever taught by example?"

He was in the right. The controversy spread through the ship, until the pilgrims would neither eat nor drink with each other. Fortunate for them if they had been deaf; still more fortunate for them if they had been dumb. Every man had a different opinion, and every man disputed in its honour as if it were necessary to his existence. The colour of the camel branched into

a hundred controversies, and each made at least a pair of orators ready to strangle each other.

Mustapha, irritated and impatient, at last proposed to the Scribe that they both should go among them; and, explaining the absurdity of their quarrelling on points for which no human being could be the better or the worse, recommend them to pass, at least, the remainder of the voyage in peace. "Are we strong enough," said the Scribe, simply, "to throw one half of them overboard every day, until but you and I are left?"—"No," replied the Bey: "but they must be tired of fighting, by this time."—"Nonsense is indefatigable," observed his companion. "But," said the Bey, "I shall rebut their nonsense, satisfy their reason, and compel the fools to see that nothing but mutual concession can ever produce either general comfort, or general safety."—"Try," briefly said the Scribe.

Next morning, when the war of words was at its height, and the deck was covered with knots of enthusiasts, all descanting on their own wisdom, and the folly of the whole human race besides,—Mustapha came forward with his proposition for laying aside all quarrels on creeds during the voyage. His figure, lofty and commanding, his fine countenance, and even his embroidered robes, and jewelled weapons, had a powerful effect on the bystanders; the pilgrims paused in their disputes, and all, forming a circle round the glittering preacher of peace, declared their readiness to adopt any plan which he thought fit to offer. Mustapha, elated at the prospect of success, spoke long and elo-

quently ; the man of genius broke out through the habits of the Osmanli, and all his audience were enraptured. Shouts of approval soon began to follow every sentence: he spoke of the original fraternity of mankind, and was applauded ; of the dignity of truth, the supremacy of conscience, and the purity of reason,—and was applauded still more: he then powerfully described them as combined in the act of exhibiting to others the same freedom which we claim for ourselves ; and in remembering, among all the differences of opinion, that the man who possesses a spirit of good will for his fellow men, holds the master key of all the virtues. An uproar of admiration followed the speech ; and the whole circle cried out that neither Stamboul nor Smyrna could produce his equal. He next proposed that every man should come forward, and pledge himself to general harmony. A tall Turk instantly advanced : — "Illustrious Sonnite," he began his declaration — "Illustrious Sonnite !" exclaimed a dwarfish, but richly clothed Persian; "why, son of a blind father and a deaf mother, who told you that he was a Sonnite? All the genius and virtue of mankind are with the children of Ali." A blow with the slipper of a disciple of Omar told the Persian that his opinion might not be universal. Mustapha saw his project broken up at once, and came forward to restore peace. But the tide had turned ; and he himself was assailed by enquiries into his faith. "Do you believe in the holy waters of the Zemzem?" cried one. — "If you do not worship the foot of Fo," cried another, "we only insult

our ears in listening to you!" — "Do you twist three hairs of the holy cow's tail of the Hedjaz, round your turban?" screamed another.—"Do you believe in Boodh?" was the outcry of a fourth. The clamour grew horrible. — "By the print of Adam's slipper!" yelled a gigantic Ceylonese, "the fellow is nothing better than a spy; and he deserves to be impaled on the spot." "By the krees of my fathers, he is a heretic," howled a ferocious Malay; "I would rather drink his blood than a bowl of arrack!" All now became clamour and confusion; daggers, knives, scymetars, and ataghans, flashed round the throat of the unlucky Mustapha. But he was bold, was master of his weapon, and the sight of the naked poniard in one hand, and his scymetar wheeling round his head in the other, partially repelled the furious crowd. "Hear me, madmen!" he exclaimed. "Can I believe all your creeds together?"—"You believe none!" was the roar: and they pressed closer on him.—"I believe all that reason tells me to believe," was his daring reply; "but this too I believe, that all opinions have something in them *right*." The sentiment was partially applauded. "And also," added he, "something in them *wrong*." This was oil on flame; the whole crowd burst into rage; they rushed upon him in a body: he struggled desperately, but a blow from behind struck the scymetar from his hand. He glanced round, and saw the Malay at his back, with his krees uplifted to strike a mortal blow. In the next instant he saw the countenance of the savage convulsed, heard him shriek, and felt him falling at his

feet. In the place of the Malay stood the young Scribe, with the dagger in his hand, which he had snatched from the ruffian in the moment of fate; and had dyed in his heart's blood. Mustapha cast a look of thanks at his preserver; and side by side they retreated to the poop, where the pilgrims dared not approach them. But the fire-arms in the cabin were soon in the hands of his assailants, and certain death seemed to await him and his young companion. In this emergency, Mustapha prepared to die: but the Scribe, repeating the famous lines of Amrou, at the battle of Ternara—

> "The eagle takes an eagle's flight,
> The hero must not die in night;"

sprang on the deck before him; and making a sign of parley, proposed at once that they should leave the ship to the pilgrims, and be set on the first shore they saw. Mustapha's blood boiled at the idea of compromise. But his preserver was already in the midst of the infuriated crowd, and he felt that hesitation might cost that preserver his life. He complied, with bitterness of soul. The boat was hoisted out, and the two exiles were rowed in the direction of the coast. They soon saw the hills above Beyrout; and trod the famous soil of Palestine. "And this comes of preaching peace to pilgrims," said Mustapha, indignantly, as he looked on the parched and ruined face of the country round him. "This is my last experiment: may the Arabs pluck out their beards! But we run the greatest possible chance of being starved."

"My lord, may you be happy," said the Scribe;

"but if we had remained on board, we should only have added to the possibility of being starved the probability of being drowned, or something not very far from the certainty of being shot.

"But to be thrown into this place of desolation for the mere attempt to prevent a parcel of hotheaded bigots from cutting each others heads off!" angrily murmured the Bey.

"The man who attempts to drive back the ocean when it rises before the gale, will find that his labour is wasted, even if he escape being sent to the bottom. He should take it in the calm."

"But, that such follies and furies should have their origin in religion!" retorted the Bey.

"Look on that Heaven," said the young Scribe. And well might they look on that Heaven with delight and wonder. Ten thousand stars blazed above their heads, with a pure intensity of light, an essential glory, to which Mustapha had never seen the equal even in the serene skies of Asia Minor. The sky was showered with stars, a shower of diamond. A few faint clouds, slightly tinged with the last hues of evening, lingered on the western horizon, like the last incense from some mighty altar. The air was still, and breathing the odour of the sheets of wild jessamines and myrtle which clothed the sides of the mountains; all was richness, solemn splendour, and sacred repose. The vivid eye of the Bey, made to rejoice in all that filled the imagination, roved over the boundless field of the stars of Heaven with a delight which kept him silent.

"From that sky," said the youth, "which looks one vast palace of holy tranquillity, from this fragrant air, which breaths like an offering of all the treasures of nature to the Sovereign of Nature, descend the thunder and the tempest, the bolt that strikes the mountain pinnacles into dust, and the hurricane that swells the sea into destruction. And shall we wonder that religion, bright, holy, and boundless as those skies, should have power, from time to time, to fill the earth with terror, to dazzle the weak, to overwhelm the bewildered, to give an irresistible impulse to all that is bold, imaginative, untameable, and soaring, in the heart of man."

"But what has the dagger, or the pistol, to do with this impulse? yet those sticklers for their contradictory follies would have flung me to the sharks which carried off the doctors of the black and white camels."

The young Scribe smiled, and simply said, "My lord, while nine-tenths of mankind are fools, why were we to expect that our pilgrim ship contained none but sages. While all mankind are creatures of the passions, why were we to suppose that a crew of enthusiasts alone were incapable of being frenzied by scorn. But let us not lay the blame on religion. To produce great effects, we must find great powers. Where universal man is to be stirred, the evil will be stirred with the good. But if the Nile, when it pours down its flood of fertility on the burning soil of the Delta, brings weeds into life with the harvest, is the fault in the Nile? Or when the mighty orb that has

but just finished his course of glory in yonder waves, rises to circle the world with light and life, are we to extinguish his beams, through fear of the insects which he quickens in the marsh and the wilderness?" The young speaker of these words had been roused by the subject into unusual fervour. His pale countenance had suddenly lighted up, and as he gazed on the firmament, unconscious of all things but the glory which had awoke his feelings, the Bey found it impossible to withdraw his eyes from its animated beauty. The expressive features flushed with new intelligence. The glance, always powerful, seemed to catch new brilliancy from the splendours above. Even the voice seemed to be changed. Always sweet, it was now lofty and solemn, yet it touched the spirit of the hearer more than in its softest moments. It was once music to his ear; it was now conviction to his soul. The haughty warrior, the proud philosopher, the conscious superior of every mind that he had till now encountered, all gave way; and, flinging himself on the neck of his friend, Mustapha pledged himself by every light blazing in that sky of serenity never to part from his young sage, his counsellor, the tamer of his follies, and the guide of his existence.

The Scribe suddenly disengaged himself from this impetuous instance of friendship, and with one struggling hand still held in the grasp of Mustapha, and the other pressed closely to his forehead, turned away in silence. "Hear me now," said the impatient Bey, "once for all; I abandon all eagerness to interfere in

other mens' concerns. This voyage, this hour, have given me wisdom worth a life. And if ever Mustapha Ben Mustapha troubles his brain about making fools wiser than nature intended them to be ; about giving experience to slaves incapable of thought ; or teaching toleration to traders in bigotry ; may he go the way of the doctors ; or worse, may he be parted from his first and last of friends, even from his young philosopher." The young philosopher answered this burst of sentiment only with one of his quiet smiles, and drawing his turban still deeper on his brows, and wrapping his mantle closer round him, remarked, that the night was at hand, and that some village should be sought for, where they might find shelter and entertainment. Mustapha, in the ardour of the moment, would have despised the aid of man, and remained gazing on the stars, and listening to the wisdom of his companion. But a gust from the sea, followed by the rising roar of thunder among the hills, awoke him to the realities of the wilderness ; and, anxious for the safety of so fragile a frame as that of his fellow traveller, he followed the sounds of the baying of dogs, and an occasional blast of a horn which sounded on the night air, until he found himself suddenly called on to stop. He was in the front of a troop of Arab horsemen. "Fly, or surrender at once," whispered the Scribe. "The panther is lord in the desert."

"The lion never flies," was the bold exclamation of the Bey, as he drew his scymetar. The Arabs seeing the flash, returned it by a general fire of their

muskets, and rushing on in the smoke, to their astonishment, they found that instead of a troop of some hostile tribe, they had but a single enemy, the handsomest of Moslem, who still defied them. They burst out into laughter at his presumption, and at the same moment a dozen fellows leaped from their horses, and threw themselves upon him. He struggled desperately, but a feeble voice reached his ear, which totally unmanned him. By the gleam of a torch he saw his friend in the hands of a crowd of the Arabs, who were carrying him away; and to his still deeper terror, he saw a long line of blood trickling from beneath his turban. He felt himself instantly powerless, and flinging away his weapon, yielded at once. The captives were carried in triumph to the camp; where Mustapha's jewels were infinitely admired, and plundered to the last stone. But his true sorrow was for the sufferings of his wounded friend; the Bey was inconsolable for the misfortune, which he attributed entirely to his own rashness. "Well was it said by Hafiz," he exclaimed in bitterness, "that he who takes the wolf by the throat, should first see that his tusks are plucked out." The young Scribe pointed with his slight finger upward, and said with a faint smile. "The skies are as bright above this tent, as they were on the sea-shore. The sun will rise to-morrow, as he rose yesterday. We are in hands stronger than the hands of the Arab. The first refuge of the fearful, but the last refuge of the brave, is despair."

The tribe moved to another pasturage, and they carried their prisoners along with them. To Mustapha, the Karamanian lord, this life of hardship would once have been intolerable. Where were his slaves, his banquets, his minstrels, his baths, his perfumes? He saw round him nothing but the horsehair curtains of his tent, and beyond them the sands of the wilderness. His food was herbs, his perfumes were the wild breath of the desert shrubs, his companions were the Bedoween. Yet, what is man but the child of circumstance! He had abjured all his luxuries, for he had found them insufficient to fill up the aching void of his mind. He now had health, exercise, and an object. The bravery of his defence had extorted the applause of the Arabs; his noble figure, commanding countenance, and matchless dexterity in arms, had soon equally forced their admiration. They gave him a new name in their expeditions; he was the 'Leopard,' and their sheik finally crowned the homage of the tribe, by the offer of his only child, the gazelle-eyed Ayesha; with a thousand sheep and a hundred camels as a dowry. The prospect was enough to turn the brain of any young hero of the desert. The husband of the fair Ayesha must succeed to the headship of the tribe,—two thousand horsemen of the Beni Kohlani, masters of the finest pastures, renowned for the fleetest horses, and still more renowned for having baffled the pashas of Syria, in every encounter, for the last hundred years. The Bey went to the tent of his young counsellor, who was now rapidly recovering from the

effects of the Arab musquet. He communicated the generous proposal.

"It offers all that a warrior can desire," was the reply.

"But I have forsworn the warrior," was the answer.

"It offers much that the man of ambition might covet," said the Scribe.

"But I have abandoned all that bears the name of ambition," said the Bey.

"But it offers something to the eye," said the Scribe; "for the daughter of the sheik is among the handsomest of the Bedoween. But the true question is, what it offers to the heart?"

The speaker pronounced the words in a low tone, and remained evidently waiting an answer.

"I have tenfold forsworn that folly," said Mustapha, impatiently; "the heart is not concerned in the marriages of the Moslem." There was silence for a time. At length the Bey added, "but, my friend, the judge who is to decide on my case, should know all. I never saw the face of woman, that I thought of a second moment, — but one."

"The name of that one?" asked the Scribe, with a tone which seemed to borrow some of its impatience from the Bey.

"I know not," was the answer.

The listener had taken a cup of sherbet from the attendant, and was tasting it with his parched lips, when the enquiries of Mustapha arrested his hand.

"Is she yet among the living?" asked he.

Still, "I know not," was the answer. "She was seen but for a moment. Yet, her beauty has haunted me to this hour. Many a long day it made me restless and wretched. I sought her, but in vain. It may have been among the causes which made me the being I am, the slave of impulses, full of the fever of the mind, always rash, always repentant; a wanderer, a visionary, a madman." He covered his forehead with his hands, and struggled evidently with strong emotion. "But," added he, "I now speak of those things for the last time. On my march to Constantinople at the head of my cavalry, as we encamped on the plain bordering the Bosphorus, our position was accidentally crossed by a train from the seraglio. My troopers were wild fellows, and, unacquainted with the forms of state, they broke loose and galloped up to the procession. This produced a cry of horror from the attendants, and the startled camels ran away with their burdens. One of their little tents was overthrown at my feet, and from it I raised the loveliest being that the eye of man ever gazed on. She was fainting, and for the moment I looked unrestrained on beauty worthy of Paradise. But the attendants soon came up; nothing but the threats of my horsemen prevented my instantly falling by the hands of the janizaries; the tent was replaced upon the camel, and a vision departed from my eyes that to this hour has shut out every other from my heart."

Mustapha, as he uttered the words, rushed from the tent; sprang upon his steed, and galloped for leagues

into the depths of the desert, to recover his tranquillity. On his return, he found the tribe preparing to march to the attack of the great caravan from Tripoli. He marched with it, distinguished himself at the head of a chosen troop in a night assault, in which he took the Pasha of Sidon prisoner, and returned with the greatest prize of Syrian corn that had ever graced the annals of plunder.

All the tribe lauded him to the skies; the warriors were in raptures; and every woman was instantly busied at the corn mill. Mustapha went out to view them in their occupation; but his eye was instantly struck by the coarseness of the national contrivance. He found five hundred women doing with the old hand-mill less work than with a little ingenuity might be done with a hundredth part of the labour and the time. "With wind, canvas, and wood, any thing," said he, "may be done." His invention was instantly active, and in a few days he gave a model for the construction of a mill, which worked wonders. The women were delighted to get rid of the trouble; the Sheik was delighted to eat bread which was not half stone; and all were delighted at the genius which had raised in the midst of their tribe, a machine requiring nothing but a blast of wind, to make it go on grinding till doomsday. The women, determined to escape the drudgery for the future, instantly broke every hand-mill that they could find; and Mustapha was at the height of popularity.

The new machine became famous, before the week was at an end. But fame excites envy, and envy is

the worst of peace-makers. The Beni Abubecker, one of the most powerful tribes of the Hauran, had heard of this extraordinary invention, and resolved either to seize it, or destroy a work which promised to turn the mill-wheel into the philosopher's stone. They moved in great force against the Beni Kohlani. A battle followed, desperately contested, in which Mustapha again distinguished himself. But the rumour had now reached as far as the coasts of the Red Sea; tribe on tribe were mustering to seize this mighty structure, which was said to be the work of magic,—a secret wrung directly from the lips of the golden image of Solomon. A council of war was held, in which it was resolved to fly that night from this overwhelming superiority. But, what was to be done with the great structure that towered above all their tents. To carry it away was impossible in the rapid march of the tribe; to leave it was disgrace. It was therefore to be burned. The tribe marched at twilight, and its flame lighted them many a league over the plain. They at length halted, and the provisions were to be prepared. But the confusion was now universal. Even the old hand-mills would have been better than none. The tribe rushed round the tent of Mustapha, assailing him by every name of guilt, for having bewitched them, first into war with all their neighbours, and next, into eating corn unground; an insult worthy of the magician's blood. The Bey was thunderstruck. He almost tore his beard in vexation. "Yet," he exclaimed, "it is not these savages that I blame, so much as the fool who could not leave

them to their own wits. By Allah, I deserve to die by the needles of the women, for the absurdity of thinking that the present generation could not manage to live, eating grit in their meal as well as their forefathers did." But his wisdom was now too late. A guard who had supped on unground corn were placed upon the tent, and he was ordered for public execution at day-break.

An hour after midnight, he was awakened by the sound of a knife cutting through the back of the tent. The young Scribe had thus made his way to him.

"Have you," said he, "at last resolved to leave the world to be wise in its own good time?" Mustapha lifted his eyes and hands to heaven. "Have you," continued the interrogator, "resolved never to think of teaching the knowledge of men to children? Have you resolved to try what is good in the old, before you hurry on to the new? One question more, — have you resolved to give up the honours of a sheik's son-in-law, and never to wed till you see once again the vision of the Bosphorus?"

Mustapha sprang from his seat at the words. Three horses were piquetted in rear of the tent. On one of them was already mounted the captive pasha of Sidon, who acted as their guide; and the fugitives were soon far from the camp of the Beni Kohlani. At the dawn they were galloping along the shore; a ship was off the coast; they hailed it, and found themselves in the Venetian vessel which had brought the pilgrims. To Mustapha's enquiry as to his converts, the answer was,



" that they had never quarrelled, from the day he had ceased the attempt to reconcile them."

The vessel dropped anchor in the gulph of Macri, and Mustapha viewed the shore of Asia with immeasurable longing. The young Scribe divined his emotions, and said, " My lord, you must return to your country, and take the station your birth, feelings, and talents, mark for your own."

" No ! my inheritance is now in the hand of another," said Mustapha bitterly ; " the sword of my fathers is rusted in the sheath of their son. We must find some lonely hill, or unknown hermitage, and die together."

" Never !" exclaimed the Scribe. " The *daughter of the Sultan* was not made to be his follower whom she could not honour as her husband."

As the words were uttered, the slight hand was raised to the forehead, and the deep turban which had so long shaded the countenance was thrown back. Mustapha started with a cry of astonishment. The vision of the Bosphorus stood before him—Sherene, the daughter of the king of kings of the east. With many a blush and many a sigh the lovely being told the tale of her overcharged heart. She had never forgotten the noble aspect of the chieftain whom she had seen on the plains of Scutari. The agony of knowing that his generous spirit was exposed to the jealousies of a Turkish cabinet, still more than to the hazards of war, drove her to the wild expedient of following him to his dungeon. She had, from that hour, been his

guardian angel. His lesson of life was now fully given; his impetuosity was transmuted into forethought, and his precipitate zeal to change all the world for the better, into the enquiry how to make the best of it as it is.

On this evening his eye fell accidentally on the emerald signet, which, in memory of his father, he had retained in all his vicissitudes. To his utter astonishment, the cloudy surface was brilliantly clear, and the characters shone like flashes of lightning. He read on the signet the words,

> "For all things there is a time.
> Indolence is behind the time.
> Rashness is before the time.
> Wisdom waits the time."

Sherene was at his side while he read the mystery. As he looked up in her fine countenance illumined by the sudden splendour of the talisman, he thought that he had never seen loveliness before. The cheek suffused with rose, and the magnificent eye, looked to him like the evening star shining in the sunset. "The vision of the Bosphorus is forgotten," he exclaimed, gazing on her with the rapt glance of a worshipper. The princess gave an involuntary start, and her lip grew pale. "Forgotten," exclaimed the lover,—"but it is, in the presence of an houri!" A tear of delight glittered in her eye, the cheek was burning crimson again, she fell on his neck, and in that sacred embrace they pledged those vows which are not to be dissolved by the power of man.

The Bey had found the true motive for action. He flew to his province : his vassals received him with universal acclamation. All opposition perished before their triumph at seeing the heroic son of their old prince among them again. But their wonder was his bride, the princess Sherene Halibi. They honoured her unequalled loveliness ; but they worshipped her benevolence, the loftiness of her genius, and the purity of her virtue. In the midst of the bridal, the Tartar of the court galloped up to the palace. He bore on his head the firmaun of the Sublime Porte, giving the paternal benediction, and appointing the Bey to the Pachalic of the great province of Karamania.

R. S. E.

ON THE TOMB OF PETRARCH.

Here let the poet fix his burning eyes,
Here, all that death can claim of Petrarch lies !
On this proud shrine hangs no sepulchral gloom,
He sleeps within the trophy, not the tomb!
He loved, was loved ; and passion's vestal fire
Shot loftier splendours round his golden lyre ;
And still the strings the thrilling tones prolong,
And the witched world still lingers o'er the song.

THE WANDERER.

Farewell! farewell, my native shore!
Fair blows the favouring wind:
I wish not to behold thee more —
Nor leave one sigh behind.

And welcome were the rudest gale
That chafed the wildest sea,
To drift at will my reckless sail,
So not again to thee!

Far, far from vile mankind I seek
What nature holds most rude —
The steep volcano's scorchèd peak,
The glacier's solitude.

The fires that glow unquenched by seas,
By whelming mountains pressed,
Burn not more fierce than injuries
Pent in this struggling breast.

Oh! give me from their hated haunts
To hide where none may find —
Where the rank rock-weed idly flaunts,
And mocks the desert wind:

Where torrents roar, and caves reply,
In concert hoarse and rude;
And wild wolves join the savage cry
That stills their famished brood.

But if, perchance, in weaker hour,
Some tear should steal its way,
When false, false dreams resume their power,
And half again betray;

Then let me seek some milder scene
That anguish to beguile,
And drown those thoughts so sad and keen
In gentlest nature's smile;

Where greenest vales stretch far away,
And setting suns are fair,
And still, with soft and silent ray,
The throbbing pulse of care:

There, on some sweet sequestered shore,
Unnoticed let me lie —
To sleep — to dream — and wake no more
To hard reality!

TO THE OSTRICH.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

(*Written in South Africa.*)

Lone dweller of the wild Karroo,
Sad is thy desolate domain,
Where grateful fruitage never grew,
Nor waved the golden grain:
What seek'st thou midst these dreary haunts,
Where mourning Nature droops and pants
Beneath the burning skies?
"Freedom I seek — mankind I shun,
Tyrants of all beneath the sun!"
Methinks the bird replies.

Yes—this forsaken, silent waste,
Where only bitter herbs abound,
Is fitly furnished to thy taste,
And blooms thy garden ground.
A fountain, too, to thee is given,
Fed by the thunder-cloud from heaven,
And treasured in the clifts;

For thee boon Nature plants and sows—
Thou reap'st the harvest as it grows,
  Rejoicing in her gifts.

For ruthless foes thou reck'st not here —
  In vain the slot-hound tracks thy foot ;
The huntsman, should he wander near,
  Soon flags from the pursuit :
Like wingèd galley o'er the main,
Thou speed'st across the boundless plain
  To some deep solitude,
By human footstep never pressed,
Where faithful mates have scooped the nest
  That screens your callow brood.

Thus thou art blest, shy, wandering bird :
  And I could love to linger, too,
Where voice of man hath ne'er been heard
  Amidst the lone Karroo —
Free o'er the wilderness to roam,
And frame, like thee, my hermit home
  In some untrod recess ;
Afar from turmoil, strife, and folly,
And misery, and melancholy,
  And human selfishness !

SIX SONNETS.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

SONNET I.

A TYPE of human life this forest old;
All leafy, withered, blooming, teeming, blasted;
Bloom that the reign of summer hath outlasted,
And early sere, and blight that flaunts in gold;
And grass, like sorrow, springing from the mould,
Choking the wholesome tree; and verdure wasted,
Like peace; and berries, like our bliss, untasted;
And thorns, like adverse chances, uncontrolled.
These flowers are joy that ne'er shall form a wreath,—
These lilies are unsure affection crowned
Above neglect, the water; underneath,
Reeds, which are hope, still sadly standing, drowned.
This hoary sedge is age of noteless years,
This pool, epitome of human tears!

SONNET II.

As yonder lamp within my vacant room,
With arduous flame disputes the darksome night,
And can, with its involuntary light,
But lifeless things that near it stand, illume;

Yet all the while it doth itself consume;
And, ere the sun commence his heavenly height
With courier beams that meet the shepherd's sight,
There, whence its life arose, shall be its tomb.
So wastes my light away. Perforce confined
To common things, a limit to its sphere,
It shines on worthless trifles undesigned,
With fainter ray each hour imprisoned here.
Alas! to know that the consuming mind,
Shall leave its lamp cold, ere the sun appear!

SONNET III.

Oft when I lie me down to rest at night,
My wakeful heart by sorrow is betrayed,
To thoughts of friendship, broken, or decayed,—
Of pain to others caused, to me of slight,—
Of dreams of hate interpreted aright,—
Of bootless vows, of vows that should be made,—
Of fear too prompt, of hope too long delayed,
Of present woe, of ever-gone delight.
O God! what am I then? If weak for good,
Teach me at least to bear with others' ill;
If hitherto thy law not understood,
Still let me bear thy cross, to learn thy will;
But, if my soul have thy paternal care,
Oh! teach me what to be, and how to bear!

SONNET IV.

My gentle friend, last refuge of a soul
From which the world too soon hath turned away,
Take thy long silent lute, and softly play
Some air which childhood from oblivion stole ;
That heavenly dew shall melt without controul,
My sullen griefs, that rule with stubborn sway ;
That strain all harsher feelings shall allay,
And fuse my heart into one tender whole.
Then pause upon the strings, and with thy voice,
Lure from the silent deep a radiant form,
Of earlier days and happier hours the choice,
Ere yet my troubled spirit felt the storm ;
And having called it into being, cease ;
And crown it with a smile, and name it Peace.

SONNET V.

When first my heart by sorrow was o'ertaken,
And every blossom of my youth destroyed,
Wherefore, thought I, should hope my breast avoid,
And why my heart of the fresh spring forsaken ?
Then old philosophy did I awaken,
And moral truths by error unalloyed,
And ancient maxims, evergreens, employed,
To guard my heart, that should no more be shaken.

O vanity! the worst that e'er befel!
What use, with ceaseless labour, to commit
A golden bucket to an empty well,
Or for heaven's wisdom seek in human wit?
I planted strength that flourished not, and why?
The fount that should have watered it was dry.

SONNET VI.

Yes, to be strong and bold, thyself to know, —
Daunted by nought the hostile world may urge,—
Contesting every inch unto the verge,—
And greatly resolute when dashed below;—
'Tis well:— but man unto himself doth owe
A better wisdom ere he can emerge
From the wide water, and the boiling surge,
Which his strong arms in vain behind him throw.
— That inward strength which Heaven so freely grants.
'Tis not to bear, but,— be not made to bear;—
Refer to heaven our more immortal wants,
All else the world witholds ourselves can spare.
Thus, Earth hath not an ill to be withstood, —
Nor need we the slave's virtue, Fortitude.

THE OLD BACHELOR AND HIS SISTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRUCKLEBOROUGH HALL."

There were no old bachelors or old maids in Noah's ark. Whether any existed before the flood is doubtful. I incline to think that there were none; for if there had been, they would have been preserved as a curiosity, to say nothing of their innocence. They are peculiarly interesting creatures, considered in themselves,—the old maid by herself, and the old bachelor by himself. But they are seldom seen to perfection, because they are so mixed up with the rest of the world. The old bachelor is in lodgings, and he goes to his club, and hardly looks like an old bachelor. The old maid, too, very often boards with a family, and so catches the airs and manners of the establishment as almost to lose her individuality; her mouth gets out of shape by laughing and talking like the rest of the world; and her taste in dress becomes vitiated from her habit of going a-shopping with married women and young girls. The perfection of celibacy is, when an old bachelor and an old maid, brother and sister, live together.

There is a pair in the precincts of Pimlico, — the most pure and primitive patterns of preciseness, that mortal ever set eyes upon. They have lived together upwards of thirty years, and really if you were to see them, and to observe how orderly and placidly every thing proceeds with them, you could almost persuade yourself to believe that they might live thus for three hundred years. The brother is in one of the government offices, where he attends with such an exquisite regularity as to put chronometers and time-pieces to the blush. He has never been absent on any pretence whatever; and his punctuality is so remarkable, that the people about the office say that his coming to the door is a signal for the clocks to strike. The clocks might, if they chose to take it into their heads, strike before he came, but it would be in vain, for nobody would believe them. He wears a blue coat with yellow buttons, a striped waistcoat, drab kerseymere unmentionables with paste buckles at the knees, speckled silk stockings, and very broad silver shoe-buckles. All the change that has ever taken place in his appearance within the memory of man, is that once he wore a pigtail, and now he wears none. The disappearance of this appendage to his head is truly characteristic of his quiet placidity of manners; for it went, — nobody knows when, where, why, or how: and of course nobody likes to ask him. The general opinion is, that it vanished by degrees, a hair at a time; and very likely, after it was all gone, people fancied that they still saw it; for they had

been so long accustomed to it. — The dress of Miss Milligan differs from that of her brother, — not that its style is more modern, or more ancient, but that it is infinitely more various, seeing that she inherits three voluminous wardrobes, once the property of so many maiden aunts.

The house in which our old bachelor and his sister live is altogether of a piece with themselves. Gentle reader, suppose you and I go to dine with the old bachelor and his sister, by special invitation: you may go farther and fare worse; only I must tell you beforehand, that if you expect a three-course dinner, and silver forks, and all that sort of thing, you will be disappointed. Here — this is the house with a little garden in front. You would think that the little brass knocker had been polished with kid gloves; I have known it more than twenty years, and I am sure that it is not half the size that it was when I was first acquainted with it—it has been almost cleaned to death: I think that some of these days it will vanish as Mr. Milligan's pigtail has. There's a livery servant such as you don't see every day — what a marvellously humble bow! — he is out of the country, and has been for the last thirty years, during which time he has not been out of the house for more than half an hour at any one time, except when at church. His master and mistress have such a regard for his morals, that they have taken pains to prevent his forming any acquaintance with the servants in the neighbourhood. And in order to bribe him into good morals,—for bribery is not always

corruption,—his master and mistress promised him, when he first came to his place, that if he would conduct himself steadily and not get into bad company, they would make him a handsome present towards housekeeping when he should marry; the same promise also they made to their two female servants, who came into the establishment at the same time. All three of the domestics live in hopes of the premium for good behaviour, for they all avoid bad company even according to the rigid interpretation of Miss Milligan, who thinks men very bad company for women, and women very bad company for men. I very much admire simplicity of manners, especially in livery servants, and in this respect Peter is without his parallel in London, indeed I may say, or the country either.—Now we are in the drawing-room, and as soon as we have paid our respects to our host and hostess, we will take a mental inventory of the furniture. Such a curtsey as that deserves a very low bow. Does not the whole aspect of the apartment, and the look and tone of our friends, make you almost imagine that they did come out of Noah's Ark, or rather that they did not come out of it, but are in it still? — Over the fire-place you see a map of England, worked with red worsted upon yellow silk, — it was originally white silk, and I remember it a great deal whiter than it is now. I hope you do not omit to notice the chimney-piece, and its ornaments, by means of which you may learn to what perfection the fine arts had reached in England thirty years ago. There's a fine crockery gentleman in pea-green breeches

blowing the flute, and there's a pretty shepherdess in a gold-edged blue jacket, and high-heeled shoes, looking as sentimentally at a couple of French lap-dogs, as if they were veritable lambs. You think the carpet has shrunk, and contracted from age; no such thing: when Mr. Milligan first furnished his house, it was, or rather had been a fashion to have only the middle of the room covered with carpet; and he can tell you that when Queen Charlotte lived at Buckingham-house, there was not one room entirely covered with carpet. Those six prints of Italian scenery in narrow black frames have had their day, but are in as high repute as ever in Mr. Milligan's drawing-room. In the whole course of your life, did you ever see such a spindle-shanked tea-table as that in the corner? It looks like a great large ebony spider: black, however, as it looks, it is only mahogany. Miss Milligan recollects, as well as if it were but yesterday, that one of the last lamentations which her dear mother made concerning the alteration of the times, and the abominable innovations marking the degeneracy of the age, had reference to the wicked practice of suffering mahogany furniture to retain its natural colour. And surely you must admire the elaborate carving on the backs of these chairs —the ears of wheat, the heads of cherubs—or of frogs, — I could never exactly guess which of the two they were intended to represent. — Look at the legs, or rather feet — they are something like feet, — what fine muscular claws grasping a globe of wood! The chair-covers and the window-curtains were the work

of Mr. Milligan's three maiden aunts. This was the only thing that they ever did; and I rather think that they rather thought that their only business in this world was to work curtains and chair-covers.

But dinner is announced. Now, don't imagine that I am going to dance a minuet with Miss Milligan. I only offer her the tip of my finger to hand her into the dining-room; for if I were to offer to tuck her under my arm as the fashion is now o'days, I should frighten the worthy spinster out of her wits, and perhaps run a risk of being sent away without my dinner. First course, a dish of mackerel and gooseberry sauce, and marvellously good eating too, for those who are neither hungry nor dainty. Besides, you know we don't go to see our friends for the sake of eating and drinking. There is an old-maidishness in the look of mackerel,— not that they are a very demure looking fish, but they are neat, and prim, and very insipid withal. Yet considering how rapidly they increase and multiply, one should infer that celibacy is not much in vogue among them. I very much admire the contrivance of the dumb waiter,— which prevents the parlour conversation from being repeated in the kitchen, and I would not on any account that Peter should be witness of our dinner talk, for he is a shrewd looking man, and I guess he takes me for a conjuror,— and so let him— I will not talk in his hearing and undeceive him. Bless me! here comes the second course, I declare! Nobody rang the bell; I wonder how they should know that we are ready for it. Everything in the house

seems to move with the regularity of clock work,—indeed the whole house looks like one great clock. Second course,—a roasted leg of lamb at the bottom,—and what at the top? Brocoli. And what in the middle? Potatoes. And what at the side? Mint-sauce. And what on the other side? Melted butter. Now we are told that we see our dinner. I saw it in my mind's eye long ago. I knew it by the almanack, and could foretell it as easily as an astronomer can foretell an eclipse. Well, if a leg of lamb be not enough to feed four persons who have previously been eating mackerel and gooseberry sauce, all that I can say is, that they are gluttons, and ought to be ashamed of themselves. Here comes a third course! — if course it may be called—a bread-and-butter pudding, and a rhubarb tart.

The cloth being removed, we shall have a glass of wine; for Mr. and Miss Milligan never drink wine at dinner. Capital mountain, as old as the hills. Did you ever see wine poured from a decanter into a wine-glass with such an exquisite solemnity? Miss Milligan never drinks port, but Mr. Milligan has some very fine old port in pint bottles, which is introduced on grand occasions, and this, of course, is one, for they never entertain a larger party than the present. A pint of port is not much to divide amongst three persons; but when wine is poured with an exquisite carefulness out of a small bottle into a small glass, it has a mighty knowing look, and goes as far again as when it is irreverently bobbed out of a broad-mouthed decanter flop into a great big wine glass, large enough

for a punch bowl or a horse trough. Neither Mr. nor Miss Milligan ever open their mouths wide. As for Miss Milligan, she looks as if she were fed through a quill; and when she opens her mouth to yawn, you would fancy that she was going to whistle. When Mr. Milligan had poured out the first glass, and when his guests, following his example and complying with his pressing invitation, have done the same, he carefully wipes the rim of the little black bottle with a D'Oyley, and setting it before him he corks it up again with as much care as if it were not to be opened again till this time twelvemonth. All this performance having been carefully gone through with as much gravity and preciseness as if it were some magic ceremony, and Miss Milligan having now left the dining for the drawing-room, Mr. Milligan smilingly and courteously drinks to the good-health of his guests, and sips the first spoonful of his wine, smacking his lips and looking as knowing as the north star. The first glass generally lasts him about half an hour, and of course it lasts his guests as long. This is the proper mode of drinking wine,— it makes one feel its value, and it unites duty and pleasure — to wit, the duty of sobriety, and the pleasure of drinking. I don't like to see people drink wine as if it cost nothing; it shocks my sense of propriety to see port or claret chucked down the throat with as much flippant irreverence as if it were nothing but small beer. Half of the pleasure of drinking wine is in the gravity and ceremony with which it is done, and the pondering ruminativeness with which the palate

dwells upon, and analyzes every drop. Wine comes from a great distance, is brought over in great ships, costs a great deal of money, pays a heavy duty, is moved from place to place with the ceremony and solemnity of a permit; it requires a long time to come to perfection; — it ought not therefore to be drunk irreverently and carelessly. Mr. Milligan takes his wine as if he knew its value; and so he does,— for he is a capital arithmetician, and can calculate compound interest to its minutest fraction. Six sips to one glass, with an interval of five minutes between each sip, are quite enough to assure one that the wine is properly enjoyed, and duly reverenced. I can't think how it is that my friend manages to make nine glasses out of a pint of wine, — yet so he does; and as certainly as the little bottle has trotted its third round, so certainly comes Peter to announce that tea is ready, and so certainly also does our worthy host kindly offer to indulge us with the luxury of another bottle. Whether any of his guests have accepted this offer I cannot presume to say, but most likely they never have; for such a violation of regularity and sobriety must have been the death of him.

What a disgusting sight it is to see men staggering into the drawing-room, with great stupid stark-staring goggle-eyed looks, as if they had been frightened out of their first sleep. Ah me! how I tremble in such cases for the carpet and the coffee-cups. Such sights, and such fears, have no existence in the drawing-room of Miss Milligan. We are all as sober as judges, and

as much in possession of ourselves, as if we were in possession of nothing else. Never does an old maid appear to such advantage, as at a tea-table, — tea was certainly created for the special use of old maids. The fine delicate something-nothing flavour and substance of tea, marks it as the spinsters' beverage; its warmth cherishes and keeps them alive, without which they would petrify. Whether the single glass of mountain which Miss Milligan drank after dinner, has begun to mount into her head, or whether a satisfactory sense of appropriateness at finding herself presiding at the tea-table has taken possession of her, I cannot tell; but she seems to be as gay as a lark, as brisk as a bee; she pronounces the word "brother," which occurs in almost every sentence she speaks, with a light and buoyant trippancy of tongue: — this is a great feature in the old maid's character; she scarcely ever speaks, except of or to her brother. He goes every day from Pimlico to Westminster; therefore he sees the world, and knows every thing that is passing in it. He is her authority and oracle, the telescope through which she sees the distant world. Mr. Milligan also himself feels an extraordinary exhilaration from having taken a third part of a pint of port, and he descants on things in general with an unusual volubility, though without any abatement of his exquisite accuracy and neat preciseness. Surely there is not on the face of the earth, and amidst all the interesting and curious varieties of the human species, any one display of humanity more interesting and more curious, than that of a neat, prim,

quiet, precise, formal, mouse-like old bachelor, having the cockles of his heart gladdened by the third part of a pint of port, and relaxing into the glibness of comparative eloquence. Our host sips his tea in gladness of heart, and balances his spoon on his fore-finger with a smart jemmy-jessamy air, while he talks with a pretty formality of the state of Europe, and the façade of Buckingham-House; and Miss Milligan herself looks as if she could muster up courage enough to say "Prip, prip," to her canary bird.

Now let us see if we are a match for the old bachelor and his sister at a game of whist. Miss Milligan knows nothing about shorts.

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

Since the invention of steam-boats and steam carriages, every thing seems to be done in a hurry. Push on! keep moving! is the order of the day. I don't like it. I like to see things done with a little form and preciseness. I like to see Miss Milligan shuffle the cards;—she does it so calmly, so conscientiously, so determinately; and she deals them so impartially. There now, let us take our time; nothing can be done well that is done in a hurry. With a little management, and a little formality, a rubber of whist may be made to last as long and to go as far as a pint of port. Then by playing slow we don't lose so much money, and we thereby part better friends. And it is so pleasant and instructive at the close of every deal, to hear a full and complete analysis of the manner in which each hand has

been played,—to have it all summed up as formally and accurately as the judge sums up the evidence at the close of the trial. One learns something by these elaborate discussions. Moreover, it is very agreeable to have a little talk over our game, and to fill up the interstices of the time with miscellaneous and digressive comments on things in general. Playing a good, quiet, steady rubber at long whist, and chatting all the time about miscellaneous matters, is not making a toil of a pleasure. But your players at short whist seem intent on nothing else than winning each other's money. —So we have spent a very sober evening with the old bachelor and his sister, and have only lost sixpence.—

Thus quietly live the old bachelor and his sister from year to year. Nothing disturbs their peace of mind, or ruffles the regular composedness of their spirits. They and their house are always in apple-pie order. They are in the world, it is true, but they are hardly of the world. They seem to have nothing to do but to look at it placidly, and to talk about it wonderingly; and to wish, but wish in vain, that every house was as orderly as their own.

THORNY-BANK FARM.

How turns, when early hopes are overcast,
Fond recollection to the pictured past;
Feels in the winter's cold, the summer's ray,
From Nature's face some magic torn away;
Views in the opening leaves and budding trees
The spring of life, and, in the evening breeze,
Recals the sound which told of storms upon the seas.

About a mile from the king's highway, stood
A pretty farm-house, half embowered in wood.
In front were corn-fields, and behind a grove
Of beech, whose murmurs told the cushat's love;
On this side was the farm-yard, and on that,—
Some fifty yards beyond a verdant plat,—
A pond for goose and duckling; there they swam
Down to the sluice which filled the miller's dam—
The snowy gander with a swan-like pride,
And mother goose, with goslings by her side.
The roof was thatch, by osiers interlaced;
With climbing shrubs the lattices were graced;
And whoso looked and saw the smoke ascend,
Thought almost how this earth with heaven might blend;



Painted by Wright.

Engraved by W. Pardon

For industry was blessed with sweet increase,
And Love made there abode with Plenty and with
Peace.

James Fleming had two daughters, Jess and Jane;
And, with such treasure, how could he complain,
Although no stalwart son was his, to heir
Paternal fields and in his labours share.
Small had his outset been, when he, on life
Just entered, took Maud Turnbull for his wife;
And now some thirty years had passed away,—
On either head the tresses waxing grey, —
While sprang beneath their eyes these daughters fair,
In age unequal, but a handsome pair,
Loved with o'erflowing love, and nursed with tender care.

When life was young with me, a school-boy gay,
There spent I many an autumn holiday;
And roaming idly, mind and body free,
Figured what Paradise of old might be —
As to the evening woodland came along
The reaper's carol, and the milkmaid's song;
While, over head, the green ancestral trees
Shook their broad branches to the cooling breeze.
Then, home returning, round the cheerful hearth
We gathered, old and young, in smiling mirth,
To listen to the tale, or legend old,
Of love-lorn damsel, or of outlaw bold, —
Of burial aisle, and phantom with its shroud,
Which all believing, Jane would read aloud,—

For she was younger, — and we closer drew,
As through the pane the night-breeze drearier blew;
Then to our sleep went panting; every sound
Seeming to say that spectres flitted round!

Last autumn — now my hairs are sprent with grey—
To Thorny-Bank alone I bent my way,
And gazed around. No Thorny-Bank was there —
But a trim mansion with its gay parterre
And painted rails; — the pond was now a lake;
And classic swan succeeded homely drake;
Improvement stood on tiptoe stiff and starch,
And here indeed her walk had been a march. —
— And ask ye for the Flemings — where were they,
My kind protectors in life's early day?
All gone! — A tombstone in the field of graves,
By whose neglected side the nettle waves,
Tells where and when the honest Flemings bade
Adieu to life, and here their dwelling made. —
Jess also sleeps beside them; soon or late
Death comes, and hers was an untimely fate:
She never had been strong — and oft the bloom
On woman's cheek speaks louder of the tomb
Than rosy health; — 'twas so with her; decay
Marked her an early, and an easy prey;
For slighted love lent, too, a poisoned dart,
And a frail frame contained a broken heart.

Jane — once the household pet — had linked her lot
With one whom worldly fortune favoured not;

So, after years of struggle, toil, and care,
With children five, the love-united pair,
With wreck of substance forced afar to roam,
In wild Canadian forests sought a home.

Thus Thorny-Bank is Thorny-Bank no more: —
Yet vagrant fancy sees it as of yore,
With its old inmates. — Times have changed, and I,
Like my old friends, must shortly look to die;
Nor leave, like them, more during trace behind
Than dew on herb or music on the wind!

Δ.

TO A RIVULET.

Ten years, with all their changes, have passed by,
Since last, clear-gliding Rivulet, I stood
Beneath the shadow of this pleasant wood,
And gazed upon thy waters. Lullingly,
As then, they slip along; as calm a sky
Purples their devious course; and flowers as bright
As those that laughed in youth's delicious light
Hang their fresh blossoms o'er thy current shy.
But they—the friends who made thy banks so fair,
Thy flowers so beautiful, thy song so sweet —
Ah, where are *they*? Some, by the hand of care
Untimely bowed, have met where all must meet;
And some, lone-hearted, gladly would repair
To the mute shelter of that last retreat.

R. F. H.

THE BEAUTY OF THE VILLAGE.

A Country Story.

BY MISS MITFORD.

THREE years ago, Hannah Cordery was, beyond all manner of dispute, the prettiest girl in Aberleigh. It was a rare union of face, form, complexion and expression. Of that just height, which, although certainly tall, would yet hardly be called so, her figure united to its youthful roundness, and still more youthful lightness, an airy flexibility, a bounding grace, and when in repose, a gentle dignity, which alternately reminded one of a fawn bounding through the forest, or a swan at rest upon the lake. A sculptor would have modelled her for the youngest of the Graces ; whilst a painter, caught by the bright colouring of that fair blooming face, the white forehead so vividly contrasted by the masses of dark curls, the jet-black eyebrows, and long rich eyelashes, which shaded her finely-cut grey eye, and the pearly teeth disclosed by the scarlet lips, whose every movement was an unconscious smile, would doubtless have selected her for the very goddess of youth. Beyond all question, Hannah Cordery, at eighteen, was the beauty of Aberleigh, and unfortunately no inhabitant of that populous village was more thoroughly aware that she was so than the fair damsel herself.

Her late father, good Master Cordery, had been all his life a respectable and flourishing master bricklayer in the place. Many a man with less pretensions to the title would call himself a Builder now a days, or "by'r lady," an Architect, and put forth a flaming card, vaunting his accomplishments in the mason's craft, his skill in plans and elevations, and his unparalleled dispatch and cheapness in carrying his designs into execution. But John Cordery was no new-fangled personage. A plain honest tradesman was our bricklayer, and thoroughly of the old school; one who did his duty to his employers with punctual industry; who was never above his calling; a good son, a good brother, a good husband, and an excellent father, who trained up a large family in the way they should go, and never entered a public house in his life.

The loss of this invaluable parent about three years before had been the only grief that Hannah Cordery had known. But as her father, although loving her with the mixture of pride and fondness, which her remarkable beauty, her delightful gaiety, and the accident of her being by many years the youngest of his children, rendered natural, if not excusable, had yet been the only one about her, who had discernment to perceive, and authority to check her little ebullitions of vanity and self-will; she felt, as soon as the first natural tears were wiped away, that a restraint had been removed, and, scarcely knowing why, was too soon consoled for the greatest misfortune that could possibly have befallen one so dangerously gifted. Her mother was a kind,

good, gentle woman, who having by necessity worked hard in the early part of her life, still continued the practice, partly from inclination, partly from a sense of duty, and partly from mere habit, and amongst her many excellent qualities had the Alie Dinmont propensity of giving all her children their own way,* especially this the blooming cadette of the family; and her eldest brother, a bachelor, who, succeeding to his father's business, took his place as master of the house, retaining his surviving parent as its mistress, and his pretty sister as something between a plaything and a pet, both in their several ways seemed vying with each other as to which should most thoroughly humour and indulge the lovely creature whom nature had already done her best or her worst to spoil to their hands.

Her other brothers and sisters, married and dispersed over the country, had of course no authority, even if they had wished to assume any thing like power over the graceful and charming young woman whom every one belonging to her felt to be an object of pride and delight; so that their presents and caresses and smiling invitations aided in strengthening Hannah's impression, poor girl though she were, that her little world, the small horizon of her own secluded hamlet, was made for her, and for her only; and if this persuasion had needed any additional confirmation, such confirmation would have been found in the universal admiration of

* "Eh poor things, what else have I to give them?" This reply of Alie Dinmont, and indeed her whole sweet character, short though it be, has always seemed to me the finest female sketch in the Waverley Novels --- finer even, because so much tenderer, than the bold and honest Jeanie Deans.

the village beaux, and the envy, almost as general, of the village belles, particularly in the latter ; the envy of rival beauties being, as every body knows, of all flatteries the most piquant and seducing — in a word the most genuine and real.

The only person from whom Hannah Cordery ever heard that rare thing called truth, was her friend and school-fellow, Lucy Meadows, a young woman two or three years older than herself in actual age, and half a life-time more advanced in the best fruits of mature age, in clearness of judgment and steadiness of conduct.

A greater contrast of manner and character than that exhibited between the light-headed and light-hearted beauty and her mild and quiet companion could hardly be imagined. Lucy was pretty too, very pretty; but it was the calm, sedate, composed expression, the pure alabaster complexion, the soft dove-like eye, the general harmony and delicacy of feature and of form that we so often observe in a female *Friend ;* and her low gentle voice, her retiring deportment, and quaker-like simplicity of dress were in perfect accordance with that impression. Her clearness of intellect, too, and rectitude of understanding, were such as are often found amongst that intelligent race of people ; although there was an intuitive perception of character and motive, a fineness of observation under that demure and modest exterior, that, if Lucy had ever in her life been ten miles from her native village, might have been called knowledge of the world.

How she came by this quality, which some women

seem to possess by instinct, Heaven only knows! Her early gravity of manner, and sedateness of mind might be more easily accounted for. Poor Lucy was an orphan, and had from the age of fourteen been called upon to keep house for her only brother, a young man of seven or eight and twenty, well to do in the world, who, as the principal carpenter of Aberleigh, had had much intercourse with the Corderys in the way of business, and was on the most friendly terms with the whole family.

With one branch of that family James Meadows would fain have been upon terms nearer and dearer than those of friendship. Even before John Cordery's death, his love for Hannah, although not openly avowed, had been the object of remark to the whole village; and it is certain that the fond and anxious father found his last moments soothed by the hope that the happiness and prosperity of his favourite child were secured by the attachment of one so excellent in character and respectable in situation.

James Meadows was indeed a man to whom any father would have confided his dearest and loveliest daughter with untroubled confidence. He joined to the calm good sense and quiet observation that distinguished his sister, an inventive and constructive power, which, turned as it was to the purposes of his own trade, rendered him a most ingenious and dexterous mechanic; and which only needed the spur of emulation, or the still more active stimulus of personal ambition, to procure for him high distinction in any line to which his

extraordinary faculty of invention and combination might be applied.

Ambition, however, he had none. He was happily quite free from that tormenting task-master, who, next perhaps to praise, makes the severest demand on human faculty, and human labour. To maintain in the spot where he was born the character for honesty, independence and industry that his father had borne before him, to support in credit and comfort the sister whom he loved so well, and one whom he loved still better, formed the safe and humble boundary of his wishes. But with the contrariety with which fortune so often seems to pursue those who do not follow her, his success far outstripped his moderate desires. The neighbouring gentlemen soon discovered his talent. Employment poured in upon him. His taste proved to be equal to his skill; and from the ornamental out-door work—the Swiss cottages, and fancy dairies, the treillage and the rustic seats belonging to a great country place,—to the most delicate mouldings of the boudoir and the saloon, nothing went well that wanted the guiding eye and finishing hand of James Meadows. The best workmen were proud to be employed by him; the most respectable yeomen offered their sons as his apprentices; and without any such design on his part, our village carpenter was in a fair way to become one of the wealthiest tradesmen in the county.

His personal character and peculiarly modest and respectful manners contributed not a little to his popularity with his superiors. He was a fair slender

young man, with a pale complexion, a composed but expressive countenance, a thoughtful, deep-set, grey eye, and a remarkably fine head, with a profusion of curling brown hair, which gave a distinguished air to his whole appearance; so that he was constantly taken by strangers for a gentleman; and the gentle propriety with which he was accustomed to correct the mistake was such as seldom failed to heighten the estimation of the individual, whilst it set them right as to his station. Hannah Cordery, with all her youthful charms, might think herself a lucky damsel in securing the affections of such a lover as this; and that she did actually think so was the persuasion of those that knew her best—of her mother, her brother William, and Lucy Meadows; although the coy, fantastic beauty, shy as a ring-dove, wild as a fawn of the forest, was so far from confessing any return of affection, that whilst suffering his attentions, and accepting his escort to the rural gaieties which beseemed her age, she would now profess, even while hanging on his arm, her intention of never marrying, and now coquet before his eyes with some passing admirer whom she had never seen before. She took good care, however, not to go too far in her coquetry, or to flirt twice with the same person; and so contrived to temper her resolutions against matrimony with "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," that, modest as he was by nature, and that natural modesty enhanced by the diffidence which belongs to a deep and ardent passion, James Meadows himself saw no real cause for fear in the pretty petulance of his fair mistress, in a

love of power so full of playful grace that it seemed rather a charm than a fault, and in a blushing reluctance to change her maiden state, and lose her maiden freedom, which had in his eyes all the attractions of youthful shamefacedness. That she would eventually be his own dear wife, James entertained no manner of doubt; and, pleased with all that pleased her, was not unwilling to prolong the happy days of courtship.

In this humour Lucy had left him, when, in the end of May she had gone for the first time to pass a few weeks with a relation in London. Her cousins were kind and wealthy; and, much pleased with the modest intelligence of their young kinswoman, they exerted themselves to render their house agreeable to her, and to show her the innumerable sights of the Queen of Cities. So that her stay being urged by James, who, thoroughly unselfish, rejoiced to find his sister so well amused, was prolonged to the end of July, when, alarmed at the total cessation of letters from Hannah, and at the constrained and dispirited tone which she discovered, or fancied that she discovered in her brother's, Lucy resolved to hasten home.

He received her with his usual gentle kindness and his sweet and thoughtful smile; assured her that he was well; exerted himself more than usual to talk, and waved away her anxious questions by extorting from her an account of her journey and her residence, of all that she had seen, and of her own feelings on returning to her country home after so long a sojourn in the splendid and beautiful metropolis. He talked more

than was usual with him, and more gaily; but still Lucy was dissatisfied. The hand that had pressed hers on alighting was cold as death; the lip that had kissed her fair brow was pale and trembling; his appetite was gone, and his frequent and apparently unconscious habit of pushing away the clustering curls from his forehead proved, as plainly as words could have done, that there was pain in the throbbing temples. The pulsation was even visible; but still he denied that he was ill, and declared that her notion of his having grown thin and pale was nothing but a woman's fancy,— the fond whim of a fond sister.

To escape from the subject he took her into the garden,— her own pretty flower garden, divided by a wall covered with creepers from the larger plot of ground devoted to vegetables, and bounded on one side by buildings connected with his trade, and parted on the other from a well-stored timber-yard, by a beautiful rustic skreen of fir and oak and birch with the bark on, which terminating in a graceful curve at the end next the house, and at that leading to the garden with a projecting gothic porch, partly covered by climbing plants, partly broken by tall pyramidal hollyhocks, and magnificent dahlias, and backed by a clump of tall elms, formed a most graceful veil to an unsightly object. This skreen had been erected during Lucy's absence, and without her knowledge; and her brother smiling at the delight which she expressed, pointed out to her the splendid beauty of her flowers and the luxuriant profusion of their growth.

The old buildings matted with roses, honeysuckles, and jessamines, broken only by the pretty out-door room which Lucy called her green-house; the pile of variously tinted geraniums in front of that prettiest room; the wall garlanded, covered, hidden with interwoven myrtles, fuschias, passion-flowers, and clematis, the purple wreaths of the mauradia, the orange tubes of the acrima carpia, and the bright pink blossoms of the lotus spermum; the beds filled with dahlias, salvias, calceolarias, and carnations of every hue, with the rich purple and the pure white petunia, with the many-coloured marvel of Peru, with the enamelled blue of the Siberian larkspur, with the richly scented changeable lupine, with the glowing lavatera, the splendid hybiscus, the pure and alabaster cup of the white œnothera, the lilac clusters of the phlox, and the delicate blossom of the yellow sultan, most elegant amongst flowers;— all these, with a hundred other plants too long to name, and all their various greens, and the pet weed mignonette growing like grass in a meadow, and mingling its aromatic odour amongst the general fragrance—all this sweetness and beauty glowing in the evening sun, and breathing of freshness and of cool air, came with such a thrill of delight upon the poor village maiden, who, in spite of her admiration of London, had languished in its heat and noise and dirt, for the calm and quiet, the green leaves and the bright flowers of her country home, that, from the very fulness of her heart, from joy and gratitude and tenderness and anxiety, she flung her arms round her brother's neck and burst into tears.

Lucy was usually so calm and self-commanded, that such an ebullition of feeling from her astonished and affected James Meadows more than any words, however tender. He pressed her to his heart, and when following up the train of her own thoughts, —sure that this kind brother, who had done so much to please her was himself unhappy, guessing, and longing, and yet fearing to know the cause,—when Lucy, agitated by such feelings ventured to whisper "Hannah?" her brother placing her gently on the steps leading to the green-house, and leaning himself against the open door, began in a low and subdued tone to pour out his whole heart to his sympathising auditress. The story was nearly such as she had been led to expect from the silence of one party, and the distress of the other. A rival,—a most unworthy rival had appeared upon the scene,—and James Meadows, besides the fear of losing the lovely creature whom he had loved so fondly, had the additional grief of believing that the man whose flatteries had at least gained from her a flattering hearing, was of all others the least likely to make her respectable and happy.—Much misery may be comprised in few words. Poor James's story was soon told.

A young and gay Baronet had, as Lucy knew, taken the manor-house and manor of Aberleigh; and during her absence, a part of his retinue with a train of dogs and horses had established themselves in the mansion, in preparation for their master's arrival. Amongst these new comers, by far the most showy and important was the head keeper, Edward Forester, a

fine looking young man, with a tall, firm, upright figure, a clear dark complexion, bright black eyes, a smile alternately winning and scornful, and a prodigious fluency of speech, and readiness of compliment. He fell in love with Hannah at first sight, and declared his passion the same afternoon; and, although discouraged by every one about her, never failed to parade before her mother's house two or three times a-day, mounted on his master's superb blood-horse, to waylay her in her walks, and to come across her in her visits. Go where she might, Hannah was sure to encounter Edward Forester; and this devotion from one whose personal attractions extorted as much admiration from the lasses, her companions, as she herself had been used to excite amongst the country lads, had in it, in spite of its ostentatious openness, a flattery that seemed irresistible.

"I do not think she loves him, Lucy," said James Meadows, sighingly; "indeed I am sure that she does not. She is dazzled by his showiness and his fluency, his horsemanship and his dancing; but love him she does not. It is fascination, such a fascination as leads a moth to flutter round a candle, or a bird to drop into the rattlesnake's mouth,—and never was flame more dangerous, or serpent more deadly. He is unworthy of her, Lucy,—thoroughly unworthy. This man, who calls himself devoted to a creature as innocent as she is lovely,—who pretends to feel a pure and genuine passion for this pure and too-believing girl, passes his evenings, his nights, in drinking, in gam-

ing, in debauchery of the lowest and most degrading nature. He is doubtless at this very instant at the wretched beer-shop at the corner of the common — the haunt of all that is wicked, and corrupter of all that is frail, "The Foaming Tankard." It is there, in the noble game of Four Corners, that the man who aspires to the love of Hannah Cordery passes his hours.—Lucy, do you remember the exquisite story of Phœbe Dawson, in Crabbe's Parish Register?—such as she was, will Hannah be. I could resign her, Heaven knows, grievous as the loss would be, to one whom she loved, and who would ensure her happiness. But to give her up to Edward Forester—the very thought is madness!"

"Surely, brother, she cannot know that he is so unworthy! surely, surely, when she is convinced that he is, she will throw him off like an infected garment! I know Hannah well. She would be protected from such an one as you describe, as well by pride as by purity. She cannot be aware of these propensities."

"She has been told of them repeatedly; but he denies the accusation, and she rather believes his denial than the assertions of her best friends. Knowing Hannah as you do, Lucy, you cannot but remember the petulant self-will, the scorn of contradiction and opposition, which used half to vex and half to amuse us in the charming spoilt child. We little dreamt how dangerous that fault, almost diverting in trifles, might become in the serious business of life. Her mother and brother are my warm advocates, and the determined opponents of my rival; and therefore, to as-

sert what she calls her independence and her disinterestedness, (for with this sweet perverse creature the worldly prosperity which I valued chiefly for her sake makes against me,) she will fling herself away on one wholly unworthy of her, one whom she does not even love, and with whom her whole life will be a scene of degradation and misery."

"He will be to-night at the Foaming Tankard?"

"He is there every night."

At this point of their conversation the brother was called away; and Lucy, after a little consideration, tied on her bonnet, and walked to Mrs. Cordery's.

Her welcome from William Cordery and his mother was as cordial and hearty as ever, perhaps more so; Hannah's greetings were affectionate, but constrained. Not to receive Lucy kindly, was impossible; and yet her own internal consciousness rendered poor Lucy, next perhaps to her brother, the very last person whom she would have desired to see; and this uncomfortable feeling increased to a painful degree, when the fond sister, with some diminution of her customary gentleness, spoke to her openly of her conduct to James, and repeated in terms of strong and earnest reprehension, all that she had heard of the conduct and pursuits of her new admirer.

"He frequent the Foaming Tankard! He drink to intoxication! He play for days and nights at Four Corners! It is false! It is a vile slander! I would answer for it with my life! He told me this very day that he has never even entered that den of infamy."

"I believe him to be there at this very hour," replied Lucy calmly. And Hannah, excited to the highest point of anger and agitation, dared Lucy to the instant proof, invited her to go with her at once to the beer-house, and offered to abandon all thoughts of Edward Forester if he proved to be there. Lucy, willing enough to place the fate of the cause on that issue, prepared to accompany her; and the two girls set forth, wholly regardless of Mrs. Cordery's terrified remonstrance, who assured them that small-pox of the confluent sort was in the house; and that she had heard only that very afternoon, that a young woman, vaccinated at the same time, and by the same person with her Hannah, lay dead in one of the rooms of the Foaming Tankard.

Not listening to, not even hearing her mother, Hannah walked with the desperate speed of passion through the village street, up the winding hill, across the common, along the avenue; and reached in less time than seemed possible the open grove of oaks, in one corner of which this obnoxious beer-house, the torment and puzzle of the magistrates, and the pest of the parish, was situated. There was no sign of death or sickness about the place. The lights from the tap-room and the garden, along one side of which the alley for four-corners was erected, gleamed in the darkness of a moonless summer night between the trees; and even farther than the streaming light, pierced the loud oaths and louder laughter, the shouts of triumph, and the yells of defeat, mixed with the dull heavy

blows of the large wooden bowl, from the drunken gamesters in the alley.

Hannah started as she heard one voice ; but, determined to proceed, she passed straight through the garden gate, and rushed hastily on to the open shed where the players were assembled. There, stripped of his coat and waistcoat, in all the agony of an intoxicated and losing gambler, stood Edward Forester, in the act of staking his gold-laced hat upon the next cast. He threw and lost ; and casting from him with a furious oath the massive wooden ball, struck in his blind frenzy, the lovely creature who stood in silent horror at the side of the alley, who fell with the blow, and was carried for dead into the Foaming Tankard.

Hannah did not, however, die ; although her left arm was broken, her shoulder dislocated, and much injury inflicted by the fall. She lived, and she still lives, but no longer as the Beauty of the Village. Her fine shape injured by the blow, and her fair face disfigured by the small-pox, she can no longer boast the surpassing loveliness which obtained for her the title of the Rose of Aberleigh. And yet she has gained more than she has lost, even in mere attraction; the vain coquettish girl is become a sweet and gentle woman; gaiety has been replaced by sensibility, and the sauciness of conscious power, by the modest wish to please. In her long and dangerous illness, her slow and doubtful convalescence, Hannah learnt the difficult lesson, to ac-

knowledge, and to amend her own faults; and when, after many scruples on the score of her changed person and impaired health, she became the happy wife of James Meadows, she brought to him, in a corrected temper and a purified heart, a dowry far more precious in his mind than the transient beauty which had been her only charm in the eyes of Edward Forester.

OUR OWN FIRE-SIDE.

Our fire-side's easy-chair —
  Is there any place beside
Where such pleasant cheer we share?
  Where the hours so gently glide?
Though but humble be the fare
  That Want's daily toils provide,
Dainty's cup can ne'er compare
With the joy that sparkles there,
  By our own fire-side.

Would you meet with genuine Mirth
  Where she comes a willing guest?
'Tis the quiet social hearth,
  Well I wot, she loveth best;
Where the little ones at play
  Prattle by their mother's side,
And the elder, mildly gay,
Laugh and sing the hours away,
  By their own fire-side.

An honest man, though poor,
  Yet may feel an honest pride,
While he tells his troubles o'er
  Where his heart hath nought to hide.
He who falls from high estate
  No great grievance hath to bide,
If he calmly meets his fate,
Where Content and Quiet wait
  By the rustic fire-side.

They who love us till we die,
  Who through troubles have been tried,
Who will watch the closing eye
  When all grows cold beside —
Where shall friends like these be found,
  Search we earth and ocean wide?
Where, on all this weary round,
Save that hallowed spot of ground
  Called our own fire-side?

In my chimney's cozy nook
  Thus I chant my rustic lay,
'Neath the rafters, brown with smoke
  Curling up for many a day.
Wealth may boast his splendid hall,
  Pomp and luxury and pride,
Sculptured roof and pictured wall —
There's no *comfort* in them all
  Like my own fire-side.

JOHN CLARE.

A PHANTASM.

Where is the Lady lingering?
I cannot hear her song,—
But, I see her — ha! her dark, dark eyes,
And hair, so black and long!

Adown her cheek, around her neck,
Hangs a cloud of that night-black hair;
And her eyes are like those of the diamond snake
When it looks from its deep dark lair.

She sitteth in an ancient tower,
Amongst the pictures old;
Before her lieth a charmèd book,
And unlocked is its clasp of gold.

Upon the palm of her small white hand,
She leaneth her temple pale,
And I know that her dreaming soul to-night
Is drowned in a wizard tale.

Dream on, sweet Lady Armandine!
Let thy thoughts run wild and free;
May'st thou ever delight in a story wild,
And I in beholding thee!

Thou readest of things which never were,
And I see what ne'er may be;
But, if what we see delight us both,
What matter — to thee, or me?

'Tis a little and poor philosophy
Which chains us to things that be:
For if Fancy can fashion its own bright Heaven,
Why — 'tis good as reality!

THEORY AND EXPERIMENT.

Dost thou read books? Why so do I. I gaze
Upon eternal Nature's changing books,
The earth, the air, the sea, and the vast sky,
From morn 'till day grows dim. There's not a leaf
Thou turnest in thy chamber, but I match't
(Ay, leaf for leaf,) upon the mountain tops,
Or in the pastures, or the solemn woods,—
Tracing, as thou dost, a great author's hand,
And loving not less than thou. You build up, here,
In your grave room, one thought upon another,
Guess after guess, till Speculation stops,
Lost in the clouds she soars to. I, meanwhile,
Glean tale by tale from nature's history,
And so build up *my* knowledge,—not so quick,
And yet, methinks, as surely.

A DIRGE.

(FOR MUSIC.)

I.

STREW boughs, — strew flowers,
Through all the hours,
On yon young tomb, —
Unblown, unfaded,
Unloved, unknown:
Here Beauty sleepeth, beneath a stone;
Once how fair, — but now degraded!
Hither she came — alone — alone,
From the South Sea bowers,
Where Summer dowers
The world with bloom.
Mingle with music the strange perfume!

II.

Let the tears of the Hours
Now fall like rain,
And freshen the flowers
Again, again!
The sweetness they borrow
Shall ne'er be vain,
While human sorrow
Is falling in showers,
That yield no comfort to human pain!



THE UNWILLING DECEIVER.

A Tale of the Walpole Administration.

"Go, my son, and learn how little wisdom is required to govern the world."---CHANCELLOR OXENSTIERN.

FEW things are more interesting to me, than old portraits — not those of the great and far-famed alone, but those dingy, mildewed, nameless ones, which we so often meet with in ancient halls and old manor houses, and which suit so well in their curiously carved frames, with the formal tall chairs, and heavy black mahogany tables of the wainscotted parlour, where a hundred years since the squire duly read the Flying Post, and Daily Courant, and toasted "confusion to the Pope, Devil, and Pretender;" while his lady sipped her tea from minnikin cups, and discoursed of French blond, and old china; or listened to some awful tale of the Jacobites, and wild Highlanders. In truth, I know not whether the portrait of some unknown, if she be fair and young, has not charms even surpassing those that invest the portrait of the celebrated beauty; for then

what exercise of the imagination! Who was this fair-one? and what was her destiny? — did sorrow dim that clear eye? — did age plough wrinkles on that velvet cheek? or did that delicate form go down to an early grave, cradled in all its loveliness? How many thoughts are awakened at the sight of an old portrait!

"And what was *her* destiny?" said I, pointing to the picture of a lovely young woman standing before a looking-glass.

"What should you imagine?" was the answer.

"I can scarcely say — that soft brow, and those gentle lips, tell of one all unfitted for the weightier cares, the sterner anxieties of life."

"Nay! look again! — there is firmness as well as gentleness in that mouth,—there is intellect throned on that brow; — were that portrait endowed with speech, it would tell no every-day history."

"No every-day history! — a lady in brocade and point-lace, fan in hand, adjusting her tucker? She is a lovely creature, I grant; and I should like well to know her story. One of deep domestic interest, probably;

> 'Some natural tale of joy or pain
> That hath been, and will be again'—

for the reign of the second George, to which her dress assigns her, was the era of the dullest common-place."

"It was so; but, as even in the flattest countries, the monotony is here and there broken in upon by some scene of wild beauty, so even the dullest portions of

our history are sometimes relieved by details of stirring and arousing interest, or by incidents of such startling singularity, that ere we yield our belief, we are forced to call to mind that 'truth is sometimes more strange than fiction.'"

"That is true: but the everlasting looking-glass, and the hand for ever raised to the tucker?"

"It is not to adjust the tucker that the hand is thus raised. Listen, and I will tell you her story."

I listened, and what I heard, you shall now hear, kind reader.

It was not without great difficulty, that a well drest young lady, whose face and figure were half concealed by a large black silk cloak and hood, followed by her maid, endeavoured to thread her way, one fine afternoon towards the close of October, 1741, through the crowds that lined Parliament-street, and who were engaged in the peculiarly English occupation of abusing public men and public measures, each supporting his own view of the subject, by the irresistible arguments of mud, stones, and stout cudgels. The period was indeed one of great excitement: the general election had just terminated, and terminated unfavourably, it was believed, to that powerful minister, who for twenty years had swayed the councils of Great Britain, and through them, the destinies of Europe; and the public mind with feverish anxiety looked

forward to the meeting of the new parliament, whose majorities would soon determine, whether the Walpole influence was still to be the lord of the ascendant, whether Pulteney with his large promises would prevail, or whether,—and few were they in England, at least, but deprecated the alternative — Jacobite arts should gain the day, and the representative of the Stuart dynasty be placed upon that throne from whence his progenitors had twice been driven. But the more immediate cause of this crowd, was the expected return of Walpole from Houghton that very afternoon, and in readiness to receive him with the honours which each party thought most justly his due, did the various groups stand, menacing their opponents, and not a little increasing the danger of those who sought but quietly to pass along. Here the peaceable passenger was peremptorily ordered to take off his hat in honour of the "lively effigies" of the minister, that in all the glory of a cauliflower wig and vermilion cheeks, swung, blue-ribanded, from one of the treasury alehouses; while a few steps farther, he ran the risk of being rolled in the kennel for his compliance, and was happy to escape by shouting "Pulteney and independence!" Nor even now were his difficulties over: a third group, presuming on his involuntary good nature, and yet more, on certain indications in their favour, would insist on his joining them in the cry of "Down with the Hanover rats!" one more bold than the rest, whistling all the while, "The King shall enjoy his own again," with a significant nod toward St.

James's. Through this tumultuous assemblage the young lady sought to pass, followed closely by her maid, a plain country girl in a camlet cloak, who, all unused to London mobs, glanced from time to time a sorely affrighted look around.

"Heaven bless your pretty face!" cried a stout man in a carman's frock, staggering up to the young lady porter-pot in hand, "*you* are true English all over,—so take a sup to Pulteney and brave Admiral Vernon, and a halter for Bob and the excise." In great alarm the young lady declined the proffered draught. "Let her go for a vile French baggage," growled the man: "ay, she's nothing but a papist and Jacobite, or mayhap a treasury spy; and that silk gown I'll warrant me, has come out of our pockets."

The remark about Jacobites and papists, passed unheeded; but the term "treasury spy," was more than the leader of the treasury mob could stand.

"Treasury spy! you ragamuffin," cried he, forgetful that his own coat was out at the elbows, "who are for upsetting everything into the hands of the Pretender, but Pulteney and his crew? Come, my brave boys, who love King George and roast beef, huzza for liberty, property, and the Protestant Succession!"

"The patriots and old England! — down with corruption!" shouted the Pulteney mob; but so liberally had secret-service money been distributed, in the humbler forms of ale and porter, that the treasury cry prevailed: — a hundred ragged vagabonds, to whom liberty and the protestant succession were as alge-

bra, and whose united "property" did not amount to a groat, shouted the magic tirade in full chorus; and the welcome sound floated to the very walls of the treasury, bringing joy to the heart of many a pensioner, who hailed the glad sound as an omen of his continued maintenance at the public expense.

But if the obnoxious terms papist and Jacobite passed unregarded by the leaders of the treasury mob, they aroused the attention of a group at a little distance, who seemed to stand but as spectators of the scene; and one of them, a middle-aged man, in a plain black suit, hastily made his way through the crowd, and proffered very respectfully his aid to the affrighted lady.

"Pray, mistress Lucy, let the gentleman make way for us," cried the terrified maid. "I am sure this is no place for honest folk!"

Now the phrase "honest folk," it had pleased the Jacobites very modestly to appropriate to themselves; the gentleman in black therefore smiled significantly. "It is not indeed, my good girl," said he, "but in London we must not say all we think. You do well, madam," continued he, addressing the lady who was pulling the hood closely over her face, "for prying eyes are about — but fair weather brings summer." No answer was returned, and after a pause he resumed, "I commend your caution, madam, for your errand is important."

The lady turned with a look of extreme astonishment. "Truly, sir, it would be strange if you knew aught of me, or my errand!"

"I would not offend, madam," said the stranger, submissively, "but much rather serve you. You have but just come to town,—you are a stranger in London,—your errand is of great importance."

The lady looked wonderingly in the speaker's face, but it was a look of terrified wonder, and the colour faded on her cheek. "Be not alarmed, madam," said he, "fair weather brings summer, and"—lowering his voice almost to a whisper, "with summer the cuckoo comes." Just at the moment, and ere the lady could reply, somewhat appeared to catch his eye, and he hastily turned back.

"Is it our fair messenger?" whispered a young man in a plain light suit.

"I can scarcely tell," said the gentleman in black, "she's confoundedly cautious,—I tried her with the pass-word, but she would not answer,—her maid, though, spoke boldly about 'honest folks.'"

The young man exchanged a significant glance with another who stood near him. "That looks right," said he.

"You will find yourselves all mistaken," replied his companion. "Number six would never entrust an errand of so much importance to a young lady and her maid."

"Always croaking," cried the young man. "Is not a young lady a less suspicious messenger than a young gentleman? Besides, who would presume to suspect a young lady's waiting-maid? Why, she might carry arquebusade and point-lace to the Duchess of Nor-

folk, and my Lady Blount, and not even Sir Robert thinks of searching the pockets for secret dispatches."

"I think there can be no mistake," said the gentleman in black, "for she seemed startled when I told her her errand was important, and yet she would not speak."

"No, no, I'll warrant me," cried the young man laughing; "she doubted your honesty, my good sir; for you breathe so much of the air of Carlton House, that ere long, for St. Germains, you will say St. James's."

"Well, they are not much farther distant than Carlton house is from St. James's," replied the gentleman in black, alluding to the long-continued quarrel between the King and the Prince of Wales." "Ay, Freddy was well nigh seeing me gallanting the fair lady through the mob, which would have been an awkward case,—in this disguise too: there was he close to me ere I was aware, in a chocolate suit, and his hair in a club, walking with Chesterfield, taking a lesson of the graces, I suppose."

The trio laughed heartily. "Well, but this fair messenger, we must see after her," resumed the youngest.

"She will be seen after, I doubt not, by others, without our adventuring too far," said the gentleman in black.

"Why, thou most unconscionable turncoat — just now, who so ready as you, to proffer your services? and here, the next minute, looking as solemn about it, as Sir Robert himself, when he is about to cheat the Elector of Hanover with a sham invasion of our right-

ful sovereign, whom God long preserve," and the young man respectfully touched his hat.

"Nay, my lord, all in good time — let us wait and see if this be really our messenger, — then let us hear what proposals she brings,—and then let us clearly ascertain what our numbers may be."

"And then, if every thing goes on well, Sir John Hinde Cotton will condescend to stand forward among honest men; and if not, he will then toss off his glass to the Protestant Succession, and discover that Freddy is the sweetest of princes, and actually knows the difference between a puppet show and the opera."

"You are too warm, my lord," replied he, smiling, "woe to our cause if all were eager as yourself. No, no, we must be wary, and above all learn whether the minister knows aught of it. So for the present I shall duly attend at Carlton House; and if I fill my glass to the health of the Prince of Wales, it must be some one rather wiser than Freddy to discover, whether it is him over the water, or the dolt at home that I mean."

"*Over* the water?" cried the young man significantly.

"Not a word of this," interposed the third, eagerly looking round. "Come home, come home, I pray you, such things are scarcely to be whispered within stone walls"— and away they went.

Meanwhile, little thinking that she had been made the subject of conversation, and still less of such a conversation, the young lady proceeded to her place of destination,— the last that ever she would have chosen, had she been the messenger for whom she was mis-

taken; for it was to the Treasury. Old master John Scrope, the secretary, was then sitting at his desk, well nigh up to his ears in sealing-wax, red tape, and most voluminous bundles of papers, when the door of his apartment opened, and instead of messenger, or porter, or literary hack (for the Treasury alone patronized literature in these golden days), the young lady appeared. Astonished, as though a Jacobite, or a Jesuit, almost as though the Pretender himself had met his eyes, though he certainly would have bestowed on them fiercer looks,—Master Scrope lifted up his spectacles, then lowered them, and then stared most determinedly at the fair apparition. "Why, how now, Lucy, why, how now? who should have thought of seeing you?"

"You may well say so, good Master Scrope: little did I think of coming here three days since."

"Well, and your grandmother—and your brother—both well I hope? sit down, my dear, for ten minutes, while I look over this pacquet. Ah! what times! these cursed Jacobites will never rest quiet until two or three score are hanged. You've not heard of the wicked, and traitorous, and most unnatural plot, that was providentially discovered? — how some young wretches tried to stick up the Pretender's letter to the French King on the cross at Carlisle. The accounts have just come to us, and there's young Fazakerley's name among them; your brother will be sorry for that, for they were play-fellows together."

"The accounts come here! and the *names!*" cried the young lady, clasping her hands.

"Ay certainly, my dear, — 'twould be strange if aught were done from one end of the kingdom to the other, and Sir Robert not have the first intelligence, — but how now?"

"O Mr. Scrope, — would that my poor brother had never seen young Fazakerley!"

"Why how now? — has he sent to ask him to become bail? I can promise him, though, that no bail will be taken, — 'tis a hanging matter, I can tell him."

"O! heaven forbid! what! the son of Colonel Maynarde, — the heir of the oldest Whig family in Warwickshire, — my dear Egerton stand in danger of — of —oh good Mr. Scrope, do tell me that the risk is not so great as that."

"Why, Lucy, what are you talking of? what *is* the matter?"

"O! if young Fazakerley's life is in danger, my poor brother's is in equal danger, — he was at the dinner at which the Jacobite toasts were drank, and doubtless many foolish things said, — but *he* did not go to Carlisle cross, as Fazakerley himself can bear witness, but was returning to the house at which he was staying."

"Good heavens, good heavens! what a world we live in! Egerton Maynarde joining the rascally Jacobites, and drinking the Pretender's health, — a young viper!" cried the 'testy little old gentleman,' as Horace Walpole calls him; "and yet I cannot believe it, — we have all their names here, and Maynarde I am sure is not among them,"

"Ah, Master Scrope, but 'Egerton' is — and it is under that name, he was committed to Carlisle Castle. Alas! as soon as I heard this sad news, I set off for London, without mentioning it to my grandmother — for so great an affliction as this is more than fourscore years could bear; and when I thought of the aid my late dear father rendered to the present family, both at the death of Queen Anne, and in the fifteen, I thought if we could but lay the case before Sir Robert, he would doubtless assist us."

"Why, truly, he is the man to go to, and in good time have you come, for this very afternoon he is expected," said old Master Scrope; "but, good heavens, Lucy, that your brother should have joined the rascally Jacobites! Ay, 'tis well my Lady Tyrel knows nought about it; 'twould be her death. Well, Lucy, you will go home with me, and all I can, I will do for you — but, gracious heavens! if old John Scrope ever thought to hear *such* news. The boy hath been bewitched, ay clean bewitched by the devilish arts of these cursed Jacobites!"

"And what now, my old Whig of eighty-eight! — Well, you see the Jacobites are at their old works again," said a loud but pleasant voice, as the door opened and admitted a corpulent elderly man, with nothing to distinguish him in dress from a country gentleman, except the broad blue ribbon.

"Good-morrow, Sir Robert," cried the little man, starting up with one of his profoundest bows: "Lucy, here's Sir Robert himself, the bulwark of the protestant

interest, the champion of liberty all over the world," continued the enthusiastic Secretary; whose eulogies, truth obliges us to state, were dictated by no selfish motives, since, after the minister's, fall he expressed before the House of Commons his willingness to accompany him to the Tower.

Lucy Maynarde looked earnestly at the statesman, whose very name had been to her from infancy a "name of power;" — but could this portly, red-faced man, upon whose originally handsome features gross animal indulgence seemed to have set its debasing seal, and whose loud voice and boisterous laugh seemed to mark him fit companion for a crew of hard-drinking, fox-hunting country justices, — could this be he upon whom the mantle of the great men of the commonwealth had descended? could this be the champion of liberty, pledged at her high altar, to fight the battle of freemen?—this the patriot leader of that great cause which the noblest blood in England had been shed to maintain?

But John Scrope marked not her disappointed wonder; but delighted at the admiring look which the minister fixed on his fair *protegé*, he led her forward. "Ay, Sir Robert, the grand-daughter of one of my oldest friends, Lady Tyrel of Everleigh; she who had well nigh been brought to trial the year before the glorious revolution, for secreting dispatches from Holland. The daughter too of the worthy Colonel Maynarde -- who raised a troop of horse at his own expense in the year fifteen. Poor girl! poor girl! her

only brother, a mere youth, hath been trepanned by these cursed Jacobites, and she hath come up to ask your aid."

"He is very young, sir," cried Lucy earnestly, "nor would he have thus been seduced from his duty, had his father been living, or the Fazakerleys not so near."

"What! he is connected with this Carlisle plot?" said the minister smiling, still keeping his eyes intently fixed on her face: "but *you* are no fair Jacobite."

"Heaven forbid!" cried the astonished girl, who had yet to learn that all which she had been taught to hold dear, were considered but mere 'names to conjure with,' at the corrupt court of George the Second; "O heaven forbid!"

"You charm me by that declaration, madam," said the minister with a courtly bow, "for those eyes would do more to injure our cause, than all the manifestoes our cousin James can put forth. Truly, with you in our pay, Jacobitism would be at a discount."

Lucy looked up wholly bewildered. "O, sir, my poor brother, my only brother is in prison — I will not excuse him; but O remember what our family have done and suffered for the cause, in times past. I know justice should have its course; but I think I can prove my brother to be one of the least guilty, and surely Sir Robert Walpole will exercise mercy, if he can do so without compromising higher principles."

"O certainly," said the minister, with effort suppressing a smile; "mercy has ever been the favourite

characteristic of the House of Hanover, and has always been exercised, except, as you justly say, madam, higher principles interfere."

"But higher principles will not interfere in this case, Sir Robert," cried Master Scrope, — "but your time is precious now, so we will pray you to bear this case in mind, and she shall call on you to-morrow, should you think fit."

"Ay, ay, the business of a statesman would be pleasant work, if it were to consist in holding interviews with such fair petitioners as this.—Well, my dear, come to-morrow; Scrope will show you the way, and whatever I can do for you depend upon it shall be done,"—and with a bow and an air of coarse gallantry which was fashionable in the court of George the Second, the minister, who, even when turned of sixty, deemed himself as irresistible among the ladies as he was among the members of a corrupt House of Commons, again bowed, and returned toward the desk. "A fine girl, Scrope, and it appears of good family," said he.

"Truly is she, Sir Robert; ay, the Maynardes have had a good report ever since 1642."

"Well, we must do what we can for her: — they send two members, I think?"

"No, Sir Robert; that is the other branch."

"But what did you say about Tyrel? those in Buckinghamshire are worth keeping in good humour, however; there are two or three in the house, and we must make sure of every vote we can, against next month. Well,

this Carlisle plot will help us. Where are the last dispatches?" A large parcel of papers was selected from among piles of others. "Here is hanging matter for a few, at least," said the minister, laughing; and, hastily throwing the bundle to a messenger that appeared at his summons, he departed.

That evening there was a grand supper at Carlton House; and, little suspecting the duplicity of those that sat at his table and so willingly drank his choice wines, poor Frederic laughed, and talked, and tried to look wise, and even indignant, as he listened to the abuse lavished on the minister, whom he both feared and hated, and to the remarks which, with little delicacy, were made on the conduct of his father towards him.

"Well, let us drink to better men, and better measures," cried Lord Cobham.

"A toast to be pledged both with heart and soul," cried Sir John Hinde Cotton.

"But which will not admit of too rigorous an examination," whispered that 'wit among lords, but lord among wits,' Chesterfield; "oh fie, John, — any more than the arquebusade sent to Her Grace of Norfolk."

The Jacobite Knight turned angrily round, when he felt some one pull his coat-sleeve. "Here is one come to tell you about it; but," continued Chesterfield, smiling blandly, "be not angry, Sir John; although it does not suit me to meddle in these things, I can allow for those that do." Again the pull was repeated, and Sir John hastily rose, and retired.

"Stop him, there," cried Frederick; "he refuses the toast;—call him back, for truly I shall think him half a Jacobite, else,—which, by the way, some declare he is;" and all unconscious how near he was to the truth, the weak and wayward prince laughed gaily.

It was not long ere Sir John Hinde Cotton returned, but it was with dismay stampt on his countenance, and he beckoned to a young man that sat at the lower end of the table. "Well, was that our messenger?" said he, hastily rising.

"They cannot yet ascertain," answered Sir John; "and if it be, they fear she has been tampered with, by Walpole, for the dispatches are not yet come to hand;—but look at this!" he held a small slip of paper up, over which the other's eye hastily glanced.

"Good heavens, good heavens!" cried the young man; "it is October now, and in *summer* the cuckoo comes; O, what madness!"

"Madness indeed," muttered the Jacobite Knight; "well, we are in for it now."

"So much the better, if it *must* be," returned the young man; "*vogue la galère.*"

"Sir John, the prince says you have not drank the toast," cried Lord Cobham; "come here, and prove to his highness your known loyalty."

"Ay, Sir John," laughed the prince; "you know what is said of you."

The Jacobite advanced toward the head of the table, and filled a long glass brimfull of Burgundy.

"They belie me, your highness," said he, eagerly;

" for there are few toasts I would drink with greater good-will, —' Better men, and better measures ;' ay, a *total* change of measures !" — He drained the glass, balanced it on his finger, and flung it over his shoulder.

" Bravo, Sir John," cried the unconscious prince ; " you have hit it now — a *total* change ; well, I'll pledge you to that, most willingly."

With an anxious heart on the following morning, did Lucy Maynarde prepare for her interview with that powerful minister, upon whose mere will the life or death of that cherished companion of her childhood, her only brother, depended. But the hours passed away, and it was not until late in the afternoon, that Mr. Scrope appeared. From him she learnt that the minister, in consequence of some secret intelligence, had been closely engaged all the day ; but that he had just before sent a short note, directing Mr. Scrope instantly to send " the young lady from the country," to him. " So Lucy, my dear," continued the old man ; " I trust all will be well."

So thought poor Lucy ; and with joyful step she descended from the carriage, and entered the splendid mansion in Arlington-street. " Good success to you, Lucy," said her kind protector, pressing her hand ; " be sure and remind Sir Robert of your late good father's services. — I will soon be with you again."

" The carriage drove off, and Lucy followed the servant, who seemed indeed one of the higher class of domestics, through suites of splendid rooms, until she came to what seemed a mere anti-room, the one

side covered with rich Flemish hangings, but which had little more furniture than two or three chairs, and a marble table, upon which rested a rich mirror. The servant apologised for leaving her there, but he said Sir Robert would soon be disengaged, and then he would conduct her to the library.

Lucy sat down, awaiting with intense eagerness that interview, which she trusted would restore her deluded brother to liberty, when voices of persons engaged in earnest conversation met her ear.

"And therefore it must be severely visited," said a voice, that seemed to come from the adjoining room; "for *he* is bent upon it."

"Ay, if Freddy wished any to be saved, that would be sufficient reason for *his* ordering them to be hanged," said another.

"Well," resumed the first voice; "the prince but this morning has laid a wager with Sir John Hinde Cotton, that not one of these Carlisle traitors will suffer; so *he* went into a towering passion about 'de Pretender, and de Jacobites,' and said he was sure Sir Robert would see justice done."

"That is awkward, though," said a third voice, which Lucy thought she recognised as the minister's; "for some *must* be saved."

"Well, I have only told you *his* opinion," said the first voice; "and truly, with the accounts *now* come to hand, strong measures will be best:—there's a lady come over with dispatches and offers of assistance, and I know not what."

"I had intelligence of that, and of what is more important still.—Well, give my best service to his Majesty, and tell him justice shall be done." The door seemed to close,—there was silence for a short interval,— and then again Walpole's voice was heard. "Well, let us look over the list, and see whom we can make scape-goats of, and who shall go free;—read them over."

"Well,—Blenkinsop."

"He's of the Cumberland family, that send one member and a half; and parliamentary influence must be secured, at all hazards."

"Fazakerley."

"We must not touch *him*.—Why, with proper management, the whole family may be brought over.—Had not Hardwicke taken the seals, at two o'clock that very day I should have offered them to Nicholas Fazakerley, and turned him into a staunch whig."*

"Truly, Sir Robert, the history of your metamorphoses would surpass those of Ovid."

The minister laughed heartily. "Ay, I have worked sundry miracles with my never-failing charm;—but who's next?"

"O, one that must be set down; 'James Stewart,' a name sufficient to hang any man."

"Under a whig administration," cried Walpole, chuckling; "well, I know nothing of him, so put him down."

"Lionel Wynne."

* This is related by Horace Walpole as a fact.

"That's some twentieth cousin of the Jacobite Welsh Knight: —touch him, and you raise a nest of hornets from one end of Wales to the other; and we shall have work enough nearer home."

"But we shall scarcely get any; and you know then what will be said, — you know what has already been said."

"Why truly, did I mind what was *said*, I had never been minister for twenty years, — what is *done* is most important to me. But go on with your list,—if we can get but two or three, we must make the best of it, with a special commission, a strong charge to the jury, — and we will print some confessions. Paxton has lately engaged a clever writer, who can turn his hand to any thing, — he wrote the account of the plot at Truro."

"I never heard of it."

"Very likely, but it did good service at the elections. Three hundred were sold in London alone. Well, who's next?"

"Egerton."

"His right name is Maynarde, they say, — Scrope wants me to save him."

"We cannot; for the next you *must* save — 'tis Lady ——s *protegé*, Henry Vincent — that is the name *here*,— then 'William Semple,' the old decoy, must go free, for he has been well worth his two hundred a year to you; and then there is but one name more, Edward Huddlestone: he shall be put down, 'tis a thorough papist name, and the very thing to figure in 'a most horrid bloody popish plot.'"

The minister laughed loudly. "Well, my lord, you show excellent management. Ay, two or three scapegoats will suffice."

"O heavens," cried the agonised girl; "are lives to be thus laughed away at the will of a time-serving courtier, and a minister only anxious to secure his power!"

"Well, the next thing is to send off a dispatch, or Newcastle will be meddling — it had better, Sir Robert, be done at once."

"O never fear Newcastle, *he* is never in time;— he loses, as Lord Wilmington says, half an hour in the morning, and spends the rest of the day in looking after it."

"He will not lose half an hour here.— If he thinks you wish to hang them, he will try hard to save."

"That is true; so we will be beforehand.—Well, the Blenkinsops and Fazakerleys will thank me."

"They will give you a *quid pro quo*, Sir Robert, and that is the Walpole policy."

"Ay, and it has answered well. Every man has his price: — gold, or red and blue ribbons would buy all mankind. And if the man be worth his price, I give it; if not, I am not burthened with a useless adherent, for then he either goes over to the Jacobites, or joins the patriots, and writes tirades against me, in my friend Caleb's Craftsman."

The two statesmen laughed long and loudly.—There was a pause, and then Sir Robert's voice was again heard: "Well, here's the dispatch, and in less than a month, there will be *three* heads grinning above Car-

lisle gate. 'Tis a pity all could not be got off," continued he; for Walpole was by no means cruel in disposition; "but *he* is bent upon some examples being made, and indeed from intelligence I received this morning, sound policy requires it. Ay, friend Caleb looks big, and boasts much of the meeting of Parliament."

"And so does Freddy, and the crew of patriots and Jacobites, that he has got round him, — but '*nous verrons*,'" returned the other.

"That we shall, and that *they* will," replied Walpole, gaily: "few things could have happened better; for now we will cram the King's speech full of 'our glorious constitution,' and 'the great cause of liberty and the Protestant Succession,' and 'zeal for true religion,' and have the good luck, for once at least, to be *believed*. — Well, the messenger will not be here for half an hour, so I'll just throw these letters on the escrutoire, and then, my lord, I'm at your service."

"And thus his death-warrant is signed, and *thus* is it that nations are governed!" cried Lucy, despairingly clasping her hands, as she leant her throbbing head against the hangings. The place against which she leaned gave way, and it was only by hastily catching at the hanging, that she saved herself from falling. In thus doing, she found that she had leant against a door which the hangings covered, that had probably been accidentally left ajar, and which led to a closet, through which there seemed a communication to other rooms. But how shall we describe her feelings,

when hastily looking around, she perceived papers carelessly thrown on the open escrutoire, and among them doubtless the letter that contained her brother's death-warrant! Reckless of consequences, scarcely stopping to inquire how she should subsequently proceed, she rushed to the desk, and hastily caught up a pacquet which seemed to have been but just thrown there, and on which, appeared the words, "with speed," and beneath carefully under-scored, "secret." "Dear Egerton, you *shall* be saved!" cried she, "twenty-four hours must elapse ere another messenger can be sent; and O, who can tell what twenty-four hours may bring to pass!" All this was the work of a moment,—it was well it was so, for the servant entered to acquaint her that Mr. Scrope had returned. The precious pacquet was yet in her hand, when she heard the old man's short quick step: — how should she conceal it? She ran to the glass that rested on the marble table, and as though engaged in adjusting her dress, endeavoured to thrust it into her bosom.

"Come along, Lucy," cried the old man, "and so Sir Robert could not see you? Well, be not downcast, for he will to-morrow, — come along."

"One moment, good Mr. Scrope, only one moment," cried Lucy.

"Plague on your fooleries," growled the old man; "is Sir Robert's anti-room to be made a dressing closet?"

"Instantly, sir."

"What, another pin? — and another pull to your

tucker! was there ever anything like these women! they would not have a pin awry, even if they were going to see their best friend hanged. For shame, Lucy! I thought you had somewhat else to occupy your thoughts."

"O, Mr. Scrope," cried the anxious girl, eagerly endeavouring to conceal the paper from his prying eyes, and assuming an air of graceful coquetry, as she half opened her fan,—"how can I go on, and you looking at me! I will be with you, ere you call the carriage."

"Well, come quickly then," said Mr. Scrope, as he turned to go. That one moment was sufficient,—the precious pacquet was safely deposited in her bosom, and her light footstep echoed along the stair, ere the old man had descended. "I trust we shall speed well yet," said Master Scrope.

"We shall," replied Lucy, but little did he suspect by what means.

Lucy precipitately retired to her chamber, and locking the door, she took from her bosom the letter, and hastily tearing off the envelope, was about to commit it to the flames. But how was this? no letter met her eye,—there were only three or four slips of paper covered with unintelligible cipher! The fatal truth now flashed on the unhappy girl's mind,—in her hurry and agitation, she had snatched up the wrong pacquet, and thus the dangerous risk had been incurred in vain. Despairingly she dashed the papers on the ground, and threw herself into the chair in an agony of mind, little short of madness.

How long she sat, she knew not; but she was at length aroused by a loud knocking at the door: it was her maid sent to summon her to the drawing-room. She sprung up, and although scarcely conscious of what she did, her first impulse was to gather up the papers that lay scattered at her feet; when her eye glancing along the inside of the envelope, rested on the following words written in pencil, "to be kept secret from *all*, most *especially* from Newcastle." "My way is clear," said she, almost overcome with sudden joy, "and to him I will go."

To dismiss the servant with an apology of indisposition,—to wrap herself closely in her cloak and hood, and to steal unperceived down the back staircase, was scarcely the work of a moment; and ere long she found herself before the door of Walpole's hated co-adjutor. But here a strange mystery seemed to reign — the porter gave her unquestioned admission, and beckoned to a footman, who with great respect led her into a parlour, where a gentleman was sitting, who arose at her entrance, and conducted her to a chair. "We are flattered, highly flattered by this visit, madam," said he, with a respectful bow: "Mr. Hungate told me we might expect it, and rest assured, that you need have no cause to complain that you did not go to Arlington-street."

"What mean you, sir," said Lucy.

"There is no necessity for caution, madam, 'with summer the cuckoo comes,'" replied the gentleman, smiling. "You are the lady from Scotland with dis-

patches from 'number six,' and I am his Grace's private secretary. We heard of your coming, madam, though we feared that your superior judgment might be beguiled by the boasts of the London Jacobites — but you have acted most wisely, madam, and, as things stand, may almost make your own terms; shall *I* enter into arrangements with you? or would you prefer to see the Duke?"

"I would rather see the Duke, sir," replied Lucy, who now found herself obliged not to disclaim the character thus forced upon her.

"By all means, madam, I will instantly conduct you: —truly it is wonderful to see how sanguine the Jacobites still are. I must own I am surprised they should have slighted you; but I suppose they were so overjoyed at the three who last week joined them, that they care little for what 'number six' can do."

"They have not slighted *me*," sighed Lucy, almost unconscious of what she said.

The Secretary looked earnestly at her, glanced toward the door, and then advanced close beside her chair. "They had no intention to slight you, be assured, madam," said he, almost in a whisper; "and surely you will not break off altogether from the white rose *now*. Sir John Hinde Cotton begged me to speak to you, ere you saw the Duke, and to say that even in a pecuniary point of view, St. Germains would outbid the Treasury."

Lucy looked up in uncontrollable surprise. "What! is the Duke of Newcastle's own Secretary a Jacobite?"

The worthy adherent of the Stuarts smiled gaily. "I see I have surprised you, madam;" said he, "but there are a few more 'honest men' about St. James's than the 'wee German lairdie' knows of. So be persuaded, madam, to remain with us; the very despatches you have brought with you, it is not unlikely, are every word known to Walpole, and therefore you would forfeit your allegiance to our rightful King for a mere nothing."

"But you say the Duke expects me," said Lucy.

"O, but that can be admirably managed; I have some other dispatches, written in case I might prevail upon you, madam,—and which we can easily substitute. Now, let us have the honour of your aid; I am commissioned by six noblemen to offer you a *carte blanche*, and with the prospect now open before us, I think you will not refuse." A bell now rang—"The Duke expects us, madam," continued the secretary; "now let us have your assistance. It is too late for his Grace to look at papers to-night; so just mention your terms to him if you please, and appoint to-morrow morning. I will send the pacquet meanwhile to you; for such an opportunity of restoring 'somebody' to his own again has never before occurred." —Again the bell rang, "Your silence, madam, implies your consent," said he, "I pray you walk forward."

Silently they ascended the staircase, and entered the library where, sitting at a table, a middle-aged heavy-looking man, whose countenance bore he impress of habitual dissatisfaction, appeared. He started

when he saw the lady, and angrily addressed himself to the Secretary. "And pray who is she? and why did you bring her here?"

"Your Grace, it is Mistress Jean Cameron, with dispatches from the north, respecting the expected landing of the Pretender. I told your Grace that it was said she was offended with the London Jacobites, and that with proper encouragement, I thought might be persuaded to come over to our side, which I am happy to say she is willing to do."

The Duke looked at the lady, then at the Secretary, with an anxious yet embarrassed air. "I know not what to say to it," said he. "I like all things open and straight forward,— but is she really mistress Jean Cameron?"

"O, your Grace— her dispatches will show."

"Leave it to me, sir," whispered poor Lucy, who now began to fear that after all her efforts her errand might be in vain. "I have a paper here which I trust will convince the Duke," and she carefully drew out the envelope.

"Give it to my Secretary," said Newcastle, with a look of almost as great alarm as if a highwayman had presented a pistol.

"It is for your Grace alone," said Lucy firmly.

The Duke again glancing a suspicious look at her, and then a re-assured one at his Secretary, cautiously, almost tremblingly, took the paper. "I wish my brother were here," said he: "these negociations with spies and Jacobites may suit Sir Robert, but they do

not me? But,—but—how's this? What is the meaning of a blank paper?"

"If your Grace will but look at the words in pencil," said Lucy, earnestly bending over the table.

"Well, but what now? — there's something more in this than should be," stammered the Duke, "where's my brother,— here's some plot,— some trick of —of— 'tis best not to say whom."

"Be not alarmed, your Grace," interposed the Secretary.

"I am *not* alarmed, sir, not alarmed in the least,"— angrily retorted Newcastle; "but, but,—with covers of letters sent to nobody knows who, and brought to me by nobody knows who, and stories of plots raised by nobody knows who—any one who has the honour of his King, and the welfare of his country at heart, may well be cautious, sir."

"Ah! your Grace, a good thing for the country, if, instead of Sir Robert, your Grace were at the head of affairs," humbly remarked the Secretary.

"Things would certainly go on much better," replied the Duke, who imagined himself a very Solon.

"Well, your Grace, suppose mistress Cameron come to-morrow morning," whispered the Secretary, advancing close to the Duke's arm chair.

"I'll have nothing to do with it — 'tis a trick of *his*," said the Duke; "why the words are in his own brother's hand-writing."

The Secretary took up the envelope. "I can explain it all," said Lucy, "if the duke will allow me but five minutes conversation."

"No, no, mistress, — I want no talk with Jacobites — you may go to Arlington-street."

Poor Lucy stood like one altogether bewildered. "The first minister, — the second minister alike refuse to aid me," said she to herself, "O Heaven, where shall I turn but to thee!"

She descended the stairs, and followed the Secretary, who instead of conducting her to the room she had first entered, led her along a gallery into a garden, which opened on St. James's Park. "We shall manage well, after all, madam," said he. "I will persuade the Duke to admit you to-morrow morning: meanwhile, we will talk over our affairs with a friend or two, for time is pressing." He unlocked the gate, and looking out into the park, coughed twice, when immediately two gentlemen came up. "Here is our fair messenger," said he, "and true and firm to our cause."

The elder of the two looked earnestly at Lucy, who however, had taken the precaution of drawing her hood nearly over her face, — it was a look of suspicion, and although he said nothing, she felt that she stood in a most perilous situation.

"Do not close the gate," cried the other to the Secretary, "two more are coming." The Secretary looked out, and in the darkening twilight perceived some one approaching. "There is but one," said he, "but *he* would never come alone."

"Not a word," cried the elder, eagerly catching the Secretary's arm, "are you *sure* here is no deception?"

"Most certain," cried the Secretary, "I would stake my existence."

The third person now approached hastily: he pushed open the gate, entered, and glanced a stern look at the Secretary. "Well, sir! and who are these?"

"O heavens! Mr. Pelham!"

"Well, sir."

"O Mr. Pelham! it is Mistress Jean Cameron, come with offers of service to his Grace — he has bid her come to-morrow morning, and I was just letting her out."

"And letting these others in, I presume — well, madam, if you have any offers to make, you may now make them to me."

"Take heed, for Our Lady's sake," hurriedly whispered the Secretary; "he has had some intelligence I fear." But Lucy, overjoyed at recognising in the Duke's brother a gentleman whom she had before seen at her grandmother's house, eagerly sprang forward.

"She *is* a spy," cried the elder of the two strangers, "and that wretch Hungate has deluded you for the sake of service money. — O! if she should know where *he* is! — Go," continued he, addressing his younger companion, "tell them not to approach *here*. I will wait meanwhile, and if I am taken, I shall do but for the son, what my father did for *his* father — lay down my life for the white rose."

In her hurry and agitation, Lucy Maynarde's hood had fallen back, and Mr. Pelham gazed with extreme astonishment at the supposed fair Jacobite.

"Is it possible! Lady Tyrel's grand-daughter in *such* company," said he.

"Alas! Mr. Pelham, ever since my arrival in London, I have been fated to have been mistaken for another — I am a most unwilling deceiver."

A few moments sufficed to explain the circumstances that brought her to London, and to put into Mr. Pelham's hands the papers.

"No time shall be lost," said he; for the younger Pelham possessed all the influence which the weak and jealous elder brother fancied belonged to himself alone. "I will go instantly to the King, plead your late father's services, and I doubt not, within half an hour, shall obtain the order for your brother's liberation. Truly, mistress Lucy," continued he, still looking eagerly over the papers, "for such as these, you might ask almost any thing that the court could give."

"O nothing but the liberation of my brother," cried Lucy: "I wish for nought from courts or statesmen."

Mr. Pelham smiled. "Well, you shall find one statesman at least who will keep his word. — Farewell: in less than an hour you shall have the order."

"All is over!" cried the younger stranger, hurrying back to the Secretary and his companion, who stood anxiously awaiting his return, concealed from view beneath the thick trees just withoutside the gate. "See what has just been put into my hand. 'You are all deceived — Mistress J. C. has never left Scotland, and 'number six' says 'not yet'—Walpole knows *all*, except that *one* most important point. You must

therefore every one leave London immediately, or it will be a neck-and-neck race to Tyburn."

"The white rose *is* blighted now," cried the elder stranger. "O what an admirable plan is overthrown by precipitation and treachery!"

"Well! onward," said the Secretary: "farewell to St. James's."

The order for her brother's liberation duly arrived; and amid the marvellings of old Mr. Scrope, who was not a little mystified as to how the order had been obtained, and who was not a little vexed that his fair *protegé* should have gained from Mr. Pelham what he had rather she should have received from Walpole,—Lucy Maynarde, early the next morning, set off on her journey homeward. But full cause had Walpole to lament that eventful journey to London. That papers of the utmost importance were missing, he soon discovered—but by whom they had been taken, or by whom received, was more than all his acuteness could ever unravel. What followed has filled a page of history. The Parliament met—all the powers of the twenty years' minister were taxed to the utmost to secure his accustomed majorities; but an overwhelming, though inexplicable influence, seemed arrayed against him. His plans were anticipated, his schemes baffled, his arragements overthrown. Still, boldly and manfully did Walpole struggle on, until, unable to con-

tend against a fast increasing opposition, he tendered his resignation. And then the feelings of nature burst through the trammels of court etiquette. Walpole, as he knelt, bathed the hand of his sovereign with grateful tears; and George, reserved and distant George, sobbed aloud on the shoulder of his twenty years' minister.

Several years passed ere Lucy again visited London; and then it was as Lady Belgrave, previously to her setting out with her husband, who had been appointed by Mr. Pelham, now prime minister, to the governorship of the Carolinas. And ere she went, the brother for whom she had done so much, was anxious to have her portrait. It was debated in full conclave of ladies and gentlemen therefore, in what manner she should be painted. "*I* will tell you," said Mr. Pelham, with a significant smile, which none but Lucy understood: "she shall be painted standing before a looking-glass, fan in hand, adjusting her dress." The recommendation of a prime minister, — when was it otherwise? — was received with delighted approbation; and Lucy, with an equally significant smile, acquiesced. "And thus," concluded the narrator, "Lucy Maynarde appears to the passing eye, but as a fine lady intent on her dress; and thus, in her portrait, as in her history, she is 'THE UNWILLING DECEIVER.'" H. L.

STANZAS TO ——.

I am not gay when *thou* art here ;
My trembling heart hath joy too deep ;
A feeling strange, — half bliss, half fear, —
So moves my soul, I fain would weep !

With earnest gaze I read thy face —
As Eastern Magi searched the sky,
And sought its starry depths to trace
For promise of their destiny.

I ask thine eyes, thy lip, thy brow,
If type of change is written there ;
If what looks pure and noble now
Shall bring my trusting heart despair.

Vain fears, away ! — still, still I'll cling
With strong undoubting faith to thee, —
My hopes, my joys, my sorrows bring,
To thy fond bosom's sanctuary !

ELIZA WALKER.

THE ROMANCE OF LOVE.

BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN.

"Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?"
As You Like It.

In the autumn of the year 1792, a respectable looking woman, about twenty-two years of age, dressed in widow's weeds, and having an infant on her lap, arrived in a return chaise at the little town of Llandilovawr, in South Wales. In the course of a fortnight, she had succeeded in taking and furnishing, to the best of her power, a small cottage in the outskirts of the town, where, as she confessed to her inquisitive neighbours, she intended to remain for life. Though her manners, and even her dress, denoted her to belong to the respectable classes of society, her means of subsistence were evidently scanty; for, very soon after her arrival, she caused it to be understood that she intended to take in plain needle-work, in order to eke out her small independence.

Her name, she said, was Waters; that of her infant boy, Arundel; but in fondling with her child some

of the curious gossips, who would occasionally visit her, imagined they heard her mutter some other name, which, however, they could never catch distinctly. Be this as it may, she doted on the boy, and often, as she pressed him to her bosom, tears of mingled bitterness, and delight would fill her large dark eyes, and trickle down over her pale cheeks.

Years passed on, and Arundel successively passed through the stages of childhood and boyhood, and was now entering upon that of youth. From the cradle he had been remarkable for the beauty of his countenance, but still more, perhaps, for a certain wayward, dauntless manner, which at first offended, but generally ended in conciliating and delighting his companions. He never kept aloof, as some clever boys do, from the other urchins of the place, but threw himself heart and soul, into all their amusements, in which, by the earnestness and force of his character, he was mostly the chosen leader. He swam in the Towy, climbed, wrestled, fought, with the best of them. In fact, as his strength and his years increased, his animal spirits appeared to boil over too fiercely, and his manners acquired a haughty domineering tone, corresponding but ill with the humbleness of his condition.

When, however, he had escaped from boyhood, and was entering, as I have said, upon the threshold of youth, his manners changed suddenly; he became meditative, lonely, studious, and the youths of the village were no longer his companions. In fact, he began, he knew not wherefore, to hunger and thirst

after renown, and to nourish in the depths of his soul the belief that there was yet a vacant niche in the temple of glory, which fate had reserved for him. He soon perceived by that happy intuition which belongs to genius, that labour and patience are the only weapons which render man invincible in the warfare of reputation; and endeavoured by a thousand trials to inure himself to those habits which by degrees transform us into what we would become. His only counsellor now was his mother; and, instead of repressing his ardour, she is thought to have fostered and inflamed it, by telling him that to be ignorant is to be a slave, that knowledge is power, and that genius eventually subdues every thing to itself. Frequently the mother and her son would sit up through half the night, conferring on the means by which fame and fortune might be achieved; and it was at length determined that Arundel should be a painter.

The hands by whose labour his life had hitherto been sustained now taught Arundel the first rudiments of drawing; for Mrs. Waters possessed many of the accomplishments of a lady; and the boy's first achievement of any promise was his mother's portrait. There is something inexpressibly tender and holy in the affection of a son for his mother; and Arundel, in whose soul every high and noble sentiment had been implanted by nature, appeared to enjoy a religious pleasure in reproducing the maternal features upon canvass; a pleasure which might, perhaps, be somewhat heightened by the circumstance that those features still ex-

hibited something more than the remains of beauty, together with a degree of matronly dignity, which, in any but a mother's face, would have seemed rather to deserve the name of severity.

However, by constantly studying his mother's countenance, and painting it over and over a thousand times, Arundel acquired some little skill in portrait painting; and it began at length to be whispered about that the boy's pencil did not flatter amiss. The young ladies of the neighbourhood now took additional notice of the widow and her son; though, to do them justice, they had never treated them contumeliously; and first one and then another had her likeness taken, for which the young artist received some little money, and a great deal of praise.

The house, dress, and appearance of Mrs. Waters now began to assume a superior air; and Arundel himself, though still poor enough, dressed and conducted himself like a gentleman. He proceeded thus studying and improving until he had entered his nineteenth year, when an event happened which disturbed the smooth current of his life, and seemed likely to cloud for ever the atmosphere of his glory. Like all persons of ardent poetical temperament, our portrait-painter was deeply imbued with religious feelings; and although seldom or never accompanied by his mother, was regular in his attendance at church, and in his visits to the Vicar, who, childless himself, began to regard him as his son, and would always speak of him among his parishioners as his "dear boy."

One Sunday, in the midst of summer, a strange carriage drove up to the church-door, a few minutes before the service had commenced; and presently after a gentleman with two ladies, apparently his wife and daughter, entered the sacred building, and were shown into the seat directly under the pulpit. Those who occupied this seat sat with their backs to the preacher and their faces turned towards the congregation; and when the strangers were seated, Arundel, who happened to be in the next seat, lifted up his head and stole a glance at them. The young lady might be about sixteen, but was womanly beyond her age, and of singular beauty. Her eyes were brilliantly blue, her complexion the fairest of the fair, her hair dark auburn, which the rays of the sun, as they fell upon it, seemed to kindle into living gold. For the first time in his life Arundel was inattentive to the word of God. Rapt in a kind of trance, he fixed his eyes on the face of the young lady with a degree of earnestness which at first made her turn way, then blush, then feel angry. He was, however, for some time unconscious of what he was doing; but at length perceiving her reddening cheeks and forehead, he blushed heartily in his turn, and leaned his head upon his hands to conceal his emotion. He now seemed as if he had tasted of some mysterious potion, capable of steeping the soul in the most brilliant and delicious dreams, or rather, perhaps, of awakening it from a state of lethargy to a consciousness of real existence.

A considerable time before the service was concluded

the old gentleman, unmindful of decorum, or pressed by some urgent engagement, pulled out his watch, and appearing as if he had stayed beyond his time, hurried his family out of the church; and in another minute Arundel, who was debating with himself whether he should follow them or not, heard the cracking of the coachman's whip, and the rattling of the carriage-wheels upon the pebbled road. He made no doubt, however, that they would stop at least some hours in the town; and the instant the sermon was over, ran off to the inn, there being but one in the place, to inquire about them. To his infinite sorrow he learned from the ostler, a sort of animal which never goes to church, or imagines it has a soul, that the "gem'man" had not even stayed to drink one glass of ale, but hastened on towards the next town. To this place, which was only nine miles distant, Arundel at once proceeded, not so much in the hope of seeing his beloved unknown, as of learning the name of the family; but when he arrived, he was informed that a strange carriage had indeed passed through some hours before, but without stopping; and of the numerous roads which thence branched off in different directions, no body could tell which it had taken.

Nothing was now left but to retrace his footsteps. He arrived early in the evening, and to the almost reproachful inquiries of his mother, who had been alarmed at his not returning at the usual hour from church, he replied by giving the true history of his little expedition. She appeared to be rather surprised

than angry at his conduct; and her only remark was that he had now an additional motive for exertion, for that assuredly if he should ever again meet the lady, it would be to no purpose, unless he possessed either riches, or a name to put in the balance against her fortune, it being scarcely to be doubted that she was wealthy.

Arundel had already acquired what might in the country be termed a reputation, and had begun, even before the above adventure, to turn his thoughts towards London, the magnet which attracts all high and daring spirits in the empire; and now his desire to mingle among the crowds of that glorious city amounted to a passion. At length he ventured to disclose his ambitious project to his mother, who, bursting into a flood of tears at the bitter thought of separation, after weeping in silence for some time, consented. "Go, my boy," said she: "I have nursed thee, and watched over thee for this. I shall sit here contented in this cot, listening to the echoes of thy fame, which will reach me like sweet music, and console me in poverty, in sickness, in old age, ay, even in death, my son! for I know that, whatever may be thy fate, thou wilt crave and deserve thy mother's blessing!" The young man's heart was too full for words; but after a moment's pause he sobbed out some expressions of gratitude and affection; and in a few days was on his way towards the capital, with his little fortune in a knapsack on his back.

On his arrival in London, Arundel, who in his heart

had the ambition to distinguish himself in the higher walks of art, applied with unabating assiduity to his portrait painting, and soon began to be celebrated for his power, delicacy, and skill in delineating female loveliness; but in reality he greatly flattered all those he painted, for the image of his beautiful unknown, which had taken total possession of his heart, overflowed upon the canvass, and mingled itself with the graces of inferior countenances. Meanwhile, the young artist, who never ceased to hope that some happy walls within the circumference of this huge capital, contained the person of his beloved, frequented every public place where it was likely she might be seen; and one night, from the pit of Covent Garden theatre, he thought he caught a glimpse of her in the dress-boxes a moment or two before the play was over; but though he immediately hurried to the box entrance, and watched until long after every soul had quitted the theatre, he never saw her again. His gains were now considerable, and a very liberal proportion of them continually found their way to Llandilo; but the mother at length checked this mode of expressing his gratitude, and reminded him that he was to aim at something beyond mere wealth. This memento came just in time to second the project he had conceived of making a journey into Italy, there to study at his leisure the remains of ancient art: a plan almost universally pursued by artists, though it can be of use only to those fortunate few upon whom nature has bestowed the glorious power of creating without models; and

who go, not to imitate, but to enjoy; though their very enjoyment is productive.

Arundel took up his residence at Rome among the wrecks of antiquity; and his abstemious habits, making but small inroads upon his purse, promised to enable him to prolong his stay as long as might be judged necessary. He never relinquished, however, his profession of portrait-painter, though he exercised it less frequently; and it was chiefly, if not entirely, for his own countrywomen, or their lovers, that his pencil was employed in this way. It should have been before remarked that immediately after seeing the beautiful unknown, in the little church of Llandilo, Arundel had painted her portrait from memory. This production he continually bore about with him, and retouched as his skill increased; so that at last, whatever likeness it might bear to the original, it represented his *beau ideal* of female beauty, and was certainly an exquisite picture.

Among the English who put Arundel's talents in requisition, there was one young gentleman, about seventeen, who, having seen two or three specimens of his skill, came to have his own portrait taken. He was travelling with his tutor, and meant to make a long stay at Rome. From their first meeting, a species of instinctive attachment took place between the painter and this youth, which increased with their acquaintance, and promised to ripen into a lasting friendship. However, as often as Arundel took up his pencil to proceed with his young friend's portrait, a

sensation of mingled pleasure and pain shot through his frame, and caused his heart to leap, and his brain to become dizzy for a moment; but delight quickly prevailed; and upon the whole, he never was so happy as when employed upon the portrait of Arthur Pevensey, which was the name of the youth.

Pevensey's tutor, who had never before been at Rome, and was not very cautious, or conversant with the *locale* of the place, had unluckily taken lodgings in a quarter of the city which had recently been reached by the *mal'aria;* that growing plague which must in the end depopulate the eternal city. It could not be expected that the boy should be much wiser than his tutor; and to complete the effect of the latter's imprudence, one night, to temper the intolerable heat of the weather, he threw open his bed-room windows, and went to sleep. In the morning he awoke in a raging fever, and the physicians, both Italian and English, declared to the unhappy guardian of the youth, that his life was in the most imminent danger. The news was immediately conveyed to the painter, who hastened to the spot, and found his young friend delirious. Observing the awkwardness, not to say stupidity, of the tutor, and distrusting the care of hired attendants, Arundel resolved to remain until all should be over, whether for good or bad; and having more than once watched beside his mother's couch during illness, he was not inexpert in a sick chamber. For many an hour he hung with more than a brother's affection over the unconscious boy; and when reason at length returned,

and Pevensey could express his gratitude, he vowed that whatever might betide him, his friendship for Arundel Waters should be as lasting as his existence. It was while sitting by the sick-bed of the youth, watching his countenance during slumber, or in those moments of lassitude which succeed severe pain, when something inexpressibly lovely and feminine seemed to be diffused over his features, that the painter detected the cause of the sudden affection he had conceived for him ; he strongly resembled the girl whom Arundel had seen in the church, or at least that image of her which remained, if I may so speak, upon the *retina* of his fancy.

As Pevensey recovered, his friendship for Arundel every day grew stronger and stronger ; and the latter, when he led him out during his convalescence to take the morning air, and viewed the faint blush of health flowing back into the cheeks it had so lately deserted, often thought he saw before his eyes the little seat beneath the pulpit, with that beautiful apparition in it, which formed the delight and the torture of his life. At these moments his eyes would fill with tears, and his whole frame would tremble and grow weaker than that of the invalid he attempted to support ; but he took care never to explain the cause of his emotion. When Pevensey was sufficiently strong to renew the sittings, his portrait was resumed, and in process of time, finished.

By this time the friends were become inseparable ; and being desirous of seeing the Virgin city, Parthenope,

and its beautiful bay, they departed from Rome, and arrived, without a single adventure, at Naples. Here they obtained the tutor's permission to visit together the ruins of Pæstum, and leaving the worthy clergyman in the capital, proceeded towards the Etruscan city. Extending their ramble into the interior, farther than they originally intended, they explored the recesses of the Apennines; and at length arrived at the romantic little town, or rather village of Muro, in the vicinity of which there is a landscape unrivalled in all Italy for beauty, but seldom visited on account of the banditti who infest the roots of the mountains, and sometimes murder or carry into captivity the hardy travellers that set them at defiance.

For a painter, however, enamoured of the picturesque, the scene possesses charms sufficient to throw all slight apprehensions of danger into the back ground. It is a mute pastoral, sunny and tranquil as the poetical vales traversed by the Ladon or the Alpheus. Standing in the mouth of an elevated vale, bordered on either side with woods, beautified by classical ruins, and enlivened by groups of shepherdesses and wild goats,—you look down in rapture upon a lovely stream, here expanding into diminutive lakes, surrounded by umbrageous shores; anon contracting its width, and, spanned by bridges, rolling its shining waters between sylvan banks, dotted with towers, churches, and villas; and reflecting from its glassy surface, the varied forms of the surrounding mountains. Strips of forest, or straggling lines of detached trees, in some places run



Drawn by Cooper. - Engraved by C. Richardson

A SCENE IN THE APPENNINES.

along the edge of the cliffs, or, springing forth boldly from small fissures in their precipitous sides, hang waving over the waters below. Elsewhere, the upland slopes feathered with tall graceful shrubs, which at the proper season of the year are clothed with odoriferous blossoms, lead to a succession of naked crags, or hungry table-land, the abode of the wild-goat and the eagle. But what words can paint the blue transparent brightness of the sky that stretches over the landscape at noon; or the world of gold and crimson clouds which dawn or sunset piles upon those serene interminable fields of azure! Arundel and Pevensey, who sat down among the shepherdesses to contemplate at leisure its incomparable beauties, appeared, as they regarded it, to be transported back to those patriarchal ages and eastern climes, where the imagination delights to establish its most brilliant creations.

Returning in the evening towards Muro, after a long day's ramble in the mountains, our adventurers were surrounded by a troop of robbers, who knocked them from their mules, upon which all their baggage was stowed, and binding their hands behind their back, proceeded to examine their booty. Among Arundel's effects there was one small roll of canvass, which he appeared to value above all the rest; this he pointed at with his foot, his hands being confined, and earnestly entreated the gang to restore to him. For some moments they took no heed of what he said, but one of them being about to throw it with the other baggage into a sack, his whole frame became convulsed by agony, and with

vehement prayers and tears he conjured them to restore it to him. "Let us see," said one of the ruffians, "what the madman makes all this clamour about;" and forthwith untied and unrolled the canvass upon the grass. It was a lady's portrait, *the* lady's portrait, — and Arundel's soul sickened as he beheld the profane looks which they cast upon it. The moment Pevensey could catch a glimpse of the countenance between the bodies of the banditti, who appeared to crowd round it with extraordinary pleasure, he turned inquiringly towards his friend, and exclaimed — "My sister, Arundel?" At the same moment, the person who seemed to possess most authority among the gang, rolled up the canvass, and putting it under his arm, said; "I promise to return this to you, when you leave us, which, however, will not be immediately: or, stay, you may have it this moment. There is no fear of your escaping." And at the word he cut with his sword the cord by which Arundel's hands were bound together, and, giving him the picture, commanded him and his companion to move on in the midst of the troop. Pevensey's arms being now also unbound, they walked along side by side.

The mystery of Arundel's life was at length about to be unfolded. Pevensey assured him, that the portrait was that of his only sister, now in her twentieth year, and, when he left England, unmarried; though his father, Sir William Pevensey, encouraged the addresses of a neighbouring baronet, of whose success, however, there was not much danger. To his

question respecting the mode by which our hero became possessed of the picture, the reply was an ingenuous history of the whole affair; and this only tended to strengthen the affection, and enhance the respect which Pevensey already entertained for the young artist. The more they conversed upon the subject, the more Arundel was struck by the mysterious chain which seemed to bind together the events of his life, now, as it would appear, approaching the denouement: but whether the untying of the plot was to be unfortunate or happy, it was beyond his skill to foresee. He inclined, however, for many reasons towards the melancholy view of the question, far more so than when his love was totally unknown, when his imagination, though yearning to paint her as a queen, accommodated itself to his wishes, and represented her as the daughter of some honest country gentleman, who might not, perhaps, consider an artist of reputation, such as he expected to become, a bad match. He concealed his misgivings from Pevensey, because he knew that the enthusiastic and affectionate boy, hitherto untainted by the doctrines of the world,—which teach that the dignity of man consists in things external to the soul,—would scarcely be able to perceive the disparity between his friend and his sister, and might regard as unjust and injurious any suspicions which should be thrown out, respecting the father's consent.

The friends were permitted by the banditti to entertain themselves on the way with whatever conversation they pleased; nor were they at all hurried in

their movements, or otherwise roughly treated. It was considerably after sunset, however, when they arrived at their first halting-place, which was upon the margin of a lake, apparently surrounded by lofty mountains, and the extent of which the darkness of the night concealed from them. To the shrill whistle of one of the thieves, an answer like a faint echo of the sound was returned; and shortly afterwards a boat with many rowers was seen approaching the shore. Into this the prisoners were ordered to step, and the robbers following in silence, the boat pushed off, and in less than a quarter of an hour glided smoothly in, between two jutting points of rock, to the foot of what appeared to be a fortress, built upon an insulated cluster of lofty crags, springing up perpendicularly from the lake. A steep flight of steps led from the water's edge to the tower above, and by this the whole party ascended, leaving the boat moored below.

Immediately on their entering the castle, they were introduced to a man who denominated himself the Governor, and whom Pevensey recognised to be a certain Count di Spinosa, in whose company he had more than once had the honour of dining at Rome. He took care, however, not to appear acquainted with the person of this illustrious robber; but during supper, which was particularly excellent, and served up in great style,— the wife of the chief presiding,— Spinosa suddenly recollected his guest, and without the least reluctance or embarrassment, exclaimed — "Ah! milord Pivensi, you are come to pay me a visit at my

castle. You know it is the custom on the other side of the Mediterranean, never to approach a great man, a man in power, like myself, without a very handsome present, and I mean to introduce the practice on this side of the water. You understand me. I hope you are come well provided. Who is this milord, your companion ?" In spite of circumstances, both Pevensey and Arundel laughed heartily at the consummate effrontery of their host, and Arundel replied — "You mistake the matter, Count. Every Englishman who travels is not a lord. Neither my companion, nor myself have that honour. He is, however, an independent gentlemen, and I am a painter," "A painter! ah, I understand you. All Englishmen are painters, or poets, or something of that sort, when they happen to visit me. But that, milord, will make no difference here. The amount of the present is fixed. If you have not the sum about you, as perhaps you may not, there will be no difficulty in forwarding a letter to Naples, to your banker. Meanwhile, you will be handsomely entertained here in my castle, which you may regard as entirely at your disposal."

Arundel persisted most pertinaciously in denying his title to nobility, but in vain. The Count at first only laughed, but at length grew angry, and exclaimed with vehemence, — "By — ! you are a lord. I am a lord myself, and ought to know a nobleman from one of the herd. You look like a lord, you speak like a lord, and, since you force me to be plain with you, you are as impudent as a lord! Ah! ah! It would, in-

deed, be a fine joke that I, who have been accustomed to receive presents from Englishmen for the last fifteen years, at least, should not know a lord from a painter!" Seeing himself thus ennobled past all doubt, Arundel smiled, and telling the Count that they could discuss these matters hereafter, turned the conversation into another channel.

The window of the chamber, where they were permitted to repose together, overlooked the broad expanse of the lake, upon which the rays of the moon, which had now risen, threw their silvery light, that danced and trembled, as it were, upon the restless waters. The mountains beyond rose in dark fantastic masses, the pinnacles of which only were irradiated by the moon-beams. Here the friends sat conversing upon the singularity of their position, and the curious character of their noble host and his associates, until the light of the morning swallowed up that of the moon, and shed a brightness, a warmth, and, if I may so speak, a vivacity over the landscape, which invincibly cheered their fancy, and rekindled and invigorated their hopes. Arundel, from whom a large sum of money, distinctly specified by the Count, was as peremptorily demanded as from Pevensey, now possessed not one farthing in the world, the governor's myrmidons having rifled him of all his property; but his friend next morning dispatched, by one of the thieves, a letter to his tutor, at Naples, requesting him to forward to him at once an order for the sum demanded for both, payable upon their being delivered over, safe and sound, to their friends,

on a certain spot named by the Count. The tutor, however, was a prudent man, and could by no means resolve to advance five hundred pounds, (so much being required for each,) for a mere stranger, as he now described Arundel Waters; though, of course, he could not hesitate for a moment to pay his pupil's ransom. The pupil, angry, and indignant at his refusal, dispatched another letter, insisting upon his request being instantly complied with; but the tutor, upon whom the care of the cash had been conferred, became nettled in his turn, and stood upon his first ground. With the second reply, however, he forwarded to Pevensey a letter from his father, which, when opened, threw the friends into utter despair. It informed them that the baronet above commemorated, having at length succeeded in subduing the reluctance or obstinacy of Helen, was to lead her to the altar on a certain day, by which time, Sir William trusted that Arthur and his tutor would be able to reach London, in order to be present at the ceremony. This intelligence operated differently upon the two friends. Pevensey stamped, paced up and down the apartment, and swore with rage. Arundel leaned upon the lofty window seat, and a cold, bitter, blighting feeling crept over his heart, which seemed to wither, as it were, within him, as the early blossoms of spring are sometimes known to wither beneath the touch of the east wind. Now he began to believe that his spirit had hitherto been feeding upon dreams; that to see a woman, to love her, to worship her, to seek her up and down the world, to live for her alone, was

not to possess a title to her heart. This title, opportunity, and the possession of money could alone bestow; and in the anguish of the moment, he cursed the day on which he was born, and the high, but fantastic hopes by which he had been all his life deluded. He counselled Pevensey to listen at once to his tutor's advice, to obey his father's orders, and leave him to his fate. His friend was grieved: "Arundel," said he, "all this is mere sullenness and absurdity. If I were to act as you advise, you would justly abhor and loathe me as a reptile. Did you run away from me at Rome, when this same tutor lodged me in the midst of pestilence, and I believe, before Heaven! would have left me to die in it. My friend, we leave this castle together, or we will perish together in its dungeons! With respect to my sister, all I can say is, that, if she marry the idiot whom she has so often scorned and ridiculed in my presence, you will be a fortunate man to miss her; and for myself, she shall be unto me as an outcast and a stranger, by all the hopes of my soul!" All this was uttered too rapidly and vehemently, to allow Arundel time to prevent the solemn imprecation with which it concluded; but he put violence upon his feelings, and endeavoured calmly to convince his friend that it was best, under all circumstances, that he should be liberated as soon as possible; as, when time had convinced the Count that no money was to be expected, he would let him go; or, at all events, lower his demands; when Pevensey, at liberty among his friends, could easily furnish the

sum. "Perhaps I might," replied the youth; "but I will not make the trial. I will this moment dispatch my determination to my tutor, and let him refuse my demand, at his peril!"

The letter was accordingly written and sent, but the courier returned without an answer, the tutor not being to be found. The anguish of mind which Arundel now endured was indescribable. Shut up in this distant prison, while another man, altogether unworthy, was about to possess himself of the object of his sudden, but intense and unabating love, without even the satisfaction of presenting himself before her, of pleading his own cause, and discovering whether or not she really owned the perfections bestowed by his passion upon the image of her which inhabited his mind, he seemed to be condemned to a doom worse than that of Tantalus. In the midst of his grief, the idea of effecting his escape occurred; and the plan, which at once suggested itself to his mind, appeared altogether so feasible, that he almost regarded as miraculous the stupidity which had prevented his thinking of it before. This was, to cut their bed-clothes into strips, to form a ladder of them, to wrench, by their united strength, one of the bars out of the window, to drop into the lake, and swim across to the mainland. Pevensey considered the scheme admirable; and it was agreed that it should be attempted that very night.

As soon as it was dark, the sheets, counterpanes, &c., were converted into a ladder; but the inmates of the castle appeared to be peculiarly active that evening, and

Arundel heard one of the bandits observe, in passing their door, that it was expected the boat would quickly return with fresh captives and booty, for that the usual signal of success had been made upon the shore. Now, then, was the moment, when the boat was absent, and pursuit, as they judged, impossible. They found no great difficulty in wrenching out the bar; and having fastened their ladder, and let it out through the window, Arundel insisted that Pevensey should descend first, so that if any alarm were given, he, at all events, might escape. It was a star-light night, and Arundel, leaning his body half out over the sill, saw the youth descend the ladder, until within about ten or twelve feet of the dark water, where he paused for a moment. "Why do you pause, Pevensey?" said he, speaking as low as possible.

"I am come to the end of the ladder," he replied, "and am still a great way from the water."

"Drop down at once," said Arundel; "the lake is deep:" and with the word, he heard the boy plunge into the water, and lost sight of him for a moment. The few garments which they considered necessary, had been tied up in a small bundle, and fastened on Arundel's shoulders, so that Pevensey might be totally unencumbered; and now the artist, with the wardrobe on his back, descended the ladder, and as he reached the bottom, saw his friend waiting for him, a few yards from the rock. "Away, instantly," said Arundel; "I perceive something like the glimmering of a taper, falling on the waves yonder, from one of the castle windows,

and we may be discovered." He now dropped down, in his turn, and rising quickly, swam with great velocity towards the shore. There was a sharp, cold wind stirring, and blowing across their course from right to left, raised considerable waves, which dashed over them continually, and at times concealed them from each other. At length Arundel altogether lost sight of his friend, and, fearing lest he might be overcome by fatigue and have lagged behind, turned about, and looked towards the island. To his great astonishment, he saw lights in their apartment, where two or three figures successively appeared at the window, and vanished rapidly. His fears for Pevensey now almost choked him, and having swam about for some time in various directions, to no purpose, he ventured at last, in a suppressed voice, to call out his name. The sound seemed lost in the murmur of the waves, and, after listening for some time, he called again, much louder than before. In an instant, the report of several pistols struck upon his ear, and a slight, but sharp pain, suddenly seized upon his left arm, a little below the shoulder. It was clear that one of the bullets had reached him; and, after anxiously looking about on all sides for his friend, he was about to turn away, and make towards the shore, when he saw a head moving in the water, which he did not doubt, was that of Pevensey. Delight now rendered him imprudent once more, and he called to his friend to make haste, for God's sake. The head answered "Hist!" and rapidly drew nearer and nearer. In another mo-

ment, it became evident it was not that of Pevensey; and Arundel shuddered, as he recognised the voice of the Count, in the words,—"Milord, you are once more my prisoner!" and saw the ruffian spring towards him, like a tiger. The Count had swum out with a little dagger between his teeth, which he took in his right hand, as he approached Arundel, and aimed at his wounded arm, while pronouncing the above words. The painter, who, though by no means a large, or powerful man, was active, muscular, and an incomparable swimmer, immediately closed with his antagonist, and after a long and desperate struggle, succeeded in wrenching the dagger from him. "Let me escape," said he; "and I will do you no injury." The Count, whose passions were now inflamed beyond control, made no reply, but again endeavoured to close with him, and grappled at his throat. "Keep off," said Arundel; "I have no wish to have your blood upon my head!" But the other merely muttered a few incoherent oaths, and making a sudden plunge forward, caught him by the right arm, and endeavoured to regain the dagger. The strength of both was now nearly exhausted; and the water got into their mouths as they struggled and struck at each other. At length Arundel, seizing the weapon in his left hand, plunged it into the breast of his enemy; and tearing his arm from his grasp, sprang off by a desperate effort, to escape from his dying energies. In another moment he heard the water bubble and gurgle in his mouth,—and his head disappeared beneath the waves.

This horrible struggle being over, the painter, languid, and nearly worn out, thought he heard at a distance the sound of voices and the dashing of oars upon the water, and conjectured that the boat was drawing near. Whatever might be the consequences, however, he felt that he could only hope to gain the land by managing adroitly the little strength he had left, and therefore proceeded slowly, resting ever and anon upon his oars, as it were, and at last drew near the shore, where he discovered the white figure of Pevensey moving to and fro; and in two or three minutes more, the friends were congratulating each other upon their escape, and preparing to strike off into the wood.

In three days they arrived, barefoot, nearly naked, and half starved at Naples, when the insolence and carelessness of the tutor were explained. He had consented, in consideration of becoming master of a very handsome estate in England, to become at the same time liege lord of one of those forlorn damsels, called old maids, who scatter themselves over all Europe, in search of husbands, and was now a rich man. By the advice of several friends, he agreed, after two days' deliberation, to deliver over Pevensey to the care of his friend Arundel; and the moment this affair was settled, and the necessary sum of money drawn from the Neapolitan banker, our modern Pylades and Orestes hurried off for England. I cannot pause to describe their journey; but it is not difficult to conceive the state of mind in which the artist moved onwards, towards his home, fearing that every stop, let,

or hindrance which fate threw in their way, was the very circumstance that cut him off from hope, and was to render him wretched for the remainder of his days. There was also a feeling of horror, which could not exactly be called remorse, accompanying the vivid recollection of the deadly struggle in the lake; and, though it had been life for life, he bitterly regretted that his freedom had been purchased with blood. It was now long, moreover, since he had received tidings of his mother; and he feared that, like the disobedient children of Jacob, he might involuntarily bring the gray hairs of his parent with sorrow to the grave. All these causes of dejection, weighing upon his mind at once, and by their union adding poignancy and efficacy to each other, succeeded in plunging his spirit into the deepest gloom. He thought the horses slept as they moved along the road, and in his breathless impatience to be at his journey's end, appeared for the moment to lose all feelings of humanity, hurrying and urging forward the jaded animals which dashed on at full speed before the carriage. The moment they had gained one eminence his eye rested upon the next, and his wishes would have annihilated the intervening space.

The day, in fact, now drew very near, in which Helen Pevensey was to pass from the regions of maidenhood into a state, in which even the imagination of Arundel could not follow her; and he might possibly arrive just one moment too late. Yet, allowing that he reached London before or on the wedding day, what could he do to retard even for an instant the celebration of that

ceremony which was to be the sealing of his fate? What would this proud and wealthy beauty say to the strange passion of a nameless, and houseless, and pennyless wretch like himself, coming to claim her hand at the very moment in which it was to be placed, with the consent or by the command of her parents, in that of another, in token of eternal union? Would not the mere mention of his love, conceived in a moment, nourished in secrecy and obscurity, and never made known to its object, be regarded as too absurd even for laughter? He could not answer all these questions which that ancient substitute for the gods, called Prudence, whispered to his mind; but he unrolled his little ragged portrait, which he had carried off with his clothes from the castle, and spread it upon his knees; and the sweet smile it seemed to cast upon him re-assured his soul. Pevensey, likewise, said all he could to keep alive his hopes; and in this way he hurried on, alternately buoyed up and dejected, until he found himself in London, driving with all possible speed up Portland Place, where the town house of the Pevensey family was situated.

The first thing that caught Pevensey's eye was a couple of mutes, standing with the emblems of death in their hands at the door of his father's house; and his heart smote him as the thought darted into his mind that his mother or his sister was gone beyond all reach of the reproaches he had prepared for them both: The idea that it might be any other member of his family never once occurred to him. Springing from

the carriage, he rushed into the house, followed by Arundel, and in another moment found himself in the apartment of death, beside his father's coffin. His mother and Helen, in their coal-black robes, had been sitting by the corpse, their eyes red with weeping, and their hearts sick with anguish; but the instant he entered, their arms were about his neck, and their tears flowing more copiously than ever. Arundel, stricken with astonishment, pierced with grief, and altogether uncertain whether to remain or retire, stood motionless at a litle distance from the family group, his heart beating, his head dizzy, and his frame trembling with emotion. At length, after the first burst of sorrow was over, Pevensey recollected his friend, and in an instant made him one, as it were, of the family, by exclaiming with earnestness, as he grasped Arundel's hand, and drew him towards the coffin:—"Mother, the friend who has saved my life!" Lady Pevensey and Helen, who now for the first time observed Arundel's presence, gave him such welcome as circumstances would permit; while Pevensey himself with trembling hand lifted up the covering from the face of his father's corpse, and fell upon it, and kissed it, with a bitterness and an agony which never can be conceived but by those who have pressed their lips against the marble lips of the dead; and yearned while doing so to become cold also, and be laid with the beloved object in the grave.

Such was the sight that greeted our friends on their arrival, instead of the festivities of a marriage. As his self-possession, and ordinary habit of mind re-

turned, Arundel began unconsciously to compare the mourning beauty before him with the ideal beauty of his imagination, and his memory; and he found that they were different, and yet the same. The creature of the mind had more airiness, simplicity, girlhood, and tenderness; the real woman had more majesty, beauty, and intellectuality; for Helen's mind had grown still more than her body, and lent the latter a glory which no perfection of form can bestow. The fairness of her complexion appeared by contrast with her dark garments almost supernatural; while the beauty and symmetry of her features banished that air of insipidity which extraordinary fairness sometimes induces. She seemed considerably taller than when he first saw her, but the expression of the whole figure, as well as of the countenance remained the same; and the longer he looked upon her, the less she appeared to be changed.

The lover her father had provided for her, and would, had he lived, have compelled her to accept, was now in the house, having arrived in town on the very day before the melancholy event; but Arundel, when he saw him, experienced no access of jealousy. He was a young, and rather handsome gentleman, and as accomplished as the cares of others could render him; but he had no character of his own,—nothing of that high, imaginative, poetical temper of mind, which acts upon the female heart like a spell, and when seconded by a bold determination is irresistible. Having hitherto relied at least as much upon

the number of his acres as upon his personal attractions, he now felt his real insignificance, and began in his heart to believe that Helen was not fated to be his. There was no speaking of such matters, however, in a house of mourning; and, the man, moreover, though fantastic and silly enough, was not destitute of feeling, and could not but be affected at the grief of Helen and her family. Reading his fate in the air and manner of the girl, no less than in the studied and almost savage coldness of Pevensey, he therefore disappeared at the conclusion of the funeral ceremonies; and thus the field was left open to Arundel.

On the very day of his arrival in London, Arundel had written to his mother, detailing the particulars of his residence in Italy, which accounted for the long silence he had maintained, and promising to be with her the moment the mortal remains of his friend's father should be committed to the dust. The Pevenseys had at that period a villa in South Wales, not many miles from Llandilo, whither the whole family now determined to remove for a while, as much to escape from the visits of ceremonious friends, as to hush their sorrows in solitude. They therefore proceeded with Arundel towards his home, where the unfortunate young man found his mother, not dead, indeed, but on the threshold of death, her spirit fluttering, as it were, upon her lips, and waiting but for one fond embrace of her beloved and only child, to depart in peace. When the widow had pressed her son for one fond moment to her breast, her looks wandered to the strangers who

had entered with him; and as her eye, and that of Lady Pevensey met, both shrieked suddenly; the words, —"My sister!"— simultaneously escaped from their lips, and the latter, rushing to the bed, had just time to receive her sister's last breath, and the dying pressure of her hand. Arundel now learned, in the midst of grief and tears, the secret of his mother's history. She had married for love, been cast off by her parents, and losing, shortly after, her fond and beloved husband, had hidden herself in her pride from such of her relations as might have pitied and aided her. This narrative, related in a letter which his mother, seeing her end approach, had written, and directed to her son, was confirmed by the testimony of Lady Pevensey. His friends would now have bestowed a pompous funeral upon the remains of his mother; but Arundel insisted that her death, like her life, should be obscure, and that the tears of affection only should hallow the spot where she reposed, without epitaph or monumental stone.

The real name of Arundel I must conceal, as he is still living, and has acquired that fame, as an artist, which his genius deserves. His grief yielded, as all grief does, to the force of time: and love came at length to light up his soul. Notwithstanding the many glorious pictures which his pencil has created, he still regards the portrait of Helen, painted from memory, as the master-piece of his art; and often, while he himself, or his beautiful wife relates to me, and other friends, some snatches of the above history, the ragged

little portrait is taken down from the wall, where, except that it is framed, it still hangs in precisely the same condition in which it was, when brought from the robber's castle in the Apennines.

MIDNIGHT IN PHILÆ.

Alone in the light of the midnight hour
I sit on this temple grey,
Where the fleecy snow and the cool-winged shower
Never wander by night or day;
Where the dust of a thousand years, unlaid
By the sprinklings of the sky,
Are piled in its courts; where Osiris' shade
Glides softly with Isis by.
And the Gods of Central Afric stand
All crowned and mitred near,
With sceptres and scrolls from the mystic land,
The dwelling of Hope and Fear.
Disturbed by my footsteps rude from sleep,
A frown sits on their brow;
And their whispers along the dim walls creep —
I hear them, and tremble now!

They scowl on the stranger from northern clime;
But no armed priest appears,
As in those far days of the olden time
When they fed upon blood and tears.
And I lay my hand on the beards of Gods
In their ancient dwelling-place,
Transformed by Time into dark abodes
For the owl and the serpent race.
Behold, over Athor's queenly brow
The dull snail travels slow;
And the Nymph of the Hills and the Virgin Vow
Feels the bat on her bended bow.
Here Typhon, the fratricide, is meek,
His plots and battles o'er;
And the peasant breathes upon Ammon's cheek,
For his thunders scare no more.
But the rushing Nile, in untiring might,
Still rolls his blue waves by;
And the cold stars, robed in trembling light,
Yet love on his breast to lie.
And, hark! as of old o'er Syene's rocks
He pours his thundering tide,
While the Arab, amid his desert flocks,
Sleeps sound on his flowery side.
And lo, where below his fierce wave dashes
In foam o'er the granite isles,
The tropic moonbeam brightly flashes,
Wreathing each crag with smiles.
On the distant waste the antelope bounds,
Companion of Thirst and Fear,

While the yelping of Fancy's swiftest hounds
Comes booming upon her ear.
The river's voice invites in vain,
And the young corn sprouting fair;
She speeds to her desert home again,
Like a meteor through the air.
Home: ah! — that word, like magician's spell,
Creative of woe or bliss,
Bears my soul to its hearth in the Alpine dell,
And my clustering children's kiss!
They are sleeping now, and their sunny dreams
Their father perchance recal,
Wandering beside far tropic streams,
Or through Isis' pictured hall;
And they start with extended arms to press
His much-loved form in vain;
But, hushed by a mother's tenderness,
Relapse into dreams again.
Sleep on, sleep on, my children! soon,
If Love have a prophet's power,
We shall, hand in hand, gaze on yon moon
From the depth of your summer bower.

J. A. St. John.

SONG.

UP, MARY, LOVE!

Up, Mary, love, up!—for the breeze is awake,
And the mists are retiring in wreaths from the lake:
At the lark's early melody, joyous and shrill,
Leaps the stag from his lair, and the goat on the hill.

Our boats are all ready — their streamers displayed,
And the boatmen's blithe carol is heard in the glade;
Our friends are assembled — the gallant, the kind:
But the fairest and dearest still lingers behind.

In yon copse-waving isle, ere the closing of eve,
Fair cheeks will be glowing, young hearts will believe;
For a spirit of love and delight is abroad,
And sheds its sweet magic o'er mountain and flood.

'Tis sweet o'er the waters the bugle to hear,
With the oar's mingled dash falling faint on the ear;
To view, far beneath us, the glittering throng,
And catch the wild sounds of the dance and the song.

But sweeter by far from the revel to stray,
To cheat the mad whirl of the thoughtless and gay;
By the lake's lonely margin our vows to repeat,
And forget all beside in our blissful retreat.

And sweeter than all, in the slumbers of night
To recal in soft visions those hours of delight.—
Such joys, and ten thousand beside, wouldst thou prove,
Rise—join us—and bless us, oh Mary, my love!

J. F. W. H.

COLUMBINES.

Homely old English flowers! —without pretence
Of gaudy hue or enervating scent,—
Formal perchance, but gravely innocent,—
Dear English flowers! ye waft my spirit hence
To many an ancient garden, set in fence
Of prudish box,—where doth the royal Rose
Her reddest splendours to the noon disclose;
And poppies, gorgeous in their indolence,
Nod on their stems; with larkspurs of deep dyes,
Such as are melted in the evening skies;
And sweet-peas clinging round a dial grey,
A haunt beloved by careful bees and brown:
How sweet it were to spend a summer-day
Among its scents and blooms, forgetful of the town.

H. F. Chorley.

THE BRAZILIAN BRIDE.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

Among the nobles who suffered most from the invasion of Portugal, and who followed John VI. across the Atlantic, in search of a safer home in another hemisphere, was the Marquess de Gonsalva. He had married a young and lovely woman to whom he was tenderly attached. She suffered much at the separation from her home and family, and her health failed under the fatigue and privation of the voyage: she had scarcely reached Brazil, ere she died in giving birth to a son.

The Marquess remained a widower, devoting himself to the care of his child, and the reparation of his ruined fortune.

Alonzo was a fine generous-spirited boy; grateful and affectionate in his disposition, and very handsome in his person; his clear dark complexion, laughing eyes, and white teeth, were united to a form remarkable for its just proportions and natural grace. It was on the

subject of his education that his father felt most severely the change of his circumstances; he could not afford to send him to Europe, but all the scanty means that Rio de Janeiro supplied, were put in requisition, and in every respect made the most of.

"What a pity it is," thought the good Marquess, "that my boy, who is beyond all doubt the finest and most talented boy in the country, should lose any advantage that *money* could procure. Money, money, where are you to be had!" cried the father, impatiently pacing the room: he suddenly stopped, and appeared for a full half hour wrapped in thought; then, starting from his reverie, ordered his horse, rode in great haste to the convent of ——, had a long conference with his sister the Abbess, returned home, declined an invitation to a ball, and wrote letters the remainder of the evening.

A large and important looking packet was addressed to a Portuguese merchant, well known as a man of great wealth, at St. Paul's. About the time an answer might be expected, the Marquess became anxious and impatient: it arrived at length; Alonzo took it to his father, who shut himself up in his room to read it.

Presently, Alonzo was called: "My boy," said the Marquess, rubbing his hands in great glee; "how would you like to be *married*?" Alonzo was just turned seventeen, and therefore answered without a moment's hesitation, "Very much indeed, sir!"—and as he spoke, the bright eyes of Donna Clara, the little peeping foot of Donna Julia, and the separate perfec-

tions of half a dozen other Donnas, glanced in delightful confusion across his mind. "Then married you shall be," replied his father; "sit down, my son, I have an important communication to make. I need not inform you that we have lost almost the whole of our property, with but very little hope of regaining it; —in fact we are *very* poor. I wish you to go to Europe, and for the next few years to have every advantage that travel, study, and an introduction to the first society can give: I wish you, in short, to take your station in the world,—that station for which your birth and talents so eminently fit you; but this wish cannot be accomplished without *money;* and money, as we are situated, cannot be procured, except by —marriage."—A pause:—the blood receded from the cheek of Alonzo, but bowing his head, he replied, "I understand you, sir." The Marquess proceeded: "Senhor Josef Mendez owes his rise of life to my father, and much also to me; he is, as you well know, considered the richest individual in Brazil: he has only one child, a daughter, the sole inheritor of his wealth. I have proposed a marriage between you and her, frankly offering the fair barter of rank on one side for wealth on the other. I believed it to be the secret wish of his heart that his daughter should be ennobled by marriage; gratitude unites with pride, and he has accepted my offer with the utmost eagerness. It is arranged that we instantly proceed to St. Paul's, where the ceremony will take place: from thence you start for England. My worthy friend, Mr.

Mordaunt, will meet you at Falmouth. I write to him by this next packet, offering him so handsome an income, that I have no doubt whatever he will become your tutor, guide, and companion, during your five years of travel and study. At the expiration of that time, you will return to your home and friends,— your bride, and father. I pray only that I may not be snatched away before that happy moment arrives; — I shall then die in peace!" The father and son embraced with emotion. "But,—" said Alonzo, hesitatingly; "but, — the lady, sir?" — "True, — the lady," replied the Marquess; "why, — your *lady* is but a child at present, — she has not yet completed her thirteenth year, and I regret to say (the Marquess tried to look grave,) her health is considered delicate: however, in all that personally regards *her*, I confess I am rather deficient in information."

Preparations were speedily made for their departure. Alonzo, who was an universal favourite, took leave of all his young friends with a heavy heart; they merely knew he was going to St. Paul's, and from thence to Europe; his intended marriage was a secret.

His last visit was to his aunt, the Abbess. "May the saints protect you, son of my brother!" cried the good lady: "Alonzo, thou art the last support and representative of our ancient and noble house; — blessed be the chance that brings it back to wealth and independence! But remember, Alonzo, thou takest upon thee a duty most delicate and most difficult towards the hand that bestows these blessings. There

is no good in this world without its attendant evil: — may thy golden chains lie lightly on thee!"

They embarked, and in a few days reached St. Paul's. They were met on board by Senhor Josef, a little elderly man, shrewd and active, — with a long queue, cocked-hat, brown dress-coat, and flowered waistcoat. His joy and pride were almost too great for words, and for once in his life natural feeling swept away his whole routine of compliment; which is saying a great deal for an old Portuguese.

The house of Senhor Josef was situated in the centre of the town, and was not at all distinguished from its neighbours, either in its outside or inside appearance; comfort had made less progress here than even at Rio. A heavy, dull looking building, with large white-washed rooms, a few of them only matted; rows of old-fashioned chairs ranged round the wall, or projecting in two stiff rows from the ends of a venerable looking sofa; a couple of small tables, to match, looked at each other from exactly opposite sides, and were ornamented with artificial flowers somewhat faded, in vases; a French clock in a glass case, old massive silver candlesticks, with candles ready to light, decorated with wreaths of white cut paper; — such was the appearance of the grand *sala* of the wealthiest man in Brazil.

They were met at the entrance by a little, dark, fat, good-humoured Senhora, arrayed in stiff flowered satin, whom Senhor Josef introduced as his sister Theresa. She gave Alonzo a hearty smack on each cheek, and

led him into the sala, where presently a small table was brought in by two neatly dressed black damsels, covered with cakes and very fine fruit. While Alonzo was paying his compliments to these delicacies, the two fathers were talking apart: "The ship sails to-morrow," said the Marquess: "it is very soon," and he sighed; "but, as you observe, we had better not lose the opportunity."

"Much better not," replied Senhor Josef; "every thing is arranged; licence from the bishop, the priest, and the witnesses; all can be completed in an hour from this time."

"And your daughter?"

"Why, my lord, you know Isabella is but a child, and a sickly child; she has been sadly spoiled and petted, and, in consequence of her ill health and my numerous avocations, her education has been somewhat neglected: however, we must begin to make up for lost time."

"Well, Senhor," said the Marquess, with a sort of effort, "the sooner the business is finished the better." Senhor Josef whispered to his sister, and they both left the room. The Marquess then informed Alonzo that the ceremony would take place instantly, and that to-morrow he would leave for Europe. The Marquess also thought it prudent to prepare his son for the appearance of his bride, and after having repeated what her father had stated, he continued: "Promise me, Alonzo, to conceal as much as possible any unfavourable emotion she may excite: remember we have set our fate upon this cast!"

"We have indeed, sir!" said Alonzo, gravely; "but the sacrifice is great." By this expression, Alonzo did not mean that he or his rank was sacrificed, although his more worldly father put this interpretation on his words; no,—the natural integrity, and yet unsullied freshness of his youthful feelings, told him that he was selling his honour and independence, and what youth prizes so much in perspective, free choice in his wedded love.

They retired to their separate half-furnished bedrooms to make some alteration in their dress; which was scarcely completed when a request arrived that they would meet Senhor Josef in his private room. Thither they went, and found him with a notary, a priest, and two witnesses. A deed was handed over to the Marquess to read, by which a very handsome settlement was made on his son; the Marquess expressed his gratitude, and Alonzo kissed the hand of his new father · the deed was signed and sealed, and copies put in their possession. Senhor Josef's will was next read, in which, after providing for his sister, and bequeathing to her the only house he had, (their present residence,) the rest of his immense fortune he settled exclusively on his daughter. He also expressed his intention to make all fixed and sure by winding up his mercantile concerns before the return of Alonzo: but no land would he purchase; he was aware that a large hereditary estate in Portugal belonged by right to the Marquess, which in all probability he would possess in peace before he died.

These interesting arrangements being completed, the party were requested to proceed to the oratory, where the marriage ceremony was to take place.

Both the father and son felt sad misgivings on the subject of the bride herself, and it was with a throbbing heart that Alonzo, especially, approached the oratory: his father, yet apprehensive of the final events, whispered emphatically, "Senhor Josef has performed his part nobly:—oh, my son! for *my* sake struggle to support yours." Alonzo pressed his father's hand, but his heart was too full to answer.

Although the day shone brightly through the arched and small-paned windows of the oratory, it was, as usual in catholic chapels on occasions of ceremony, lighted with a great number of huge wax candles, which produced a most disagreeable effect. Two rows of slaves, male and female, were drawn up on each side; the priest and witnesses took their stations, as did Alonzo and the Marquess. Senhor Josef had gone for his sister and daughter.

A few painful minutes elapsed. At length a scuffle was heard in the passage, and "*Non quero! non quero!*" was shrieked out by a weak but shrill female voice. A moment afterwards Senhor Josef appeared with his sister, actually dragging in a thin, dark, lanky form, that was making all the opposition it was capable of, by biting, scratching, and screaming. The father and aunt were assisted by four young mulatto females, whose disordered white dresses, and flowers falling from their heads, showed but too clearly in what des-

perate service they had been engaged. The girl herself was dressed in thickly-worked Indian muslin, trimmed with rich lace, but which, according to the Portuguese taste, was nearly as yellow as her own complexion; in her ears and round her neck were clumsily set diamonds of great value; her hair they had attempted to dress in vain, and it fell over her shoulders, long, strait, and black. Anger and mortification were deeply impressed on the countenances of her father and aunt; and all present looked dismayed. —But poor Alonzo! his blood ran cold: he actually sickened — and nothing but the imploring look of his father prevented him rushing from the oratory. When fairly placed in the centre of the circle, the girl shook herself free, and threw back her disordered hair: she was panting with rage and exertion evidently beyond her strength; she glanced first on the Marquess, and then turned her eyes steadily on Alonzo. Every one was wondering what would happen next; when to their surprise and relief, after a long and childish stare, she stepped up quietly and placed herself beside him. The priest, who knew her well, lost not the favourable moment, and instantly commenced the service. She went through it with perfect composure, every now and then turning round to look at her companion. Once did Alonzo raise his eyes to meet hers,— but *his* fell, as if avoiding the gaze of a basilisk: he visibly shrunk as he touched her cold and skinny hand — in short, he could not conceal the agony he suffered. Nevertheless, the ceremony came to its conclusion, and with a

sort of convulsive effort he turned to salute his bride. But she had already reached the door, (no one thought proper to prevent her;)—there she stopped, and once again fixed her very large, black, and fearfully brilliant eyes upon Alonzo: their expression was changed, it was no longer the same as at the altar; but what that expression was, Alonzo, though haunted by it for years after, could never make out.

The party left the oratory. The Marquess was the first to recover his composure, and conversed freely on indifferent topics until dinner was announced. Senhora Theresa made an apology for her neice, who, she said, was too unwell to join them. They sat down to a repast more abundant than elegant; and the gloom quickly disappeared from every countenance but one.

In the evening, the fathers had a long conference over their coffee; and Alonzo, availing himself of the excuse his intended early embarkation provided, retired for the night to his chamber.

After a light and hurried breakfast on the following morning, he prepared to depart. The Senhora expressed her deep regret that Isabella was not sufficiently recovered, after the agitating scene of the preceding day, to take leave of him personally; but — and the good Senhora was proceeding with a string of apologies, when Alonzo impatiently interrupted her by placing in her hand a morocco case containing a set of pink topaz of the latest London fashion, which he had brought from Rio as a present for his bride. He mumbled something about the Senhora presenting it

in his name, as it appeared he could not have the honour of offering it himself. Away went the aunt with her prize, and returned in a few minutes with a ring containing one deep-yellow diamond of value enough to purchase a dozen of his pink topaz sets, and this was given with many fine speeches from his bride, made up by the Senhora with the felicity of her sex on such occasions.

After receiving the blessing of his new relatives, he went on board, accompanied by the Marquess, who took leave of him with the greatest affection; giving him of course much wise counsel, mixed with the heartiest congratulations on his good fortune: but not one word was breathed by either concerning her who was at once the maker and marrer of all, — the rivet to those golden links, without which, indeed, they would have lain lightly enough. The Marquess was a man of much tact; he felt that any thing he could say on this delicate subject *must* be wrong.

A few weeks brought Alonzo to Falmouth, where he was met by Mr. Mordaunt, his tutor. They proceeded together to the Continent, where it was arranged they should spend three years in travel and study; the two remaining years were to be devoted entirely to England.

Mr. Mordaunt was admirably calculated for the office assigned to him, and soon became affectionately attached to his pupil.

Three delightful years flew rapidly by. The most interesting spots in France, Germany, and sacred Italy

were visited. The study of the best authors in each language; that of the history, government, manufactures, and works of art, of each country; together with the acquaintance of the most eminent men — all contributed to exalt and enrich the highly gifted mind of Alonzo, and to fill his heart with the noblest sentiments of benevolence and patriotism. During this time he might have been pronounced among the happiest of mortals, — but in his overflowing cup one black and bitter drop was mingled.

Mr. Mordaunt had been made aware of Alonzo's marriage, and of all the circumstances attending it, by the Marquess. In the first letter Alonzo received from his aunt the Abbess, were these words: "The only chance you have of domestic *peace*, (happiness is perhaps out of the question,) in your peculiar circumstances, is to *guard your heart* with the most vigilant care: if once that treasure pass into the possession of another, guilt and misery will attend you through life. I repeat to you again and again, *guard your heart!*" This letter was handed to his tutor, who, pointing to the last sentence, said emphatically, "let that be your watchword."

During his residence on the Continent, his time and attention were too much occupied, his change of residence too frequent, to allow of his affections being at any time in danger. And, beside the observing eye of Mr. Mordaunt, and the watchword of the reverend Abbess, it must be noticed that the young Don was not of that lightly inflammable nature, which the sparkle of

an eye, the smile of a rosy lip, or the touch of a delicate hand, could ignite in an instant. But Mr. Mordaunt perfectly agreed with the Abbess in opinion that if ever he *loved*, it would be deeply, passionately, and therefore to him — fatally.

At the appointed time they arrived in England: and a year and a half had been passed, with the highest advantage and improvement, in travelling through that extraordinary country, and in visiting Scotland. The last six months they were to spend in London: and, alas! the dreadful evil, from a quarter so little suspected that even Mr. Mordaunt appeared to be thrown off his guard, approached; and the god of love was, as a poet would say, amply avenged for the sacrilege that had been perpetrated in profaning the sacred band of Hymen.

Alonzo was at the opera with his friend the Brazilian *Chargé d' Affaires*. He thought, as he looked round, that he had never been in any public place of amusement where the *sex* showed to so much advantage as at the English Opera; the absence of crowd, the light not too glaring, the superb dresses, contributed, he supposed, to produce this effect. He observed the Chargé attentively viewing through his glass some person in an opposite box, and he fancied many other glasses were pointed in the same direction: he looked also, and his eye immediately rested on one of the most beautiful young women he thought he had ever seen: there was that peculiar *something*, however, in her complexion, style, and dress, which marked her as a

foreigner. "Who is that?" said he to the Chargé; "she looks French or Spanish."

"Neither," said the Chargé, exultingly; "she is one of *us* — Brazilian!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Alonzo, in an accent of surprise and pleasure.

"Have you not heard of her?" asked his friend: "she is called *the beautiful Brazilian*, and is the novelty of the season, making sad havoc in the hearts of her English admirers. She has come out under the auspices of the Countess of Godolphin, the lady next her.

"What is her name?"

"Donna Viola de Montezuma."

"The name is noble," observed Alonzo, "but I do not recollect it at Rio."

"Her family is settled in the north of Brazil: she herself, however, has just come from Rio, with her duenna and suite, to finish her education. She is an heiress, and is reported to be *engaged* in Portugal. Would you like to go round? I will introduce you."

"If you please:"—and away they went.

The Chargé first introduced Alonzo to the Countess, and then presented him as a fellow-countryman to the beautiful Brazilian. She received him with the most marked pleasure, and made a seat for him beside her.

"I am indeed most happy to become acquainted with you, Don Alonzo," said she, "if it were only to express to you the affection I feel for your dear aunt the Abbess, in whose convent I have been some time a

resident, and from whom I have received all the care and love of a mother — indeed, I owe her *very* much."

"Her love and care at least seem to have been well bestowed," replied Alonzo: "did you also know my father?"

"Intimately; — and I may also venture to say that I know *you*, so much have I heard of you from the Marquess and your aunt: I am sure no son or nephew was ever more beloved."

Alonzo sighed as he recollected that neither of them had mentioned this lady in their letters: the reason was obvious, — and he felt a pang more acute than usual when he looked on her lovely and intelligent countenance, — glanced over a figure that appeared to him perfection, and listened to her lively and natural remarks — then compared her with that one of whom he could scarcely endure in any way to think.

The next morning, he mentioned to Mr. Mordaunt, as carelessly as he could, his introduction of the preceding evening.

"I have heard of that lady," observed Mr. Mordaunt. "She is a good specimen of your countrywomen,—does great credit to Brazil, and would make, I dare say, an excellent English marriage, if she were not already engaged."

"She is really then engaged?" inquired Alonzo.

"Decidedly — to a Portuguese nobleman: this has been published as much as possible to keep lovers at a distance."

"Well," thought Alonzo, "as *she* is engaged, and *I*

married, there *can* be no danger:" and that very evening (for the lady, he understood, was not permitted to receive morning visitors,) beheld him at the Countess's.

An intimacy soon sprung up between them, as was natural between persons of the same age and station in a foreign country. There was no one that Viola was, or appeared, half so pleased to see as Don Alonzo. She had always a new song to sing to him, a new drawing to show to him, or a new book to recommend. She was fond of chess, and many a happy moment did he spend while the Countess was engaged at her whist. But never in his eyes was she so fascinating as when, passing the black ribbon of her guitar over her shoulder, she accompanied herself in *their* own beautiful national melodies; her voice was exquisitely sweet and clear; the execution finished and graceful. At those moments an exclusive affinity appeared to exist between them; although there might be, and often were, numerous other listeners and admirers, it was *his* eye only that she sought for approval.

They met frequently at public places, and also at other houses. Viola was a beautiful dancer, and he felt proud (he knew not why, for it was nothing to him,) of the admiration she excited. Sometimes he waltzed with her, and with a beating heart caught here and there a half whisper from the spectators — "The two Brazilians — an interesting couple, are they not?"

It was thought better that Viola, on account of her peculiar situation, should continue to observe, although

in England, the strict form of her own national manners. Immediately after dancing she returned to the side of the Countess or her chaperone; she never went out for exercise except when so accompanied, and she never received any visitor except in such presence. These arrangements gave great satisfaction to Alonzo, (he did not know why, for it was nothing to him,) although he frequently suffered by them.

"Guard your heart!" conscience whispered to Alonzo. Alas! his heart had escaped—but he guarded his manners, and they were the next best security: he tried to watch even his very eyes; he never flirted, he never complimented; in fact, he succeeded so well, that the Countess and Mr. Mordaunt appeared to have no suspicion; but he could not deceive himself, and he was not quite so sure that he deceived Viola.

Time glided by unheeded: the London season was near its close, when, one morning at breakfast, Mr. Mordaunt observed, "Well, Alonzo, time gets on, we are now in July, and before the end of October you must be safely landed at Rio. We must secure your passage in the next month's packet."

All this was well known and fully expected, yet did the intimation astound Alonzo. "So soon! can it be possible!"

The same evening they were *en famille* at the Countess's: the whist and chess tables were arranged as usual. "What are you thinking of, Don Alonzo, to make such a move as that?" inquired Viola: "you are a little absent — out of spirits this evening."

"I ought not to be so," said Alonzo, trying to rally, "for we have been busy all day planning and arranging about our voyage home."

"Indeed!" said Viola. Alonzo thought she sighed: certainly she in her turn made a false move. Soon after, a servant entered with a case of jewels belonging to Viola, which had returned from being repaired: while looking at them Alonzo observed, that she was not a little envied by the London belles for the splendour of her jewels.

"How comes it," said she, "that I never see *you* wear any ornaments, not even a ring? Our young Brazilian beaux are naturally so fond of these decorations."

"I assure you," said Mr. Mordaunt, looking off his cards, "Don Alonzo has one of the most superb rings I ever saw — a single yellow diamond of great value."

Alonzo felt irritated, he scarcely knew why, and replied in a bitter sarcastic tone, quite unusual with him —"Yes, I have a yellow diamond, indeed, that I never wish to see, or to show to any one else."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before he felt their impropriety. "Draw your card, my lady, if you please," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Check," cried Alonzo, and with an effort looked at Viola. She was leaning on her hand; and her large, black, and brilliant eyes, with their long up-turned lashes were fixed on his. He started at the look—why or wherefore he could not imagine. — The eyes were withdrawn, and the game continued.

A few evenings after, he was leading her from a

dance to place her as usual by the side of the Countess; they had to traverse three or four crowded rooms before they could reach the one where her ladyship was seated at whist; they moved very slowly and loiteringly along, seemingly in no great hurry to arrive at their destination.

"Are you *really* going to leave us next month, Don Alonzo?"

"Really:—and *you*, Donna Viola, what becomes of you?"

"I go to Portugal."

"And *there*?" said Alonzo in an inquiring tone.

"O there *we* shall not remain long; our Brazilian property will require our presence."

"Then we shall meet again," said Alonzo eagerly.

"I hope so—I dare say, in a few months."

"Well, that is some comfort!"—and he seemed to respire more freely; then after a pause—"but I shall never again meet *Viola!*"

"But Viola, Don Alonzo," she replied firmly, "will meet you as she has always met you; what she has been, she will continue to be—your sincere and affectionate friend."

"Thank you, Viola, thank you!—but pray do not speak another word to me just now." He placed her in her seat, and without looking at her, turned away and left the house.

Mr. Mordaunt had accepted the pressing invitation of Alonzo to accompany him to Brazil: their passage was taken and their preparations well forward. Alonzo

paid his farewell visits, and did all that was necessary on the occasion, with the most perfect composure.

A passage was also taken for Viola and her suite in the Lisbon Packet, and the day was fixed for her leaving town for Falmouth. The day following was decided on by Alonzo for the same purpose, but this he managed to conceal from her.

The morning before her departure, he called on the Countess. "You are come to take leave of Donna Viola," said her ladyship.

"No, I am not, I am come to take leave of *you*, (for I also am on the eve of quitting London,) and to thank you for all your kind attention."

"But why not of Viola?" said the Countess; "she will be so disappointed."

"It is better I should not."

"But what am I to say to her?" inquired she.

"Precisely what I have just said, — that it is better I should not."

The Countess returned no reply; and with all good wishes on each side, they parted.

The weather was beautiful, and Mr. Mordaunt appeared to enjoy his journey exceedingly; but Alonzo was absorbed in thought, and it was only now and then, when Mr. Mordaunt touched upon his approaching meeting with his father and his old Rio friends, that Alonzo could be roused for a moment. At the inns too he occasionally heard something that attracted his silent attention, of the beautiful young foreigner who had passed the day before.

They arrived at Falmouth in the morning to breakfast. With a beating heart, Alonzo inquired concerning the foreign lady and the Lisbon packet: the lady had gone on board the evening before, and the Lisbon and Rio packets were to sail early on the following morning.

After breakfast, the two gentlemen were engaged superintending the embarkation of their servants and baggage, and having taken an early dinner, went on board.

It was a lovely evening. Alonzo glanced at the merry and busy town of Falmouth, the numerous vessels, and the broad Atlantic, which lay stretched out before him: then his eye fixed, as though there were nothing else worth looking at, on the small vessel that lay nearest to him. He suddenly left his station, descended into a boat, and was in a few minutes on board.

In the outer cabin he met the duenna, who looked very much surprised at seeing him; but without speaking, threw open the door of the after cabin: — he entered, and the door closed behind him,

Viola lay on a couch, apparently absorbed in reading: the noise startled her, and she looked up; but nothing can express the astonishment painted on her countenance at the sight of Alonzo, who stood fixed as a statue before her. She sprang from the couch, and evidently her first feeling was to run towards him, but probably the strangeness of his look and demeanour arrested her; for she checked herself, and exclaimed, "Don Alonzo!"

"Viola!" said he, seizing both her hands, and gently forcing her to return to the seat she had left: "Viola!" (the word seemed to choke him,) "I cannot live without you — you are yet free, have pity on me!"

"Alonzo," she asked, in a tremulous voice, "are *you* free?"

"I am not *irrevocably* bound."

In a moment she seemed to recover her self-possession, and replied, "Then I must tell you, that *I am*. You are labouring under a fatal error; you think I am but engaged — *I am married*.— But stay!" she exclaimed, alarmed at the effect of her communication,— "stay! — one moment! — Alonzo! — I beseech you!"

It was in vain; he almost shook her off, rushed to his boat, and in a few minutes was on board of his own vessel: he pushed by Mr. Mordaunt, and every body and every thing that impeded his way to his cabin, where locking the door, he threw himself on his bed, in a state of mind not to be described.

Mr. Mordaunt took possession of the boat Alonzo had quitted, went on board the Lisbon packet, and had an interview with Donna Viola.

At day-break the following morning, Alonzo, wrapped in a cloak, and his hat slouched over his brow, stood on the deck, watching with gloomy composure the Lisbon packet getting under weigh: she soon began to move, — a few minutes more, and she was dashing through the water close beside him. Desperate thoughts for an instant darkened his mind; a

feeling of revenge and despair, beset him, and he felt a strong temptation to plunge into the wake of the flying vessel, — when one of the latticed windows of the after-cabin was suddenly thrown open; he saw a waving handkerchief, and then the form of Viola herself, her eyes streaming with tears, kissing both her hands, and waving them to him. He had just time to return the salutation: his dark purpose vanished, the weakness of his mother came over him, and he wept: "She loves me!" — that thought alone, single and abstracted, brought back the blood in a rush of transport to his heart: "She loves me! — and nobly sets me the example of a virtuous submission to our fate!"

A friendly hand at that moment was laid on his; Mr. Mordaunt drew him to his cabin. "Alonzo," he said, "I have been sadly to blame, — I ought to have foreseen and guarded against all this. Donna Viola, whom I saw last evening, bade me give you this note," putting one into his hand.

Alonzo tore it open. "Alonzo, I conjure you, for the sake of your father—for *my* sake—struggle against your fatal and hopeless passion! We shall very soon meet again, — let us meet in peace, in innocence, and friendship! Heaven bless you, and heaven forgive us both, for we have been much to blame! — Viola."

Viola was very inexperienced, and Mr. Mordaunt knew very little about love, otherwise Alonzo had never received this note, which only added fuel to the flame: he kept it next his heart, and read it every

day during the passage. He questioned Mr. Mordaunt closely concerning his interview with Viola the preceding evening, and especially inquired whether he could give him any information concerning her husband. "I am told," he said, "that he is a man of high rank, very rich, old, and infirm. He has married the orphan daughter of his friend, merely as a safeguard to her and her property in these dangerous times." At this intelligence, Alonzo's heart bounded with secret joy: he became comparatively tranquil, but he would not analyse his feelings — he dared not.

A few weeks brought them to Rio. On entering its superb harbour Mr. Mordaunt was struck with admiration at the magnificent and beautiful scenery that surrounded him; but to the heart of Alonzo it spoke yet more feelingly, entwined as it was with all his dear and early associations. He could have kissed the black and barren rock of the Sugar-Loaf: it was passed, and threw open the graceful sweep of the Bay of Botafogo, surrounded with its wooded and lofty mountains: this too was passed, and the harbour of Rio appeared. Great political changes had taken place, and the imperial flag waved upon every fort and hill. The visiting boat approached, and by the side of the officer sat Alonzo's watchful and expecting father, who in a few minutes more was locked in the arms of his son. On their landing, friends crowded round them: in the afternoon they visited the good kind Abbess; and the evening was employed in renewing Alonzo's recollections of his young female friends, most of whom had

now become wives and mothers; and those whom he had known as children had started up into young women, a process remarkably rapid in that country. He was pleased to observe the vast improvement that, even during the short period of his absence, had taken place at Rio, as far as concerned the comforts and refinements of domestic life. On the following morning he was presented at court:—in short, for two or three days he had not leisure even to *look* melancholy.

But one morning after breakfast, (a time universally agreed upon for making disagreeable communications,) his father informed him that in about a month, Donna Isabella might be expected with her father and aunt. "I have taken a temporary residence for you, which I think you will like, at Botafogo—(I say *temporary*, for you will soon be offered, what you most desire, a diplomatic mission to Europe;) and the furnishing and arranging this residence has been my hobby for the last six months. If you and Mr. Mordaunt have no objection, we will ride to see it this afternoon." "If you please, sir," was the only reply; and, accordingly, at the appointed time they set out. The house and situation were both delightful; the furniture tasteful and costly. The apartment peculiarly appropriated to Donna Isabella, and called her garden-room, opened into a delicious parterre; it contained tables for needle-work and drawing, book-cases filled with a choice collection in English, French, and Italian: there were also a piano, harp, and guitar.

"Is Donna Isabella such a proficient in music?"

asked Alonzo with a sarcastic smile. "She is, I believe, very fond of it," quietly replied the Marquess. Alonzo, with much warmth and sincerity, thanked his father for the kind pains he had taken; then sighed, and thought how happy he could be here with — certainly not with Donna Isabella.

After the first novelty of his arrival had worn off, Alonzo relapsed into sadness; a settled gloom was gathering on his youthful brow, a sickening indifference to all around was gradually stealing over him. His father and Mr. Mordaunt did all they could to arouse and distract his attention. Excursions into the country were frequently made, especially to the botanical garden about six miles from the city. It is arranged with exquisite order and good taste, encircled by bold and rugged mountain-scenery, opening towards the ocean,—reposing in all its richness of floral beauty, with its shady and stately trees, its leafy bowers and gushing streams, like a gem in the wilderness,— like the deckt and lovely bride of a dark-browed warrior in those stern days of "auld lang syne," of which one loves to dream in spots like these. Water-parties to the many beautiful islands,—society and study, —were all tried, and in vain: every day, every hour, seemed to increase the despondency of Alonzo; but he never complained, never even touched in any way upon the subject that caused it. Upwards of three weeks passed in this manner.

Alonzo was fond of the society of the Abbess: with the unerring tact of her sex, she managed his

present mood: she would sit opposite to him, employed at her old-fashioned embroidery frame, for an hour without speaking: this was just what he liked. One afternoon he had ensconced himself in his accustomed seat in her little grated parlour: he scarcely observed her entrance, but instead of seating herself at her frame, she stepped towards him.

"Alonzo, I am glad you have come, for I was just going to send for you."

"To send for me?" repeated he listlessly.

"Yes, a friend of yours has arrived at the convent, and wishes to see you."

"A friend of mine!"

"You recollect, I suppose, Donna Viola de Montezuma?"

He started from his seat — the shock was electric.

"Viola, did you say! — Donna Viola! — recollect her! — what of her? — what of her?"

"She has become a widow."

"Go on!"

"She arrived at Lisbon just in time to receive the last breath of her expiring husband. After the funeral, she consigned her affairs there into proper hands, and delayed not a moment in returning to this country, where they demand her instant attention. She arrived yesterday, and remains here for a short time. — She wishes to see you."

"I am ready," said Alonzo.

The Abbess left the room. "This is too—*too* much!" he exclaimed aloud, as he paced the little parlour with

hurried steps. A slight rustling near the grate arrested him: it was Viola in deep mourning, looking more lovely and interesting than ever. She presented him her hand through the grate — he knelt, and prest it to his lips, to his heart, to his burning forehead. "Alonzo," she said in the kindest and most soothing tone, "I have heard from the Abbess of your marriage, and I fear that I have innocently contributed to render that, which might have proved the highest blessing, a source of bitter misery. What can I do but to entreat you to arm yourself with the resolution of acting right? I confess that your forcing me to lose my esteem for you, would be the greatest pain you could inflict, even although your affection *for me* were the cause. Promise me, Alonzo —"

He hastily interrupted her: "I will promise nothing — nothing! — Heaven grant that I may do what is right, but, in the present state of my mind, I will pass my word for nothing."

Viola sighed. "Well," she resumed, "I shall see whether Alonzo be really what I believed him, or not: I shall see whether he be capable of sacrificing the happiness of his young and innocent wife, and of his doating father — his own honour and principles, to the shadow of a shade; for such is all hope of *me*. Heaven bless you, Alonzo! and support you through this trial! You have my prayers, my best, my warmest wishes: *deserve* to be happy, and leave the rest to Providence."

She disappeared: — he still remained kneeling at

the grate, apparently wrapt in thought: at length a ray of light seemed to break through the darkness that surrounded him; a single spark of hope saved him from utter despair. He decided that in his first interview with Donna Isabella, he would reveal every secret of his heart; he would conjure her, as she valued their mutual happiness, to assist him in breaking the tie that had been made between them: he would recall to her recollection the fatal hour of their union, when reluctance on his side, and the necessity of absolute force on hers, formed but an evil omen of future concord. Since that moment they had never met, had never even corresponded; he had formed elsewhere a deep and serious attachment, and so perhaps had she. As to the debt he had incurred towards her and her family, with a little time and indulgence it would be cleared, as the property in Portugal was on the eve of being restored to his father. Thus, if they acted with determination, and in unison, there could be no doubt of their succeeding in breaking the galling fetters in which the mistaken zeal of their relatives had bound them. "If," he exclaimed, "she be not utterly devoid of the common pride and delicacy of her sex, there is but one step to take: — she will — she must take it — and I shall become free and happy!"

Full of this thought, he left the convent; and, on his return home, sought Mr. Mordaunt, and laid his project before him. Mr. Mordaunt listened with the utmost kindness and sympathy: he saw but one objection to the attempt: if Donna Isabella, in spite of

all he could urge, should refuse to enter into his views, how much wider would it make the breach between them! how much would it diminish their chance of happiness! But to this side of the picture, Alonzo absolutely refused to turn; and Mr. Mordaunt, seeing him perfectly resolved, gave up the point, glad, at all events, that Alonzo had even this slight support to lean upon until the crisis arrived.

At the top of the Marquess's small and rather inconvenient abode, was a room which, on account of its height and airiness, and the view of the harbour it commanded, the gentlemen preferred to breakfast, and to spend the morning in: a spy-glass was fixed here, to which of late the eye of the Marquess had been often and anxiously applied. One morning, about a week after the scenes just described, the Marquess seemed more than usually on the alert, watching the approach of a fine Brazilian merchant-ship. "Is she near the fort?"—"here she comes,"—"she is abreast of it,"—"now for it!" and as he spoke, up flew a private signal. The Marquess clasped his hands, and exclaimed in a half-whisper, to Mr. Mordaunt, "Thank Heaven, there they are at last!" and the two gentlemen instantly left the room.

"Well," thought Alonzo, "I am not bound to know that there they are at last, until I am informed of it;" and he tried again to rivet his attention to his study. Three intolerably long hours passed away: a note was then brought to him from the Marquess: "Donna Isabella, her aunt, and father, have arrived,

and are now at Botafogo. The two ladies are somewhat fatigued, and prefer not receiving you until the evening; therefore between seven and eight, Mr. Mordaunt and the carriage will be at your door."

Alonzo sent away his untouched dinner; he dressed *en grande toilette;* and, taking down Walter Scott's last new novel, strove to fix his attention on its delightful pages. Alonzo had generally the power of exercising great mastery over his mind; to an indifferent observer he would appear rather cold, reserved, and not easily acted upon in any way; but, when his feelings once burst their barrier, it was with a violence proportioned to the restraint he had thrown over them.

At half-past seven, the carriage drew up to the door, and Alonzo immediately descended to it. "I am glad to see you are quite ready," said Mr. Mordaunt, as he entered: the door closed; and they drove off.

"You have seen Donna Isabella?" inquired Alonzo.

"Yes, I have," was the laconic reply, with evidently a wish of saying no more. After a considerable pause, Mr. Mordaunt asked whether he still kept to his purpose.

"Certainly," said Alonzo firmly—and no further conversation passed.

Half an hour brought them to their destination: with a throbbing heart, Alonzo descended from the carriage. They were shown into the grand *sala,* brilliantly lighted. Here were assembled Senhor Josef and Senhora Theresa, the Marquess, and the Abbess with an attendant nun; the old lady had not left her

convent for many years, but on this occasion she was determined to be present.

Alonzo saluted Senhor Josef and his sister, with gravity, but perfect and sincere kindness; he kissed the hand of his aunt; then, turning to his father, begged to know where he might find Donna Isabella.

"She waits for you in her garden-room," replied the Marquess. Alonzo bowed, and left the *sala*.

He struggled successfully to continue the same appearance of composure, as he passed along the corridor which led to the garden-room: the door was ajar; he entered and closed it.

The room was only lighted by a single Grecian lamp, suspended from the centre; the latticed doors leading to the garden were thrown open, and the moonbeams quivered brightly on the rich festoons of flowers and foliage that twined around them. Leaning on the harp near the furthest door, stood a lady magnificently dressed as a bride; one hand hung listlessly at her side, in the other were gathered the folds of her veil, in which her face was buried. Alonzo advanced, and although somewhat prepared for a favourable alteration, he was struck with astonishment at the exquisitely fine and graceful form that stood before him. "Donna Isabella, I believe:" — no reply, and no change of position. He approached a little nearer, and ventured to take the unoccupied hand, whose slight and delicate fingers were covered with gems, but on the arm was only a single bracelet, and that was of *pink topaz*. "Donna Isabella, I venture to claim a few minutes' private con-

versation with you, on a subject that deeply concerns the happiness of us both: permit me to lead you to a seat." He paused — the emotion that visibly pervaded her whole frame convinced him that at least he was not addressing a statue. Suddenly she raised her head, clasped her hands, and sunk on her knees at his feet. Alonzo recoiled, as though a supernatural appearance had presented itself, while with a tone that thrilled through heart and brain, she exclaimed—

"Alonzo, can you forgive me?"—It was Viola!

"Can you forgive me for all the deception I have practised, and caused others to practise? May the prize I strove for — my husband's heart — plead my excuse!—I know it will!"

While she spoke, Alonzo in some degree recovered himself. He raised up the beautiful suppliant, and folding her in silence to his breast, kissed her with pure, intense, and devoted affection. He could not speak; he thought not and cared not how it had all been brought about; he only knew and felt that his wife was in his arms, and that *that wife was Viola.*

The party in the drawing-room, to whom the duenna was now added, were in an agony of impatient expectation. The Marquess at length led the way, and they all crept softly along the passage: "May we come in?"

"Come in," said Alonzo — the first words he had spoken since the denouement.

Their entrance dispersed, in a great measure, the concentrated feelings of Alonzo, and he became attentive to learn the mechanism by which his present

happiness had been effected. It appeared that the prepossession Isabella had conceived for her husband at the altar had produced a striking change on her, as love did on Cymon. Ill health, the absence of the usual means of education at St. Paul's, the ignorance and weak indulgence of those with whom she resided, had allowed weeds to spring up and choke the rich treasures of her mind. However, she accompanied the Marquess from St. Paul's, and was placed by him under the charge of the Abbess, where, in three years, her improvement in health, beauty, and mental attainments astonished all those who observed it. The two years she passed in England, under the most judicious care, had brought her to that point of perfection to which she had now arrived.

Alonzo had not the slightest recollection of any of her features except her eyes, which on the day of their union had that large size and troubled expression which usually attends ill-health. He could now account for the startling recollection that had passed over him one evening at the chess-board; the look she then gave and that with which she had impressed him on her leaving the oratory, were the same.

"And you, my grave and worthy tutor," said Alonzo, addressing Mr. Mordaunt, "did *you* join in this powerful league against me?"

"I confess," replied Mr. Mordaunt, "that I was in the service of the enemy; so much so, that on the evening you first met Donna Viola, and were introduced to her at the opera, I knew beforehand that such



Painted by T. Boaden.

a meeting and such an introduction would take place. I take this opportunity, however, of hinting, that you may thank your own impetuosity that the discovery was not prematurely advanced on board of the Lisbon Packet; for Donna Viola, terrified at your vehemence, would have revealed the whole truth, could she but have prevailed upon you to stay and hear it."

"Alas! for my vehemence," exclaimed Alonzo; and trying to collect his puzzled thoughts, he turned to the Abbess: "And you too, my dear aunt,— you too, my Lady Abbess! it is well you have the power of absolving yourself for all those little fibs you told me the other day."

"May Our Lady grant me absolution," replied the good Abbess devoutly, "for whatever stain of sin I may have contracted by playing a part in this masque!"

"Supper! supper!" cried out the Marquess, as he marshalled them the way. Alonzo seized his Viola (for thus he ever after named her, as if he dreaded that some magical delusion would again snatch her from his sight) — and never did a set of happier creatures meet than those which now encircled the sumptuous banquet, prepared in honour of this Brazilian Wedding.

MELROSE ABBEY.

BY JOHN FAIRBAIRN.

What spirit fills this holy place?
Is it Religion's mystic torch
That sheds a more than mortal grace
On fractured arch and ruined porch?

Beneath this sky-like dome have prayed
The heroes of the stormy ages;
And here their noble dust is laid,
Commingled with the saint's and sage's.

Untold thy strongest charm remains:
A Poet found thy secret powers,
Rebuilt thee by his heavenly strains,
And wrapt in glory all thy towers.

Now see we but what he hath told:
His spirit fills this mighty shrine —
Restores the lost, renews the old —
His immortality is thine.

THE RIDDLE OF LIFE.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

Come, thou sage philosopher,
Thou who never yet did'st err,
Who with power almost divine,
Bid'st reluctant truth be thine,
And, unaided, canst unfold
All this cunning earth doth hold;
If any praise to thee be due,
If thou and thy report be true,
Incline thine ear, contract thy brow,
And summon all thy wisdom now;
And henceforth be thy fame enhanced,
Solve me this riddle, — if thou canst.

First, let thy mental vision see
An infant on his mother's knee;
Nestled in softness, watched with care,
And hushed by love's unconscious prayer;
Not yet responsive to the smile,
The fingers' play, or tender wile;
Not yet acquainted with the skies,
Or light even of its mother's eyes;
Thoughtless of heaven, though newly thence;
Ungifted by each finer sense,
Imperfect, perfect Innocence.

The bud into a blossom blown,
Next view him into boyhood grown;
Bright golden locks his brows adorn,
His brave brows that outshine the morn.
Clear honour glows upon his face,
And strength about him strives with grace;
Virtue is portion of his blood,
And health instructs him to be good;
All nature to his heart appeals,
And every thing he sees, he feels;
Her scenes committed to his mind,
A smooth transparent surface find,
Nor from the brittle mirror pass;
So, pictures painted upon glass.
All things to him are as they seem;
We doubt, nor wonder in a dream.
This weakness, honoured sage, forgive,
It dies more quickly than we live.

Behold this rich and festive hall,
Where daylight struggles to the wall,
Through gorgeous hangings closely drawn,
That would, but cannot, hide the dawn.
He sits alone, — by pleasure stung,
The empty goblet from him flung;
A busy fever in the vein,
A silent throbbing in the brain,
Madness at work and reason slain.
A portrait hangs above his head,
It lives in art, but *she* is dead.

Say, shall I o'er that moral dwell?
No, 'twere too long a tale to tell.
Poor pleasure's child is passion's slave,
Bound in the rosy chains she gave;
He too enjoys his hour; — too late
Comes wisdom, when it comes with fate.

Now mark the man of middle age,
Virtue his foe, and scorn his gage;
And well doth he the conflict wage.
See him, in conscious power secure,
Dispense injustice to the poor;
Hear how he doeth ill by stealth,
And from the needy draws his wealth,
With hand of grasping avarice,
That gives not once, and taketh twice;
Moved by a tiger soul within,
Spotted like the tiger's skin.
Hear from his lips the damning lie,
And see the villain in his eye.
Long has his heart been hard, and long,
Though base, ere 'twas impelled to wrong;
But now, a new refinement found,
Ground into keenness, it can wound;
It feels not, but makes others feel;
The iron is refined to steel.

One scene, the last, is yet untold —
This infant, boy, and man, grown old;
Decrepitude his sole defence,
Grey hairs that claim no reverence;

All vice remembered, good forgot,
A fear to live, a dread to rot,
A horror of he knows not what.
So long was virtue out of call,
Vice is become habitual:
Custom so strong of doing ill,
It never asks the leave of will,
But acts,— still shifting the *until*.
And now Time bids him to begone,
And not that hoary power alone;
The dust begins her prey to crave,
The worm cries to him from the grave;
The dead accuse him from the tomb,—
The child rebukes him from the womb;
The past, the present, the to-come,
Point to his dark and silent home.
What refuge now? what compromise
Will now avail? what truth,— what lies?
What huddled penitence?— He dies!

Honour to him who largely lends,—
His good name is the loan of friends;
Praise be to all where'er 'tis due,
The quarry lends its marble too;
And praise to earth, whose mother's care
Has called him hence, and keeps him there.

Now then, thou sage philosopher,
If to the infant we recur,
And trace him through each onward stage,
To the long journey's end of age;

What by philosophy is found,
That reason may admit ? expound. —
Tell me, was this unsullied child
From infancy to age beguiled ?
Cozened by counters falsely played,
And to his dying hour betrayed ;
The book of virtue interleaved,
And by the gloss of vice deceived ?
Was this, or that, or what you will,
The active cause, the impulse still ?
Say, is there some external sin,
That works into the heart within ;
Did outward influence control,
Or was the bias in the bowl ?

Why ponder ? thou perhaps canst show,
More than to me was given to know ;
Thou mayst unwind the stubborn mesh
That holds alike the soul and flesh ;
Thou mayst with nicest skill define,
What error is, and what design ;
And how, when virtues stagnant brood,
Evil is formed from weaker good,
As petrified by water, wood.

O fool ! thy vain philosophy,
For heaven too low, for earth too high,
Like some dense fog that hangs between
This orb and the eternal sheen,

Darkens the earth whereon we dwell,
Till Heaven the cloudy mist dispel.
What wisdom, such as thine, can teach
Of each, or what is due to each?
One earnest prayer — one ray of faith,
One mind to all Religion saith, —
One heart, one hope, one conscious stay, —
Thy subtle folly melts away.
For earthly things is science given,
But Heaven is still the gift of Heaven.

STARS OF SONG.

Byron and Shelley, comets of our sphere,
Have swept their course erratic through the sky;
Now to the Empyrean soaring high,
Now down through darkest Chaos plunging sheer.
Two other Lights of Song, whose lustre clear
Was calm,—though quaint, and coloured diversely,—
Stern Crabbe and stately Scott, (names ne'er to die!)
Have closed on our sad eyes their bright career.

Now sets a fifth—in whom the flame divine
Burnt with a pure and high, though fitful beam:
Enthusiast Coleridge! favourite of the Nine!
Hast thou too left us, like a twilight dream?
—Yes, gone—but in a higher sphere to shine
Where Heavenly Love shall be the endless theme!

THE TWO KATES.

A Tale.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BUCCANEER," ETC.

"I cannot help observing, Mr. Seymour, that I think it exceedingly strange in you to interfere with the marriage of my daughter:—marry your sons, sir, as you please,—but my daughter!—that is quite another matter."

And Mrs. Seymour, a stately sedate matron, of the high-heeled and hoop school, drew herself up to her full height, which (without the heels) was five foot seven,—and fanning herself with a huge green fan, more rapidly than she had done for many months, looked askance upon her husband, a pale delicate man, who seemed in the last stage of a consumption.

"A little time, Mary!" (good lack! could such a person as Mrs. Seymour bear so sweet a name?) "a little time, Mary, and our sons may marry as they list for me,—but I have yet to learn, why you should have more controul over our Kate than I. Before I quit this painful world, I should like the sweet child to be placed under a suitable protector."

"You may well call her child, indeed;—little more

than sixteen. Forcing the troubles of the world upon her, so young. I have had my share of them, Heaven knows, although, I had nearly arrived at an age of discretion before I united my destiny to yours."

"So you had, my dear,—you were, I think, close upon forty!"

It is pretty certain that a woman who numbers thirty without entering "the blessed state," had better deliberate whether she is able to take up new ideas, forego "her own sweet will," and sink from an independent to a dependent being; but a woman of forty who is guilty of such an absurdity merits the punishment she is sure to receive. And though Mr. Seymour was a kind, amiable, and affectionate man, his lady was far from a happy woman: she had enjoyed more of her own way than generally falls to the lot of her sex, and yet not near so much as she desired or fancied she deserved. If Mr. Seymour would have held his tongue, and done exactly as she wished, it would have been all well; but this course he was not exactly prone to,—he having been, at least ten years before his marriage, what is generally termed an old bachelor. Let it not be imagined that Mrs. Seymour was one of your "shall and will" ladies,—no such thing; she was always talking of "female duties," of "gentle obedience," of "amiable docility;" and with her eyes fastened upon a piece of tent-stitch which she had worked in her juvenile days, representing Jacob drinking from Rebecca's pitcher, she would lecture her husband by the long winter hours, and the

midsummer sunshine, as to the inestimable treasure he possessed in her blessed self.

"Think, Mr. Seymour, if you had married a gad-about; *who* would have watched over *my* children?" (she never by any chance said *our* children.) — "I have never been outside the doors (except to church) these four years! — If you had married a termagant, how she would have flown at, and abused all your little — did I say *little*? I might with truth say, your *great* peculiarities. I never interfere, never; I only notice — for your own good — that habit for instance, of always giving Kate sugar with her strawberries, and placing the tongs to the left instead of the right of the poker — it is very sad!"

"My dear," Mr. Seymour would interrupt, "what does it signify whether the tongs be to the right or left?"

"Bless me, dear sir, you need not fly out so; I was only saying that there are some women in the world who would make *that* a bone of contention — I never do, much as it annoys *me*, — much as it leads the servants into careless habits, — much as it and other things grieve and worry my health and spirits, — I never complain! never. Some men are strangely insensible to their domestic blessings, and do not know how to value earth's greatest treasure, — a good wife! but I am dumb; I am content to suffer, to melt away in tears — it is no matter." Then, after a pause to recruit her breath and complainings, she would rush upon another grievance with the abominable whine of an aggrieved and much injured person, — a sort of mental and mono-

tonous wailing, which though nobody minded, annoyed every body within her sphere. Her husband was fast sinking into his grave; her sons had gone from Eton to Cambridge; and, when they were at home, took good care to be continually out of earshot of their mother's lamentations; — the servants changed places so continually, that the door was never twice opened by the same footman; — and the only fixture at Seymour Hall, where servants and centuries, at one time, might be almost termed synonymous, was the old deaf housekeeper, who, luckily for herself, could not hear her mistress's voice. To whom then had Mrs. Seymour to look forward, as the future source of her comforts,— (i. e.) of her tormenting? — even her daughter Kate,— the bonny Kate, — the merry Kate, the thing of smiles and tears, who danced under the shadow of the old trees, — who sang with the birds, — who learned industry from the bees, and cheerfulness from the grasshopper, — whose voice told in its rich full melody of young Joy and his laughing train, — whose step was as light on the turf as the dew or the sunbeam, — whose shadow was blessed as it passed the window of the poor and lowly cottager, heralding the coming of her, who comforted her own soul by comforting her fellow-creatures.—"How can it be possible," said every body, "that such a lovely, cheerful, cheering creature can be the child of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour? — the father, dear man, kind and gentle, but so odd;—the mother!" — and then followed a look and a shrug, that told of much disapprobation, and yet not half as much as was

most generously bestowed on the melancholy-dealing Mrs. Seymour.

Kate's father well knew that his days were numbered; and he looked forward with no very pleasurable feeling to his daughter's health and happiness being sacrificed at the shrine whereon he had offered up his own. Kate, it is true, as yet had nothing suffered: she managed to hear and laugh at her mother's repinings, without being rendered gloomy thereby, or giving offence to her mournful and discontented parent. She would, in her own natural and unsophisticated manner, lead her forth into the sunshine, sing her the gayest songs, read to her the most cheerful books, and gather for her the freshest flowers; — and sometimes, even Mrs. Seymour would smile, and be amused, though her heart quickly returned to its bitterness, and her soul to its discontent; but Mr. Seymour knew that this buoyant spirit could not endure for ever, and he sought to save the rose of his existence from the canker that had destroyed him. — She was earnestly beloved by a brave and intelligent officer, who had already distinguished himself, and who hoped to win fresh laurels whenever his country needed his exertions. It would be difficult to define the sort of feeling with which Kate received his attentions: like all young, *very* young girls, she thought that affection ought to be kept secret from the world, and that it was a very shocking thing to fall in love; — she consequently vowed and declared to every body, that "she had no idea of thinking of Major Cavendish; — that she was

too young, much too young to marry;—that her mamma said so." She even steeped her little tongue so deeply in love's natural hypocrisy, as to declare, *but only once*, "that she hated Major Cavendish." If he addressed her in company, she was sure to turn away, blush, and chatter most inveterately to her cousin, long Jack Seymour; if he asked her to sing, she had invariably a sore throat; and if he asked her to dance, she had sprained her ancle:—it was quite marvellous the quantity of little fibs she invented, whenever Major Cavendish was in the way; and it is probable that the calm, dignified, and gentlemanly soldier would never have declared his preference for the laughter-loving and provoking Kate, but for one of those little episodes which either make or mar the happiness of life.

I must observe that Kate's extreme want of resemblance to either her mournful mother or her pale and gentle father, was not more extraordinary than that Major Cavendish, as we have said,—the calm, and dignified Major Cavendish, at six-and-twenty,—should evince so great an affection for the animated and girlish creature, whom four years before his "declaration," he had lectured to, and romped with, but no, *not* romped —Major Cavendish was too dignified to romp, or to flirt either,—what shall I call it then?—laughed?—yes, he certainly *did* laugh, generally after the most approved English fashion,—his lips separated with a manifest desire to unite again as soon as possible, and his teeth, white and even, appeared to great advantage

during the exertion. Nobody thought that, though young and handsome, he would think of marriage, "he was so grave;" but on the same principle, I suppose, that the harsh and terrible thunder is the companion of the gay and brilliant lightning, majestic and sober husbands often most desire to have gay and laughing wives. — Now for the episode. Mrs. Seymour had fretted herself to sleep, Mr. Seymour had sunk into his afternoon nap, and Kate stole into her own particular room, to coax something like melody out of a Spanish guitar, the last gift of Major Cavendish; — the room told of a change, effected by age and circumstances, on the character of its playful mistress. — A very large Dutch baby-house, that had contributed much to her amusement a little time ago, still maintained its station upon its usual pedestal, the little Dutch ladies and gentlemen all in their places, as if they had not been disturbed for some months; on the same table were battledores, shuttlecocks, and skipping-ropes; while the table at the other end was covered with English and Italian books, vases of fresh flowers, music, and some richly ornamented boxes, containing many implements that ladies use both for work and drawing; respectfully apart, stood a reading stand, supporting Kate's bible and prayer-book; and it was pleasant to observe, that no other books rested upon those holy volumes.

The decorated walls would not have suited the present age, and yet they were covered with embroidery and engravings, and mirrors, and carvings;—showing

a taste not developed, yet existing in the beautiful girl, whose whole powers were devoted to the conquest of some music which she was practising both with skill and patience. There she sat on a low ottoman, her profile thrown into full relief by the back ground, being a curtain of heavy crimson velvet that fell in well-defined folds from a golden arrow in the centre of the architrave,—while summer drapery of white muslin shaded the other side—her features hardly defined, yet exhibiting the tracery of beauty,—her lips, rich, full, and separated, as ever and anon they gave forth a low melodious accompaniment to her thrilling chords. There she sat, practising like a very good girl,—perfectly unconscious that Major Cavendish was standing outside the window listening to his favourite airs played over and over again; and he would have listened much longer—but suddenly she paused, and, looking carefully round, drew from her bosom a small case, containing a little group of flowers painted on ivory, which he had given her, and which, poor fellow! he imagined she cared not for,—because, I suppose, she did not exhibit it in public! How little does mighty and magnificent man know of the workings of a young girl's heart!—Well, she looked at the flowers, and a smile bright and beautiful spread over her face, and a blush rose to her cheek, and suffused her brow,—and then it paled away, and her eyes filled with tears. What were her heart's imaginings Cavendish could not say; but they had called forth a blush,—a smile,—a tear,—love's sweetest tokens,—and, forgetting his con-

cealment, he was seated by her side, just as she thrust the little case under the cushion of her ottoman! — How prettily that blush returned, when Cavendish asked her to sing one of his favourite ballads,—the modest, half-coquetish, half-natural air, with which she said, "I cannot sing, *Sir*, — I am so very hoarse."

"Indeed, Kate! you were not hoarse just now."

"How do you know?"

"I have been outside the window for more than half an hour."

The blush deepened into crimson, — bright glowing crimson,—and her eye unconsciously rested on the spot where her treasure was concealed. He placed his hand on the cushion, and smiled most provokingly, saying, as plainly as gesture could say, —"Fair mistress Kate, I know all about it, you need not look so proud, so shy, — you cannot play the impostor any longer!" but poor Kate burst into tears, — she sobbed, and sobbed heavily and heartily too, when her lover removed the case, recounted the songs she had sung, and the feeling with which she had sung them; and she did try *very hard* to get up a story, about "accident" and "wanting to copy the flowers," — with a heap more of little things that were perfectly untrue; and Cavendish knew it, for his eyes were now opened; and after more, far more than the usual repetition of sighs and smiles, and protestations, and illustrations, little Kate *did* say, or perhaps, (for there is ever great uncertainty in these matters,) Cavendish said, "that if papa, or mamma, had no objection —— she believed, — she

thought, — she even hoped!" and so the matter terminated; — and that very evening she sang to her lover his favourite songs; and her father that night blessed her with so deep, so heartfelt, so tearful a blessing, that little Kate Seymour saw the moon to bed before her eyes were dry.

How heavily upon some do the shadows of life rest! Those who are born and sheltered on the sunny side of the wall know nothing of them, — they live on sunshine! they wake i' the sunshine — nay, they even sleep in sun-shine.

Poor Mr. Seymour, having gained his great object, married, in open defiance of his wife's judgment, his pretty Kate to her devoted Cavendish; laid his head upon his pillow one night about a month after, with the sound of his lady's complaining voice ringing its changes from bad to worse in his aching ears, — and awoke before that night was passed in another world. Mrs. Seymour had never professed the least possible degree of affection for her husband; she had never seemed to do so, — never affected it until then. But the truth was, she had started a fresh subject; — her husband's loss, her husband's virtues, nay her husband's faults, were all new themes; and she was positively charmed in her own way, at having a fresh cargo of misfortunes freighted for her own especial use: she became animated, and eloquent under her troubles; and, mingled with her regrets for her "poor dear departed," were innumerable wailings for her daughter's absence.

Kate Cavendish had accompanied her husband during the short deceitful peace of Amiens, to Paris,—and there the beautiful Mrs. Cavendish was distinguished as a wonder "si aimable,"—"si gentille,"—"si naïve,"—"si mignone:"—the most accomplished of the French court could not be like her, for they had forgotten to be natural; and the novelty and diffidence of the beautiful English-woman rendered her an object of universal interest. Petted and fêted she certainly was, but not spoiled. She was not insensible to admiration, and yet it was evident to all that she preferred the affectionate attention of her husband to the homage of the whole world; nor was she ever happy but by his side. — Suddenly the loud warwhoop echoed throughout Europe; — the First Consul was too ambitious a man to remain at peace with England, — and Major Cavendish had only time to convey his beloved wife to her native country when he was called upon to join his regiment. — Kate Cavendish was no heroine; she loved her husband with so entire an affection, a love of so yielding, so relying a kind — she leaned her life, her hopes, her very soul upon him, with so perfect a confidence, that to part from him was almost a moral death.

"How shall I think? — how speak? — how act, when you are not with me?" she said; "how support myself? — who will instruct me now, in all that is great, and good, and noble? — who will smile when I am right, who reprove me when I err, and yet reprove so gently that I would rather hear him chide than

others praise!" It was in vain to talk to her of glory, honour, or distinction,—was not her husband in her eyes sufficiently glorious, honourable, and distinguished? whom did she ever see like him?—she loved him with all the rich, ripe fondness of a young and affectionate heart;—and truly did she think that heart would break, when he departed.—Youth little knows what hearts can endure; they little think what they must of necessity go through in this work-a-day world; they are ill prepared for the trials and turmoils that await the golden as well as the humbler pageant of existence. After-life tells us how wise and well it is that we have no prospect into futurity. Kate Cavendish returned to her mother's house, without the knowledge of the total change that had come over her thoughts and feelings: her heart's youth had passed away, though she was still almost a child in years; and her mother had a new cause for lamentation. Kate was so dull and silent,—so changed; the green-house might go to wreck and ruin for aught she cared. And she sat a greater number of hours on her father's grave than she spent in her poor mother's chamber. This lament was not without foundation: the beautiful Kate Cavendish had fallen into a morbid and careless melancholy that pervaded all her actions; her very thoughts seemed steeped in sorrow; and it was happy for her that a new excitement to exertion occurred, when, about five months after her husband's departure, she became a mother.—Despite Mrs. Seymour's prognostics, the baby lived and prospered; and by its

papa's express command was called Kate; an arrangement which very much tended to the increase of its grand-mamma's discontent: "It was such a singular mark of disrespect to her not to call it 'Mary.'"

How full of the true and beautiful manifestations of maternal affection were the letters of Mrs. Cavendish to her husband;—"little Kate was so very like him,—her lip, her eye, her smile;" and then, as years passed on, and Major Cavendish had gained a regiment by his bravery, the young mother chronicled her child's wisdom,—her wit,—her voice,—the very tone of her voice was so like her father's! her early love of study—and, during the night watches, in the interval of his long and harassing marches, and his still more desperate engagements, Colonel Cavendish found happiness and consolation in the perusal of the outpourings of his own Kate's heart and soul. In due time, his second Kate could and did write those mis-shapen characters of affection, pot hooks and hangers, wherein parents, but only parents, see the promise of perfection:—then came the fair round hand, so *en-bon-point*, with its hair and broad strokes;—then an epistle in French; and at last a letter in very neat text, bearing the stamp of authenticity in its diction, and realizing the hopes so raised by his wife's declaration, that "their Kate was all her heart could desire, so like him in all things." The life of Colonel Cavendish continued for some years at full gallop; days and hours are composed of the same number of seconds, whether passed in the solitude of a cottage or the excitement of a camp; yet how differ-

ently are they numbered, — how *very*, very different is the retrospect.

Had Colonel Cavendish seen his wife, still in her early beauty, with their daughter half sitting half kneeling by her side, the one looking younger, the other older than each really was, he would not have believed it possible that the lovely and intelligent girl could be indeed his child, the child of his young Kate. A series of most provoking, most distressing occurrences had prevented his returning, even on leave to England; he had been ordered during a long and painful war from place to place, and from country to country, until at last he almost began to despair of ever seeing home again. It was not in the nature of his wife's love to change. And it was a beautiful illustration of woman's constancy, the habitual and affectionate manner in which Mrs. Cavendish referred all things to the remembered feelings and opinions of her absent husband. Poor Mrs. Seymour existed on to spite humanity, discontented and complaining, — a living scourge to goodnature and sympathy, under whatever semblance it appeared, — or perhaps, for the sake of contrast, to show her daughter's many virtues in more glowing colours. The contrast was painful in the extreme; and no one could avoid feeling for the Two Kates, worried as they both were with the unceasing complainings of their woe-working parent. If a month passed without letters arriving from Colonel Cavendish, Mrs. Seymour was sure to tell them "to prepare for the worst," — and concluded her observations, by the



Painted by F. Corbaux.

Engraved by J. Thomson.

THE TWO KATES.

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enlivening assurance "that she had always been averse to her marriage with a soldier, because she felt assured that if he went away he would never return!"

At last, one of the desolating battles that filled England with widows, and caused multitudes of orphans to weep in our highways, sent agony to the heart of the patient and enduring Kate: the fatal return at the head of the column, "*Colonel Cavendish missing*"—was enough; he had 'scaped so many perils, not merely victorious but unhurt, that she had in her fondness believed he bore a charmed life; and were her patience, her watchings, her hopes, to be so rewarded? was her child fatherless? and was her heart desolate? Violent was indeed her grief, and fearful her distraction;—but it had, like all violent emotion, its reaction; she hoped on, in the very teeth of her despair; she was sure he was not dead,—how could he be dead?—he that had so often escaped,—could it be possible, that at the last he had fallen? Providence, she persisted, was too merciful to permit such a sorrow to rest upon her and her innocent child;—and she resolutely resolved not to put on mourning, or display any of the usual tokens of affection, although every one else believed him dead. One of the serjeants of his own regiment had seen him struck to the earth by a French sabre, and immediately after a troop of cavalry rode over the ground, thus leaving no hopes of his escape; the field of battle in that spot presented the next day a most lamentable spectacle: crushed were those so lately full of life, its hopes and expectations; they had satu-

rated the field with their life's blood; the torn standard of England mingled its colours with the standard of France; no trace of the body of Colonel Cavendish was found; but his sword, his rifled purse, and portions of his dress were picked up by a young officer, Sir Edmund Russell, who had ever evinced towards him the greatest affection and friendship. Russell wrote every particular to Mrs. Cavendish, and said, that as he was about to return to England in a few weeks, having obtained sick leave, he would bring the purse and sword of his departed friend with him.

Poor Mrs. Cavendish murmured over the word "*departed;*" paled, shook her head, and then looked up into the face of her own Kate, with a smile beaming with the hope, which certainly her daughter did not feel: — "He is not dead," she repeated; and in the watches of the night, when in her slumbers she had steeped her pillow with tears, she would start,—repeat —"he is not dead,"—then sleep again. There was something beautiful and affecting in the warm and earnest love, the perfect friendship existing between this youthful mother and her daughter; it was so unlike the usual tie between parent and child; and yet it was so well cemented, so devoted, so respectful: the second Kate, at fifteen, was more womanly, more resolute, more calm, more capable of thought, than her mother had been at seven-and-twenty; and it was curious to those who note closely the shades of human character, to observe how, at two-and-thirty, Mrs. Cavendish turned for advice and consolation to her high-minded

daughter, and leaned upon her for support. Even Mrs. Seymour became in a great degree sensible of her superiority; and felt something like shame, at complaining before her grand-daughter, of the frivolous matters which constituted the list of her misfortunes. The beauty of Miss Cavendish was like her mind, of a lofty bearing, — lofty, not proud. She looked and moved like a young queen; — she was a noble girl; and when Sir Edmund Russell saw her first, he thought, — alas! I cannot tell *all* he thought, — but he certainly "fell," as it is termed "in love," and nearly forgot the wounds inflicted in the battle field, when he acknowledged to himself the deep and everliving passion he felt for the daughter of his dearest friend.

"It is indeed most happy for your mother," he said to her some days after his arrival at Sydney Hall, — "it is indeed most happy for your mother, that she does not believe what I know to be so true; I think, if she were convinced of your father's death, she would sink into despair."

"Falsehood or false impressions," replied Kate, "sooner or later produce a sort of moral fever, which leaves the patient weakened in body and in mind; — I would rather she knew the worst at once; — despair by its own violence works its own cure."

"Were it you, Miss Cavendish, I should not fear the consequences; but your mother is so soft and gentle in her nature."

"Sir Edmund, — she *knew* my father — lived with him — worshipped him; the knowledge of his existence

was the staff of her's; he was the soul of her fair frame. Behold her now, — how beautiful she looks, — those sun-beams resting on her head, and her chiselled features upturned towards heaven, tracing my father's portrait in those fleecy clouds, or amid yonder trees; and do you mark the hectic on her cheek? — Could she believe it, I know she would be better; there's not a stroke upon the bell, there's not an echo of a foot-fall in the great avenue, but she thinks it his; — at night she starts, if but a mouse do creep along the wainscot, or a soft breeze disturb the blossoms of the woodbine that press against our window; and then exclaims, 'I thought it was your father!'"

With such converse, and amid the rich and various beauties of a picturesque, rambling old country house, with its attendant green meadows, pure trout stream, and sylvan grottos, — sometimes with Mrs. Cavendish, sometimes without her, did Kate and Sir Edmund wander, and philosophize, and fall in love.

One autumn evening, Mrs. Seymour, fixing her eyes upon the old tent-stitch screen, said to her daughter, who as usual had been thinking of her husband, —

"Has it ever occurred to you, my dear Kate, that there is likely to be another fool in the family? I say nothing, — thanks to your father's will, I have had this old rambling place left upon my hands for my life, which was a sad drawback; — better he had left it to your brother."

"You might have given it up to Alfred, if you had chosen, long ago," said Mrs. Cavendish, who knew

well that, despite her grumbling, her mother loved Sydney Hall as the apple of her eye. "What, and give the world cause to say that I doubted my husband's judgment! — No, — no; I am content to suffer in silence; but do you not perceive that your Kate is making a fool of herself, just as you did, my dear, — falling in love with a soldier, marrying misery, and working disappointment." — More, a great deal more, did the old lady say; but fortunately nobody heard her, for when her daughter perceived that her eyes were safely fixed on the tent-stitch screen, she made her escape, and, as fate would have it, encountered Sir Edmund at the door. — In a few minutes he had told her of his love for her beloved Kate; but though Mrs. Cavendish had freely given her own hand to a soldier, the remembrance of what she had suffered,—of her widowed years, the uncertainty of her present state, anxiety for her child's happiness, a desire, a fear of her future well being, — all rushed upon her with such confusion, that she became too agitated to reply to his entreaties; and he rushed from the chamber, to give her time to compose herself, and to bring another whose entreaties would be added to his own: he returned with Kate, pale, but almost as dignified as ever. Mrs. Cavendish clasped her to her bosom.

"You would not leave me, child,—would not thrust your mother from your heart, and place a stranger there?"

"No, — no," she replied; "Kate's heart is large enough for both."

"And do you love him?"

The maiden hid her face upon her mother's bosom; yet though she blushed, she did not equivocate; but replied in a low firm voice, "Mother, I do."

"Sir Edmund," said the mother, still holding her child to her heart; "I have suffered too much, — too much, to give her to a soldier."

"Mother," whispered Catherine; "yet, for all that you have suffered, for all that you may yet endure, you would not have aught but that soldier husband, were *you* to *wed* again!"

No other word passed the lips of the young widow: — again, again, and again, did she press her child to her bosom; then placing her fair hand within Sir Edmund's palm, rushed in an agony of tears to the solitude of her own chamber.

* * * * *

"Hark! how the bells are ringing," said Anne Leafy to Jenny Fleming, as they were placing white roses in their stomachers, and snooding their hair with fair satin riband. — "And saw you ever a brighter morning? — Kate Cavendish will have a blithesome bridal; though I hear that Madam Seymour is very angry, and says no luck will attend this, no more than the last wedding!" The words had hardly passed the young maid's lips, when a bronzed countenance pressed itself amid the roses of the little summer-house in which they sat arranging their little finery, and a rough and travel-soiled man inquired; "Of whom speak ye?"

"Save us!" exclaimed Jenny Fleming, who was a trifle pert. "Save us, master!—why, at the wedding at the Hall, to be sure,—Kate Cavendish's wedding, to be sure; she was moped long enough, for certain, and now is going to marry a brave gentleman, Sir Edmund Russel!" — The stranger turned from the village girls, who, fearful of being late at the church, set away across the garden of the little inn, leaving the wayfarer in quiet possession, but with no one in the dwelling to attend the guests, except a deaf waiter, who could not hear "the strange gentleman's" questions, and a dumb ostler, who was incapable of replying to them.

* * * * *

The youthful bride and the young bridegroom stood together at the altar; and a beautiful sight it was, to see them on the threshold of a new existence. Mrs. Cavendish might be pardoned for that she wept abundantly,—partly tears of memory, partly of hope;—and the ceremony proceeded to the words "If either of you know any impediment;"—when there was a rush, a whirl, a commotion outside the porch, and the stranger of the inn rushed forward, exclaiming—"I know an impediment, — she is mine!"

A blessing upon hoping, trusting, enduring woman! A thousand blessings upon those, who draw consolation from the deepness of despair! — the wife was right, — her husband was not dead — and as Colonel Cavendish pressed his own Kate to his bosom, and gazed upon her face, he said—"I am bewildered! — they

told me false, — they said Kate Cavendish was to be married! and——"

"And so she is," interrupted Sir Edmund Russel; but from your hand only will I receive her: — are there not TWO KATES, my old friend?"

What the noble soldier's feelings were, Heaven knows, — no human voice could express them, — no pen write them; — they burst from, and yet were treasured in his heart.

"My child! — that my daughter! — two Kates! — wife and child!" he murmured. Time had galloped with him, and it was long ere he believed that his daughter could be old enough to marry. The villagers from without crowded into the sweet village church, — and, moved by the noise, Mrs. Seymour put on her new green spectacles, and stepped forward to where Colonel Cavendish stood trembling between his wife and child; then looking him earnestly in the face, she said, "After all, it is really you? — Bless me! how ill you look! — I never could bear to make people uncomfortable; but if you do not take great care, you will not live a month!"

"I said he was not dead," repeated his gentle wife; "and I said——" but what does it matter what was said? — Kate the second was married; and that evening, after Colonel Cavendish had related his hair breadth 'scapes, and a sad story of imprisonment, again did his wife repeat, "*I said he was not dead!*"

FRAGMENTS

FROM A METRICAL JOURNAL.

Andernacht.

TWILIGHT's mists are gathering grey
Round us on our winding way;
Yet the mountain's purple crest
Reflects the glories of the west.
Rushing on with giant force,
Rolls the Rhine his glorious course;
Flashing, now, with flamy red,
O'er his jagg'd basaltic bed;
Now, with current calm and wide,
Sweeping round the mountain's side;
Ever noble, proud, and free,
Flowing in his majesty.
Soon, upon the evening skies
Andernacht's grim ruins rise;
Buttress, battlement, and tower,
Remnants hoar of Roman power,
Monuments of Cæsar's sway,
Piecemeal mouldering away.

Lo, together loosely thrown,
Sculptured head and lettered stone;
Guardless now the arch-way steep
To rampart huge and frowning keep;
The empty moat is gay with flowers,
The night-wind whistles through the towers,
And, flapping in the silent air,
The owl and bat are tenants there.

St. Goar.

Past a rock with frowning front,
Wrinkled by the tempest's brunt,
By the Rhine we downward bore
Upon the village of St. Goar.
Bosomed deep among the hills,
Here old Rhine his current stills,
Loitering the banks between,
As if, enamoured of the scene,
He had forgot his onward way
For a live-long summer day.
Grim the crags through whose dark cleft,
Behind, he hath a passage reft;
While, gaunt as gorge of hunted boar,
Dark yawns the foaming pass before,
Where the tormented waters rage,
Like demons in their Stygian cage,
In giddy eddies whirling round
With a sullen choking sound;
Or flinging far the scattering spray,
O'er the peaked rocks that bar his way.

—No marvel that the spell-bound Rhine,
Like giant overcome with wine,
Should *here* relax his angry frown,
And, soothed to slumber, lay him down
Amid the vine-clad banks, that lave
Their tresses in his placid wave.

1833. J. R.

MY AIN BONNIE LASSIE.*

A Scotch Song.

BY DELTA.

I.

My ain lassie's blooming in yon Castle hall,
Among twenty fair maidens the fairest of all;
Then, alack for my lot! — for my fortune is small,
And seldom a sight of her beauty I get;
But, when we foregather, the glance o' her ee
Beams so softly, so kindly, so burning on me,
That, e'en though despairing, a hope it would gie
That she'll be my ain bonnie lassie yet.

* See the Frontispiece.

II.

Her mouth is the rose-bud— her eye is the star
That glints on the brow o' the gloaming afar ;
And think ye then, silly ones, love to debar,
When hearts, thus dissevered, refuse to forget ?
As surely as Spring wreaths her green on the tree, —
As honey for winter is hived by the bee, —
So silently ripens Love's harvest for me,
And she'll be my ain bonnie lassie yet !

III.

Ah, true love has wily ways few can believe ;
And true love has tokens still fewer perceive ;
And matter from sigh or word true love can weave,
For raptures exstatic or bitter regret ;
And, when I remember the days o' langsyne,
When we grew up together, like th' ivy and pine,
They labour in vain who our hearts would untwine —
For she'll be my ain bonnie lassie yet.

IV.

Then fare ye weel, silver Tay, — fare ye weel, Perth ;
Fare ye weel, Scotland, bauld land of my birth ;
And fare ye weel, Madeline, gem of the earth ;
I care not though kinsfolk may fume and may fret:
We now maun be sundered by mountain and main,
But when I come back from the battles of Spain,
I'll claim thee for mine, and I'll clasp thee again,
My faithful, my ain bonnie lassie yet !

HELL'S HOLLOW.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

[The incidents upon which this sketch is founded are not imaginary. Many persons, now living, remember all the circumstances; and the atrocious bandit, to whom the peasantry attributed many horrible acts, was publicly executed in the *Place d' Armes* at Dijon. *Creux d' Enfer*, like our "Devil's Bridge," appears to be a name commonly bestowed on savage and dismal glens. J. A. S.]

"I saw him, I,
Assailed, taken, fight, stabbed, bleed, fall, and die."
DONNE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great number of travellers who cross the Jura, and admire in passing the cloud-capped summits of the Réculet, where the snow lingers through two-thirds of the summer, and sometimes leaves a remnant of the past winter to greet the coming, — few leave the highway for the purpose of exploring the deep hollows, the forests and caverns, which encircle its base. Those who have taken this pains, however, will remember the *Creux d'Enfer*, or "Hell's Hollow," a small glen, or rather gorge of the mountains, of tremendous magnificence, in which one of those nameless streams that water the eastern limits of Franche Comté takes its rise. It is enclosed on all

sides by lofty rocks, which on the east are naked, rugged, perpendicular, but elsewhere clothed with pines, whose reversed branches, as if shattered by the tempest, flap like a sea-fowl's broken wing in the blast. The torrent breaks out with noise and foam through a narrow cleft inthe rock, which forms the only practicable entrance into the glen; and this, at all times dangerous, is often rendered impassable by rain, or the melting of the snow. Viewed from the summit of the surrounding cliffs, it appears utterly inaccessible; yet you see, perched like a nest among the rocks, a ruined *chalet*, which has the air of having been inhabited at no very distant period. Who and what its inhabitants were, I learned from one but too deeply versed in its whole history.

Quitting my family and carriage a little beyond *La Vatay*, I strolled without chart or guide, towards the Réculet, beholding at every step picturesque beauties, which it boots not now to dwell upon. At length, after many a toilsome ascent, through paths bordered on either side with deep snow,—though it was now nearly the end of May,—I suddenly reached the edge of *Hell's Hollow*. Nothing that I had seen ever struck my imagination like this wild spot — no, not the snowy shining summits of a hundred Alps, stretching away in glittering files from Chambery to the Tyrol, like a world formed of the vapours of the morning. — It seemed as if man had never before regarded it — for the *chalet* was not immediately visible, and when it became so, appeared, at first, like a portion of the rock. A gloomy,

painful sensation, quite unusual in such lofty regions, insensibly invaded my mind. A sort of infernal sadness seemed to brood over every object; for, though a few trees of feathery foliage and lighter green specked the dismal verdure which, with the grey rock they sprung from, formed the ground-work of the scene, they looked as if planted there in mockery,—like the rose, emblem of youth and beauty, blooming upon a grave. I drew near the gulf with a shudder, as if, impelled by some invisible hand, I must needs tumble down headlong over those terrific precipices; and was gazing with a wonder not unchastened by terror at the foaming torrent beneath, when I was startled by the words—"Behold Hell's Hollow!" Turning instantly round, I saw seated almost at my side, a woman far, far advanced in years, wrapped in a cloak that had once been blue, but which had now, by its alliance with patches of many other colours, assumed all the hues of the rainbow. Her head was wrapped in a bright red handkerchief, which, like the women of Fribourg, she wore in the fashion of a hood. Her face appeared in perfect keeping with the scene; wrinkled, emaciated, brown as the floor of a tanyard, resembling those countenances which you see on the beach, on market days, at Vevey, except that it did not terminate below in a goitre. It was lighted up by eyes that had once been beautiful, but now shot forth a glazed malignant lustre, the beacon of villany or madness. On entering into conversation with her respecting the glen below, I, in fact, soon found, that together with

the elements of insanity, her intellect combined a singular degree of shrewdness, which seemed at times to predominate, at times to be subdued by the malady of her mind. After passing over several local topics, while she sat on a ledge of grey rock, seeming to luxuriate like a lizard in the sun, my eye lighted on the *chalet*, and I inquired who could have lived in so solitary, so desolate a spot. At this she turned round sharply, and fixing on me her deep-sunken eyes, with an expression of countenance not wholly devoid of apprehension, replied by another question—

"What, have you never heard the story of the chalet?"

"I am," said I, "a stranger, who has never before visited the glen, and cannot, therefore, be expected to know much of its ancient local traditions."

"Ancient traditions!" exclaimed the beldame, rising from her stony seat, and approching me—"ancient traditions, indeed! Are villany and treachery become extinct, think you? Have the passions ceased, in these days, to hunger after their objects? Do strength and wealth no longer provoke envy? And has youth learned to conduct itself with the calmness of age?"

Then coming up close to my side, and laying her long bony fingers across my arm with a half convulsive grasp, she muttered in a low monotonous key, as if rather talking to herself than to me,—"Droll things have taken place in that chalet. Droll, droll things. I often laugh, and sometimes weep to think of them, in the long winter nights, when the tempest plants

his foot upon the Réculet, and shouts like a thousand demons to the rocks and the valleys that lie trembling below. Look at yonder small white cloud, which whirls and eddies round the snowy pinnacles of the cliffs. It is the forerunner of a storm; and before you can shelter your head in human habitation, you will have witnessed one of those sights which rejoice my heart, reminding me of days gone by, when that wild glen was a paradise, and those I loved —— but step into this cavern," said she, interrupting herself; "for the rain will be presently pattering, and should it overtake you, your garments would carry beyond the mountains a memento of a Jura shower."

I followed the old woman into the cave, with a curiosity highly excited; and as soon as we were out of reach of the heavy drops, which already began to fall, she replaced her hand upon my arm, as if to prevent my escaping from her half-told tale, and thus began:—

"About twenty years ago, the chalet in the glen was occupied by a widow and her six sons, all nursed in arts of hardihood, all hunters by profession,—men who scorned the soft pillow, the arm-chair, and the fireside, who loved to roam the mountain fastnesses of Jura or Alp, in quest of the stag or the chamois, and sometimes of nobler game. Travellers,—men of the same kidney, mayhap,—occasionally accompanied them to their home in the glen, to partake of their hospitality; but it generally happened, as report went, that they quarrelled over their cups, that knives were used for other purposes than carving pigeons, and that the

brave brothers, thus put upon their metal, worsted their brawling unthankful guests. The ignorant base peasants of the neighbourhood whispered it about, that the insolent braggadocios who fell in these conflicts, were made away with for their money. It is true that whatever gold they had about them, remained in the hands of the brothers: how could it be otherwise? It had been useless to put the pieces in the mouths of the dead when they were thrown into the well; and as to their heirs, how could the simple wild hunter of the mountains, ignorant of the arts of towns, hope to discover them, or ascertain their claims, amid a crowd of harpy lawyers? The gold, I say, was kept by the brothers, and, being kept, was naturally regarded as their own, and employed in ministering to their unsophisticated enjoyments. Had the true heirs presented themselves, the money, I repeat it, would have been honestly rendered to them; but no claims being made, the *chalet* became the heir, and every inhabitant of it enjoyed an equal share of these gifts of fortune.

"Nevertheless, these hunters had their chief. This was *Machoul*, the second brother, a man formed by nature to overawe and command his fellows. Gigantic in stature, with head and limbs of prodigious size, his muscular force was unequalled. The very wolf of the forest was said to fly at his approach, or, if he offered resistance, was strangled like a village cur.

"Occasionally, ladies, admirers of mountain scenery, visited the chalet, at the risk, and sometimes, at the expense of their lives; for, to strangers, especially such as

stayed all night, the air was poisonous, the water death. Many died during the night, no one knew how; others, the dangers of the glen escaped, perished with all their followers among the neighbouring precipices. Such, at least, were the rumours; and, in consequence of these rumours, with which Machoul and his brothers were always connected, the officers of justice, as they are called, had long lain in wait for them, envying, peradventure, the calm tenour of their lives, unruffled, except by such accidents as the above.

"While affairs were in this position, Machoul encountered on the mountains a traveller, who, having, like yourself, had the temerity to stroll in unbeaten paths without a guide, had lost his way, and was found about night-fall, fatigued and bewildered, in the vicinity of the glen. He was sitting, when Machoul first appeared in sight, on a mossy ledge, apparently musing on the solitariness of his position. Seeing what he supposed to be a peasant approach, he commenced his inquiries by demanding whether there were in the neighbourhood any cottage where he could pass the night; observing that he was weary with climbing the rocks, and could not proceed much farther without rest and refreshment. Machoul, who greatly admired the rich cloak which he was taking from his knapsack, and throwing carelessly about his person, replied that he would be welcome to share such refreshment as his cottage, which was hard by, afforded; and, with the word, putting himself forward as his guide, conducted him to the entrance of the Hollow. On the way he

inquired in his plain manner, the route which the stranger had followed, and the sort of travellers whom he had overtaken or encountered on the way.

"'None for several days,' replied the stranger, 'excepting a party of *gendarmes*, with whom I supped last night at Morez, and who, it seems, are in search of the brigand Machoul and his brothers.'

"'In what part of the country,' inquired Machoul, 'is the haunt of this brigand?'

"'Of that,' replied the traveller, 'I am altogether ignorant; and as, in this knapsack,' said he, smiling, 'I have that which I should be sorry to lose, it is by no means my wish to be more accurately informed, unless I might thereby avoid him.'

"'But,' said Machoul, 'you have pistols in your belt, and possess a form which renders you a match for any man. I do not, therefore, see what you have to fear. Besides, to be plain with you, I think the gendarmes have formed this strange tale for some particular purpose of their own. The day of such banditti is passed. Petty thieves there are, and those are generally in league with the gendarmes; but for bands of robbers, I fear me you will find few in the Jura.'

"'Perhaps not,' the stranger replied; 'the fewer the better; but, although, if report be true, I should find myself unequally matched against Machoul; should we encounter, it would cost him an effort to get at the contents of this knapsack.'

"'No doubt, no doubt,' said Machoul; 'still it is not very prudent to travel loaded with gold through

so wild a country as this, where every body is poor; for the miserable, however honestly inclined, may sometimes be tempted beyond their virtue.'

"'Peasant!' exclaimed the stranger, raising his voice, and looking stedfastly at his companion; 'I spoke not of gold, but of riches of far greater price: riches, which not only Machoul, but the very devil himself in his form, should not wrest from me!'

"'Monsieur speaks like a determined man,' his companion smilingly rejoined; 'but there is, in reality, nothing to fear. We are all either hunters, woodcutters, or goatherds, in these parts; and though we have from time to time heard of robberies, confiding in the excellence of our police, we have given but scanty credit to the rumours.'

"By this time they had reached the bed of the torrent, which served as the pathway into the glen. The waters quite filled their narrow channel, which being steep, and broken into a series of steps, rising close one behind the other, yielded no resting-place to the stream, that broke in snowy foam from rock to rock, and appeared to menace with instant destruction the man who should be bold enough to endeavour to stem it.

"'This way, sir!' said Machoul, as he dashed his giant foot into the stream.

"'Do you call that a pathway?' inquired the stranger, pausing at the mouth of the chasm: 'is there no other entrance to your dwelling?'

"'Don't be alarmed at this brawling bit of water —

there is no danger,' answered Machoul: 'at least custom has rendered me insensible of it, though to a lowlander, it may perhaps appear somewhat terrific at first sight.'

"'Go on, go on, man!' the stranger replied impatiently: 'I see that in these matters, my experience is inferior to that of the peasant and the mule.'

"Black beetling rocks — the bases of those which rise yonder on the left—thrust out their rugged snouts, and seemed, like so many colossal bears, to be snuffing each other across the stream. A clammy moisture, produced by the never-ceasing spray, had clothed them with water-moss, and from their numerous crevices small dark pines, and Alpine plants in profusion, projected themselves, and swung to and fro in the cold wind which swept down the chasm. Machoul, accustomed to every nook and ledge, climbed along with facility; but the stranger, who knew not where to plant his foot, and whom fatigue, moreover, had rendered stiff and inactive, followed him with extreme difficulty, and more than once envied the peasant his local knowledge and untiring strength. He now slipped into the water, now recovered himself; but at length, after many narrow escapes, safely emerged with his guide into the Hollow.

"'The spray has soaked your manteau,' observed Machoul, laying his gigantic hand upon his companion's shoulder, and roughly tugging off his cloak, — 'shall I bear it for you?'

"'I thank you,' replied the traveller, recovering

the garment with an effort, 'but I need it to defend me from the cold wind. Proceed to your cottage.'

"This hasty act of Machoul appeared to awaken in the stranger certain suspicions, unfortunate for both; as nothing irritated the mountain hunter more than that distrustful air, and dogged silence, which from this moment marked the manner of his guest. They, however, proceeded, and arrived at the chalet, where the traveller was introduced. All the brothers, who happened to be then at home, crowded round him, some admiring the gait and bearing of the man—for he was tall, handsome, and distinguished by a certain nobleness of manner which is seldom possessed—others dwelling upon the rich appearance of his costume, or the beauty of his arms, which, in their simple wonder, they attempted to draw from his girdle. At this he drew back.

"'Look you, young men,' said he, 'whether you understand the usages of the world or not, I do, and I counsel you never to lay hands on a stranger's arms. It is a liberty I never permit any man to take with me.' Then drawing a fine pair of pistols from his belt, and holding one in each hand,—'Observe,' said he, 'the make of these things. They are charged, and might be mischievous in awkward hands.'

"'As to that,' replied Machoul, with some warmth, 'we are not so awkward as you appear to think; and, in fact,' continued he, 'I myself possess a pair which have the look of belonging to the same family with yours.' With that he drew a pistol from under his frock,

and walking close up to the stranger with the muzzle pointed, perhaps accidentally, towards his breast, began to play, as if from mere thoughtlessness, with the lock.

"'I see,' observed the traveller, with perfect coolness, 'that you are well armed. It is prudent, it is necessary to be so. But you must not confine your hospitality to the exhibiting of pistols. Your mountain air has given me an appetite, which, however, will not digest iron.'

"At this sally Machoul smiled, and replacing the weapon whence he had drawn it, gave orders for supper. The table was ere long spread, and the traveller sat down to a repast, such as he certainly had not reckoned upon finding in the mountains: flesh, fowls, fish, truffles from the Jura, wines of Burgundy, together with those delicate little Alpine strawberries, which are only found on the limits of eternal snow. Wine heats the blood. Hot blood generates strife. Who began the quarrel was never known; it is only certain that high words arose; that the traveller repressed with haughtiness the noisy but honest freedom of his hosts; and that, at last, a scuffle ensued. He was placed at table next Machoul, who was somewhat prone to wrath, more especially when heated with wine; and, enraged at some contemptuous expression which fell from the mouth of his guest, struck him a blow on the face. At this moment entering the room with wine, I saw my boy ——"

From certain expressions which had escaped from the old woman, and still more from the general tone of

her narration, I had expected this denouement; yet, now that we had come to it, it appeared shocking, unanticipated: —

"*You* entered the room!" I exclaimed; "What are *you* the mother of Machoul?"

"Ay," replied she, with a ghastly smile, and plucking off the rag which covered her bosom; "Machoul sucked at this breast. And when he was an infant, sir, the neighbours of all the country round admired his smiling countenance, his matchless complexion, his robust health, and extraordinary size. And could I, when he hung at my breast, twisting his rosy fingers in my black tresses, and gazing with unutterable fondness at my face, — could I foresee that torture and the guillotine were preparing — that my boy — my favourite boy — whu — whu — whu —!" And bitterly wrung by the remembrance of past days, the old woman lifted up her voice and wept, covering her face with her hands, and trembling convulsively in every limb.

I was moved exceedingly. For the moment, the crimes of her son were forgotten, and I thought only of the suffering human creature by my side, whose wickedness the Almighty had visited, though far more mercifully than her fellow-creatures. To attempt consolation, to interrupt the course of her strong agony, would have been wholly fruitless. I respected her penitential tears, and suffered them to fall in silence. At length the torrent of sorrow ceased to flow; and she threw back the handkerchief which partly concealed her face.

"Whether you are a parent or not," she began, "you will know how to excuse the weakness of a mother — of such a mother as I — who have seen my child — guilty or innocent it mattered not to me — dragged away to tortures — to DEATH! But let me not dwell on that; let me not think of that; my poor brain is too weak. The bare thought of it has become a whip of scorpions day and night to my soul for twenty years! Yet, strange as it is, and beyond my comprehension — the subject which must necessarily rouse its sting, is the only one upon which I care to converse with strangers, for whom I have long lain in wait in this solitary spot, that I might repeat to them, what I have partly repeated to you. Too few, alas! visit this fatal glen, about which I must linger until my hour be come; for the spirt of Machoul, escaping from its prison-house, here visits me nightly. I see him glide like a mist among the rocks — hover in fiery brightness over my stony couch — pace before me in the forest — shriek in the water-fall — moan in the autumnal blast—and shout with a voice of thunder in the storm!

"But I wander from my narration; let me return to it. I was, I believe, saying that I entered the room with wine just as Machoul struck the stranger. The latter, inspired with ungovernable fury by the blow, leaped instantly on his feet, and seized my son by the throat. At the sight I shrieked aloud, and, unmindful of my feebleness, throwing the wine to the ground, flew to the rescue. My other boys, however, fore-

stalled my design; but not before Machoul's face was quite black, and his body, apparently lifeless, dashed upon the ground. The traveller now thrust back his antagonists, as if they had been so many pigmies, and then placing his back against the wall, and snatching the pistols from his girdle, stood with five men before him, like a wild beast at bay.

"'I warn you,' cried he, 'to keep at a distance. I have no desire to shed your blood: but the first who advances a single step, is a dead man. Make way for me!'

"And with the word, still keeping his face towards us, while he retreated backwards, he sprang through the door, and disappeared, before a single hand could be stretched forth to detain him. When Machoul recovered, and found that his enemy had escaped, his fury knew no bounds. Numerous torches were immediately kindled, and every nook and fissure of the glen searched in vain; though a slight sprinkling of snow which had just fallen enabled us to trace his footsteps in several directions, both across the torrent and along its side. Machoul even extended his search through a portion of the neighbouring country; but no vestige of the man appearing, we all returned to the chalet, where we found on our arrival, that his manteau and knapsack had remained behind; and these we carefully examined. Of the riches, however, of which he had spoken, we found no trace; not a single coin of any description; nothing, in short, but a few garments, a small miniature, and a few half worn-out letters in an unknown language. Of those letters not one fell into

the hands of the harpies of justice. I secreted them carefully; and here," said she, untying her greasy housewife, "they still are."

On glancing my eye over them, I found they were English, and addressed, apparently by a lady, to a distinguished individual, whose known habits perfectly agreed with those imputed to him in the old woman's narration. I wished to be permitted to restore them to his friends; but all I could then obtain was the offer to peruse so much of them as was still intelligible. This I declined; upon which she replaced the letters in her housewife, and proceeded.

"Finding in the knapsack nothing to reward our search, we at length retired to rest; but the presentiment of approaching evil,—which in the course of my life has often tortured me,—would not suffer us to sleep. The ensuing morning broke with rain and high wind; the snow disappeared from the ground, and the torrent of the Hollow, increased at once by its melting and by the rain, swelled to an unusual size, and precipitated itself in foam and thunder down the abyss. No one expected to leave the chalet that day. However, towards evening the rain ceased, while the wind increased to a hurricane; nevertheless, looking through the window, I thought I perceived, shortly after nightfall, a strong red light among the pine forests on the summit of the cliffs. Alarmed myself, I quickly alarmed my sons, who, hastily snatching up their arms, sallied forth to reconnoitre. It was not long before the figures of several men were disco-

vered on the heights, who, with flaring torches in their hands, appeared to be examining whether there were any other entrance into the glen, than by the bed of the stream below. At length, finding none, they retreated. Machoul and his brothers doubted not that they were the officers of justice, who had selected the night that they might be the more sure of their prey; and that discovering no other pathway, they would quickly attempt to force their way up the stream. Immediately preparing themselves, therefore, for a desperate struggle, they crept along the sides of the abyss, through ways known only to themselves; and after waiting a considerable time in suspense, with carbines and pistols cocked, beheld ten or twelve men approach, the foremost bearing torches, and all armed to the teeth. The narrow, winding, and precipitous path lay along the edge of the chasm through which the foaming stream tore its way, far below, among the rocks; and the party who had to traverse in mounting it several narrow patches of pine forests, were now, by the meandering of their road, brought into full view, and now hidden amid the dense foliage. At last they emerged from among the trees, and Machoul, on perceiving in the midst of them his guest of the preceding night, was exceedingly troubled; for that man was the first who had taught him that his bodily force was not invincible. The others stepped along cautiously, as if fully aware of the peril of their undertaking, from which however, they would not shrink; but this person, as if enamoured of danger, or wholly

insensible of its terrors, pushed on rapidly, and soon, notwithstanding the fury of the torrent, advanced to the mouth of the fissure, and began with something like preternatural strength to ascend.

"Machoul, who formed the vanguard of the fraternal band, seeing that no time was to be lost, steadily levelled his carbine at the head of the traveller; but he, in whom the boast of the Alpine riflemen, 'of never missing,' was scarcely presumptuous, now failed in his aim, but struck one of the torch-bearers, who, dropping like a stone into the water, was hurled with his half-extinguished brand down the precipice, and lost to sight. This unexpected event seemed for an instant to damp the courage of the gendarmes; but, quickly rallying, they tossed aloft their blazing torches, which casting a red glare on the faces of the brothers, as they leaned forward among the rocks, enabled them to take, alas! too just an aim; for in an instant the youngest of my boys dropped lifeless into the same gulf which had swallowed up his enemy. Upon this my children retreated further up the stream, while the gendarmes, following up their advantage, pushed on more boldly. To secure themselves as far as possible from the aim of their enemies, the torches were delivered to the hindmost, while the others, moving considerably in advance of them, groped their way in darkness. Meanwhile many random shots were fired on both sides; but with no other effect than to awaken the startled echoes, which for ages had mimicked no other sound than the voice of the cataract; and at

length, with incredible good fortune, they were drawing near the inner extremity of the passage, when Machoul, who knew that should they make good their entrance into the glen, all were lost, calling upon his brothers to imitate his example, threw himself, dagger in hand, into the torrent, to oppose the advance of their leader. The rocks here approached so close as barely to afford a passage for one man, so that the first brunt of the conflict must necessarily lie between the foremost of the opposite parties, while those behind could yield no effectual aid to their champion. With the full consciousness of this fact, Machoul and his antagonist drew near each other. The dim light which forced its way from behind, between the traveller's body and the rocks, exhibiting imperfectly the terrific features of the scene, fell upon the face of Machoul, disclosing to his adversary the workings of his passions, and serving to direct his aim; while to my son it presented but the dark outline of a man, which, as he spoke not, might as well have been that of a phantom. Both stood more than knee deep in the water, whose white surface, shooting by like an arrow, was rendered partly visible by the trembling uncertain light. Behind the traveller and in support of him, the gendarmes stood in a dense row, some holding aloft their torches, which flared tremendously in the wind, others grasping their weapons, and preparing to use them. My four remaining sons crowded behind their brother for the same purpose. Machoul commenced the conflict by aiming a blow with a poniard at the heart of his anta-

gonist, in which, missing his aim a second time, and striking his hand with prodigious force against the rock, the weapon unfortunately dropped from his grasp. The traveller at the same instant seized him in his arms, and held him with such irresistible strength, that the weapons which he wore at his belt could not be employed. Machoul now called upon his brothers to use their pistols, exhorting them to shoot his adversary, even should their balls be compelled to pass for the purpose through his own body. Apprehension for his safety, however, restrained them; for the desperate combatants had now grappled each other so closely, limb was so intertwined with limb, that they appeared but one frame, agitated convulsively by some internal movement, and furiously seeking its own destruction.

"'Yield thee, villain!' at length exclaimed the traveller, imagining himself to be gaining ground, and straining every nerve to overpower his antagonist; — 'yield, before I hurl thy carcase down the gulf!'

"'As I had as lieve my carcase were down the gulf, as on the gallows,' replied Machoul, 'I shall fight it out. Death I must face in one place or another; and I care not whether it be here or elsewhere.'

"At the same time he was meditating on the means of extricating himself. Perceiving that all hope of safety lay in the speedy destruction of the traveller, and preparing for a last attempt at effecting it, he planted his left foot firmly against the rock, throwing all his weight upon the right; then suddenly lifting up his adversary, who by no means expected this

movement, he endeavoured to swing him round, and plunge him down the torrent, but failing in his purpose, fell backward into the water, with his enemy upon his breast. Even then, however, he did not immediately loosen his hold, so that they lay for an instant struggling and rolling in the foaming stream; but the stranger, maintaining the advantage which good luck had given him, at length succeeded in freeing himself from the grasp of Machoul; and then seizing him by the throat, he plunged his head under water, and held him in that position, notwithstanding the terrific efforts which rage and agony inspired, until he had swallowed an immense quantity of water, and was nearly drowned. Then lifting up my son, and casting him, great God! like a dead dog upon the ground, he called aloud, 'Cease to trouble yourselves about the inferior villains. Bring up the lights. Here is the carcase of the miscreant Machoul.'

"All this I in some sort witnessed; for, upon hearing the report of fire-arms reverberating among the rocks, I could not keep myself within, but crept down trembling towards the chasm, sometimes concealing myself among the trees which grew in clumps in the bottom of the Hollow; then again, as the combat grew more furious, venturing farther and farther, until I found myself within a few paces of where they fought. So long as there was any hope that my sons might succeed in driving back the blood-hounds of justice, I made no noise, though my heart leaped like a snared hare, in my breast; but when all, as I conceived, was

over, and Machoul a corpse, my mother's feelings could no longer be repressed. Bursting forth from my concealment, and bounding forward with shrieks of agony, I fell senseless on the body of my son. The senses of Machoul, however, had only temporarily forsaken him. When I came to myself, I saw him sitting upright by my side upon the ground, but with his arms tied behind his back with strong ropes. Two men bearing burning torches and cocked pistols were standing, one on either side of us; while the hated traveller, the cause of all our misery, was supporting me with an air of kindness and compassion. The pity of the foul fiend would have been less unwelcome at that moment. I started from him with horror, and would none of his compassion. As I moved, the dead bodies of two of my sons met my eye, weltering in blood: the whole band, it seems, had attempted the rescue of Machoul, and these unhappy two had fallen. Torches were moving to and fro in the distance, in pursuit, I did not doubt, of the remaining two; but they escaped, and still, I thank God, live, though far from France; and to this day have supported their wretched mother with a portion of their honest gains, though they have never been able to wean me from this fatal spot.

"When the gendarmes found the pursuit hopeless, they returned; and observing me endeavouring, in a *patois* unknown to the bystanders, to comfort Machoul with the hope of escape, they conjectured the subject of our conversation, and would have separated us;

but the stranger — and this time I thanked him in my heart — interposed in my behalf, saying, 'Let her alone. The prisoner is perfectly secure. There is nothing to fear.'

"An additional rope, however, was passed round the breast and arms of Machoul, whom the gendarmes could not, even when thus bound, regard without terror; and in this condition, surrounded by the whole party, he was marched up to the chalet, with his miserable mother by his side. Here the stranger recovered all his property, except the letters; which I kept, I know not why; except that I saw how deeply the loss of them affected him, and was gratified even by that small modicum of revenge. I had concealed them in a dry nook of the chalet, where I discovered them, many months after, on my return. The whole party remained all night in the house, diligently searching every part of it for proofs against my son. Their suspicions even directed them to the well, where, on descending, they found — what you will easily conjecture. I cannot inform you — but, assuredly, those bones had considerable weight in procuring the condemnation of Machoul. Next morning we were hurried away to prison, whence, after many a solitary, weary hour, I was dragged forth — not to suffer, but to witness — Oh, great God! what a spectacle for a mother. They will describe it to you at Dole, or ———."

Here she ceased speaking, being seized with a convulsive shuddering that paralysed her whole frame. She fell backward against the rock. The paleness of

death came over her. Compassion for the misery she had endured made me consider death as the only haven in which her perturbed spirit could hope for rest; yet I had no wish to be the solitary witness of her last moments, and independently of all reflection, was impelled by common humanity to make every effort in my power to bring her back to life. I therefore bore her into the fresh air, and by casting water on her face, at length succeeded in restoring animation and consciousness. I then requested her to point out the way to some human habitation. A woodcutter's hut was at hand. As she was with my aid proceeding thither, we were joined by its honest tenant and his son, to whom the old woman was perfectly well known. She appeared, however, to feel an invincible repugnance to approach the dwellings of man, and as we drew near the corner of the poor man's garden, cried out — "Stop! — I must go no farther!"

She then seized me eagerly by the hand, and muttered in a low tone of voice, as if she dreaded to embody the thoughts which thronged upon her mind, "I have two words to speak before I die. I could have wished to have been at this moment in the presence of the only beings with whom I claim kindred upon earth — who alone have any cause to regret or lament me — to shed a tear on my grave — or feel an interest respecting the direction in which my spirit shall take its flight, when it has overleaped the limits of this world — but this consolation is denied me; and, in truth, I have not deserved it. I tremble, too, lest the

step I must necessarily hazard, should endanger the lives of my children. But they must receive this packet, which I conjure your compassion to deliver to them at ———," and she whispered the name of a Swiss town in my ear. "I have long carried it in my bosom against this hour; and may God, who is the friend of the friendless, of whom, alas! I have thought too little, reward you for the good you will thus be the author of to three miserable fellow-creatures. The letters of that traveller, the immediate cause of all I have endured, I likewise entrust to your keeping. Restore them — restore them to him."

With the word she was a corpse. I have fulfilled her intention in both cases.

SHE RECKS NOT OF FORTUNE.

A Song.

She recks not of fortune, though high her degree;
She says she's contented with true love and me;
And the truth of her heart my fond rapture descries
In the bloom of her blushes and light of her eyes.

How fearful is love to the faithful and young!
How trembles the heart, and how falters the tongue;
While the soft rising sigh, and the sweet springing tear,
Check the half-spoken vow and the glance too sincere!

Her hand to my lips when at parting I press,
And she bids me adieu with a timid caress,
She glides off like a sun-beam pursued by a cloud,
And I kiss every flower her dear footsteps have bowed.

As the fawn steals for play from the still-feeding flock,
As darts the young hawk from his hold in the rock,
So peeps forth my Lucy when none are aware,
So flies her fond lover her ramble to share.

We linger at noon by the rocks and the coves
Where the slow-winding stream sleeps in nooks which
he loves,—
When the freshness of spring has been mellowed by
June,
And the parent-bird warbles a tenderer tune.

We scarce talk of love, — she is scared at the sound;
But it breathes from the skies, and it bursts from the
ground:
Of whatever we talk, it is love that we mean —
On whatever we look, it is love that is seen.

J. F.

BE HEAVEN MY STAY.

In all the changes here below
Of transient weal or trying woe
It may be given my soul to know, —
Be Heaven my stay.

When the faint heart would fail for fear,
No human eye to pity near,
No hand to wipe the bitter tear, —
Be Heaven my stay.

When I must bear the worldling's scorn
Derided for my lot forlorn,
E'en of itself but hardly borne, —
Be Heaven my stay.

When of the friends whom once I knew,
Around me I can find but few,
And doubts arise if *these* be true, —
Be Heaven my stay.

When days of health and youth are flown,
My path with faded roses strown,
And *thorns* are all I find my own,—
Be Heaven my stay.

When full of tossings on my bed,
I cannot rest my weary head,
Scared with dim visions of the dead,—
Be Heaven my stay.

When sorely chastened for my sins,
And pleasure ends while grief begins,
And agony no guerdon wins,—
Be Heaven my stay.

When all in vain I strive to brave
The gloom of Jordan's swelling wave,
And hand of mortal cannot save,—
Be Heaven my stay.

When prayer no longer will prevail,
When praise sinks to a trembling wail,
When faith itself begins to fail,—
Be Heaven my stay!

Aberdeen. JOHN RAMSAY.



THE DEVOTED.

A Tale of Poland.

BY A POLISH REFUGEE.

[The following narrative was written by a Polish Nobleman, now a refugee in England. It is founded on facts which occurred during the late heroic struggle of his countrymen for independence; in which the writer and his family were distinguished for their patriotic devotion; and, subsequently, not less distinguished for their cruel sufferings from Russian vengeance. — The circumstance of this article having been written in English by a foreigner, may account for some few peculiarities of style.

The illustrative plate is the portrait of a Polish Countess.—EDITOR.]

I.

DURING the last Polish war with Russia, on the evening of the 28th of March 1831, two horsemen, mounted upon jaded steeds, were seen on the side of the River Bug, in Podolia, making the best of their way towards the hollow road leading into a dark forest, with the view of sheltering themselves from an impending storm. The wind howled fearfully; the rain began to fall in heavy drops; and the thunder, not usual at this season of the year, was heard in the distance in tremendous peals. The elder of the horsemen, wrapped in a large military cloak, gazed in silence for a considerable time on his young companion, whose appearance indicated that he had been recently wounded.

His head was bound with linen completely saturated with blood, and his right arm hung in a scarf; while with difficulty he maintained his seat on a horse apparently almost as feeble as himself. At length, the former of the two horsemen broke a long silence by inquiring of the other if he felt himself better, and whether he thought he should be able to reach the castle. The younger, whose person, dress, and demeanour seemed to class him in a higher rank than that of his companion, replied with the condescending familiarity of a master to his vassal: "My honest friend John, think not of my weakness, or the miserable plight in which you now see me; I have still sufficient strength, not only to reach the castle before midnight, but also, should it be necessary, to defend myself against a second surprise of Cossacks. Be assured that to the weakness of my horse the escape of the leader of this band of robbers is to be attributed; and make yourself easy upon this point, that the remainder of these rogues will not be tempted again to attack three, or even two horsemen who bear the badge of Dwernicki." *

"Ah! Lieutenant," replied old John; "it is true that by your hand two Cossacks were slain, and that I assisted in the dispersion of the others; but it's a sad pity that our brave Sergeant Przyporski, after having served gloriously in so many wars, in Spain, Italy, and Russia, in Napoleon's time, should at length finish his

* In the battle of Kurow, on the 4th of March, 1831, some squadrons of cavalry especially distinguished themselves, and were rewarded by General Dwernicki for their gallantry by a mark of honour affixed to their uniforms.

course in a paltry skirmish with these thieves. He taught them, however, to know the stroke of a Polish sword, which, I think, they will not speedily forget; and I believe, had it not been for the Czerkie* with his ianczarka † behind the thicket, who shot him in the breast, you, Lieutenant, would not have been so desperately wounded; and the poor sergeant would perhaps still have lived to harass the enemy upon his karosz ‡ in many a battle."

"What more is to be said, John? Human destiny is irrevocable; and although Sergeant Przyporski fell in this trifling encounter, he has nevertheless died the death of a hero fighting against the enemies of his country. Glory be to his memory!"

"Amen!" sighed John, deeply affected, and the travellers relapsed once more into silence.

During this conversation, the violence of the storm had increased. The peals of thunder became more loud and awful,—the flashes of lightning were frequent and vivid; while around were heard the sound of tempest-stricken trees, the fierce howling of the wind, the cries of affrighted beasts, and the hoarse roaring of the river, whose waters, swollen by foaming torrents, and impetuously bearing along fragments of stones, and splinters of riven trees, gave to the scene a terrible grandeur.—Our travellers, however, proceeded,

* A savage horde belonging to Russia, who served in the war like the Cossacks.

† The name of a Turkish musket used commonly by this tribe.

‡ A black horse.—Particular names are commonly given to horses from their colour.

although with the greatest difficulty, in the darkness of the night, through the deep recesses of the forest, unable to distinguish the road ; while their horses, weary with their fourth day's journey, during which they had been supplied with but scanty provender, were barely able to sustain their riders, as they stumbled on a path strewn with loose stones, and rendered rugged and uneven by gnarled roots of trees.

After two hours, the storm in some measure subsided, and the silence of the travellers was again interrupted by an observation from old John, who regarded the gradually improving aspect of the road, and the prospect of a more campaign country, as an evidence that they were at last not far from the Castle of L——.

"Thank Heaven for that!" answered Zapolski, the Lieutenant, "for I feel I want strength, and what is worse, our horses can scarcely move their weary limbs."

"Oh! my dear master," answered the other, "do not lose courage. I fancy I already see lights beaming from the castle windows, and although, judging from their apparent distance, we are at least a half a mile* from a comfortable bed, nevertheless, by the blessing of God, I hope we shall soon find a welcome there.—Come, my poor Tysiu,† get on; in a short time oats and hay will be your reward for the fatigues of the day. Your Siwosz,‡ Lieutenant, I perceive, is aware of his

* A Polish mile is equal to four English miles.
† The name of a horse which has a star upon its forehead.
‡ A grey horse.

proximity to a stable,—he raises his ear and walks more boldly; and see, my steed has also taken the hint."

Lieutenant Zapolski, although feeble, tickled the side of the Siwosz at this intimation, and in another half-hour our two travellers had halted before the gates of the Castle of L——.

II.

In the saloon of the Castle of L——, Count Adolph was sitting at a table, intent on the composition of a list of the names of noblemen devoted to the cause of their common country. His wife, a beautiful and interesting woman, was standing behind his chair, to whom the Count frequently referred for her opinion as he set down the names. His sister, the young Countess Helena, was occupied with two charming children, whose innocent prattle and childish gambols were insufficient to divert her attention from the important document drawn up by her brother.

At length, Count Adolph, laying down his pen, said in a tone of anxious impatience, "Julia, I can no longer conceal or contain my alarm. The list is now finished: I have no news from your brother Edmund, and I doubt not that the most serious obstacles alone have delayed his messenger. The dispatch I received from him a fortnight ago, informed me of a movement of General Dwernicki which was expected directly to take place; and he promised me that on the 27th of March I might expect a messenger conveying directions how to act. Yesterday was the day,—but he has not yet ar-

rived; and I fear either that he has lost his road during the tempest, or that he has been intercepted by the Cossack patrols from the corps of Rüdiger. The important moment is at hand; and yet, ignorant how to proceed, I must remain inactive at home, while my countrymen are shedding their blood for the freedom of our native land. Oh! I regret now that I did not accept the invitation of your brother to proceed to Warsaw, and I envy him his fortune in having taken part in the insurrection from its commencement."

"My dear Adolph!" replied his wife, "your noble heart, animated as it is by a pure feeling of patriotism, must not suffer itself to be impatient or envious. As in the field of battle it is necessary that there should be men with heads to plan and hearts to execute, so also at home, it is no less important that there should be found those who, impelled by no less noble an attachment to their country, will supply the army with men, provisions, arms, and ammunition. To this sacred duty *you* have been faithful; you have performed what every true Pole is bound to do, nor can your own conscience reproach you. The time will soon come, when you also will fight at my brother's side in the national ranks, when you will fulfil the more congenial duty to which your ardour and ambition prompt you. As a woman, I may tremble at the hour of your departure; but as a daughter of Poland I have no right to detain you, nor do I wish to possess it."

At this moment the door of the saloon was opened, and the servant in attendance announced the arrival of two strangers.

"Our messengers, doubtless;—let them be introduced," exclaimed the Count, starting up.

"Zapolski, you are welcome!" he added, as the Lieutenant and John entered the saloon; "we have been anxiously looking for you;" and taking the dispatches which the Lieutenant presented to him, he retired to a window and broke the seals with impatience.

The Countess and Helen now approached, and welcomed Zapolski to the castle, while they conducted him to a seat.

"You are wounded!" cried Helen in a tone of anxiety that betrayed a warmer feeling than perhaps she wished to confess even to herself. Your head is covered with blood."

"Nay, not much," answered Zapolski, smiling faintly; "I may think myself fortunate, all things considered, that it is no worse; but while the Count reads his dispatches, I will relate our adventure in the forest. —On the 24th March, at six in the morning, I proceeded from the camp of Zamosc* with Sergeant Przyporski and our honest John here, who was appointed by your brother to take me under his especial protection, being better acquainted than myself with the labyrinths of road that leads to the castle of L——. During three days, notwithstanding the vigilance of the Russian patrols stationed at all points, we succeeded in eluding them, and after the greatest fatigue and danger, riding day and night, and scarcely halting for refreshment, we entered this afternoon the mountains and woods of

* A fortress in Poland, near Volhynia.

B——. We were now confident of being able to reach the castle unmolested, when suddenly we were surrounded by a Cossack patrol consisting of sixteen, and were instantly attacked by these base clans of despotism.

"Soon, however, the Polish sword, already accustomed to the taste of the oppressor's blood, opened for itself a free field. Sergeant Przyporski, by his courage and uncommon strength, aided chiefly in the dispersion of these robbers, and we were masters of the day, when a Czerkie, concealing himself behind a tree, shot the brave fellow from his horse, and the rest of the hounds who had begun to fly, returned and attacked us with renewed impetuosity. As I was already wounded, John, like a true guardian, defended me manfully; and perhaps we should have been overcome by the superiority of numbers and strength, had not Heaven, at this instant, sent two huntsmen to our aid; who, being at a short distance, and hearing the noise and explosion of arms, fortunately arrived in time to turn the scale of fortune. At the sight of the woodmen with guns, the Cossacks decamped, losing in their hasty flight from the scene of action one more, who was brought down by the shot of our deliverers. But enough of our petty adventure. I am the bearer to Count Adolph of General Dwernicki's orders, that the noblemen should arm themselves forthwith, and be ready to join him; and that all who are able to deceive the Russian vigilance should reinforce him without delay, and bring with them magazines of provisions for men and

horses. The General will move on the first of April from the camp of Zamosc, where the stormy weather and the sickness of his soldiers have detained him so long; and will manage by stratagem to evade the detachment of General Kreutz, and come upon Volhynian ground. Count Edmund transmits his orders in these words; "All men from the castle of L——, and the neighbouring estates, able to bear arms, are to be ready under the command of Count Adolph, whom he begs also to join the national banner, — and that he will conduct them to the corps of General Dwernicki."

"I am infinitely obliged to my brother Edmund," said the Count as he approached, "for trusting me with his men; the invitation was hardly necessary, for I have long anxiously desired to be in the foremost ranks of the defenders of my country."

So saying, Adolph took the arm of the wounded Zapolski, and conducted him from the saloon to the chamber that had been prepared for him.

III.

It is now time that we should give a brief account of Count Edmund O——, whose heroic example had excited his brother-in-law, Adolph, to an active participation in a struggle which was to burst asunder for ever the chains of Russian despotism, or to rivet them more firmly than before.

Count Edmund, having attained that age when, launching into a wider sphere, the soul reflects every new colour presented to it, and opens itself to receive

every fresh impression, remained centered in himself, insensible to illusions by which youth is too often deceived. A vague and undefined melancholy incited him to avoid that which is commonly pursued by others. In the midst of noisy and unprofitable society he was lonely and incomprehensible. As a patriot he suffered in his pride and in his sympathies. With a view to draw him out of this absorbing solitude, his family compelled him to travel ere he had yet completed his studies; but on his return home his melancholy and love of solitary meditation again returned, and the spectacle that presented itself of Muscovite tyranny rendering his stay in the capital intolerable, he retired to his estates. Such was his life, when the revolution of the 29th November, 1830, opened the prospect of a brilliant career to his naturally active and ardent spirit. At the first signal Edmund felt his heart bound with impatience within him, and in an instant he was prepared to abide the issue at all hazards; and having entered the corps of General Dwernicki at the commencement of the war, he had distinguished himself in all the battles fought by that hero.

But the spark of patriotism was by this time fanned into a blaze that illuminated Poland from one extremity to the other, and his summons was scarcely needed to call his vassals to arm themselves in the defence of their country.

Scarcely had the first sunbeams touched the turrets of the castle of L——, when couriers were dispatched to the several noblemen living far and near, to inform

them of the message of General Dwernicki and of Count Edmund, respecting the duty they were called upon to perform ; and also to the surrounding estates, to summon to the field the brave and patriotic retainers of the latter.

In the castle yard Adolph reviewed the hastily collected peasantry, who had appeared at the first summons, and in a brief speech explained to them the cause of the appeal, and the duty which as Poles they owed to their country.

"Long live our fatherland!" (Niech Zyie Oyczyzna!) —"we will lay down our lives for her deliverance!" was the simultaneous response of the animated peasantry. And now an unusual alacrity stimulated every inmate of the castle. Some were sent out to capture the wild horses in the Tabuny ;* others were busily employed in the armoury cleaning and preparing the arms for immediate use. The young recruits unaccustomed to arms were actively disciplined by old John, grey in battles, and by Count Adolph, who, present every where, communicated courage and energy to all. Some of the women of the castle were industriously preparing small national banners† for the courageous volunteers ; while others were occupied in the assortment of lint and linen for the wounded. Throughout the castle the same indefatigable spirit was at work, roused equally by the sacred love of country.

* Places where the wild horses are found are called by this name.

† The Polish lancers have their lances ornamented with small banners of the national colours, crimson and white.

The Countess herself was similarly occupied in one of the saloons. Sprung from one of the noblest and most ancient houses of Poland, and brought up in the school of virtue, she had from her earliest youth nourished the expanding germ of hereditary patriotism; and when she passed into the arms of her husband, she found in this her new home the same sentiment and the same examples. Before this great and absorbing political commotion had aroused her to another duty, her life had flowed on even and unruffled; and, in the fervour of youthful and innocent enjoyment, her thoughts had not hitherto been directed to her country's present condition; but the cannon of the 29th November awakened her from her dream of happiness. For a long time, indeed, she had been distinguished among her youthful companions for her national predilections, — but since that memorable day, with what avidity did she treasure up all that she had learned of the ancient glory of Poland! How many burning tears had she shed at the narrative of her country's misfortunes, and the revolting despotism under which it groaned. At such recitals her eyes would flash with indignation; and now, when engaged on the embroidery of a banner destined to lead to battle the company under the command of her husband, she flattered her sanguine heart with hopes of success, and the speedy deliverance of her country from its oppressors.

Apart from the hurried excitement which reigned in the castle of L——, were grief, suffering, and pain. The young and gentle Helen was seated near the rest-

less bed of Zapolski, whose life had been pronounced to be in danger from loss of blood and the inflammation of his wounds; and with the tenderness and watchfulness of a sister she endeavoured to alleviate his pain, and to soothe his impatient and ardent spirit.

IV.

At an early hour on the 13th April, the day fixed for the departure of Count Adolph, a confused sound of mingled voices, and the trampling and neighing of horses were heard in the castle-yard. Volunteers of different ages, recruited under the command of Adolph, and bearing the banner of Count Edmund, waiting with an impatience natural to inexperienced soldiers the signal to march, received with assumed indifference the farewell embraces of their mothers, wives, sisters, friends and children.

In the spacious halls of the castle silence reigned. Count Adolph, impatient to reach the camp of Dwernicki as speedily as possible, and already prepared for departure, could not leave the scenes so dear to him without taking a farewell, perhaps a last one, of his devoted wife. With beating and prophetic heart he stood before the door which conducted to her apartment; and after a pause, with a noiseless step he entered the room, in which he expected to find her still sleeping, — but it was deserted. The astonished Adolph, hastening with agitation through all the apartments and galleries without finding the object of his search, was at length directed by an anxious presenti-

ment towards the castle chapel. As he listened at the door of the sacred place, his ear was struck with the sound of prayer, and recognising the voice of Julia, he approached her in silence. Long did he gaze with deep and fervent love upon this innocent being, kneeling and lost in prayer — this young creature so dear to his heart, and whom the duty of a Pole obliged him to leave, perhaps for ever. At length, the reverie into which he had fallen was broken by the earnest voice of Julia, who, still fancying herself alone, concluded her prayer in these words :—

"Oh! Almighty Being, who readest the hearts of thy creatures, thou seest my soul, and thou knowest all my desires; but if they are not in accordance with thy holy purposes, let not my will but thine be done! Be pleased, nevertheless, O Lord! to hear favourably the humble prayer of thy suppliant creature buried in the dust before thy majesty! Bestow thy blessing upon the Polish cause! Save our dear and unhappy fatherland! Break her chains, and lay bounds to the tyranny of the invading enemy! Keep in thy holy guardianship my beloved Adolph: if, inflamed with the love of country, he rush into the midst of the enemy, guard his life so dear to me; turn away the dangers which menace his days, and deprive not my children so early of their father! Oh! God of my fathers! hear favourably my earnest prayer. Hear the prayer of a true daughter of Poland! If the heart of my Adolph should prove unfaithful to the true interest of his country....Oh! rather receive him to thy mercy!"

"Never shall it prove unfaithful!" interrupted Adolph, deeply affected: "witness that Power to whom you have appealed but now, and who likewise reads this heart, burning with the purest love of my country, —that I will be for ever true to our country's cause!"

"Dear Adolph! forgive my prayer," replied Julia; "I know your heart, and that you are one of the noblest of patriots; but sometimes the strongest characters are subdued to human weakness. Not as a wife, but as a Pole I have prayed to God, that in the moment of such weakness, if it should ever chance that irresolution enters your heart, he would rather take you to Himself, than allow you to stain the Polish name with dishonour. Adolph, you go to fight for the freedom of our common Mother; I know that the fate of war is uncertain, and that in a short time I may remain with my orphans alone; but I will detain you no longer,—I desire not to weaken your courage with a woman's tears! Go, my husband, where honour and duty call every true Pole; be faithful to your country. Yet a few words more: in other countries the days of chivalry are over, but not in Poland; with us a knight is still faithful to his arms and to his love; and even yet we retain the symbols of those former times."

So saying, she took a white scarf from her bosom, and would have given it to her husband; but the woman's affection overcame the courage of the Polish wife; burning tears gushed from her eyes, and for some minutes she yielded up her soul to weakness. At length, rousing her spirits, she bound the sword of

Adolph with the scarf moistened by her tears. "Bear it always," she said, "and when you advance to battle, look at this scarf, and remember that the wife who once wore it would not hesitate to give her life for a cause which has already been consecrated by the blood of thousands."

Adolph, pressing her to his bosom, answered her with tears alone, and kneeling before the altar, swore to defend the national banner unto death. But now the beams of the rising sun glancing through the chapel windows, warned him that it was time to commence the march. Julia was the first to terminate a scene so painful to both, and taking him with assumed gaiety by the hand, she conducted him to his sister and children.

Having taken an affectionate leave of Helen, still watching by the bed of the suffering Zapolski, and bestowed a hearty blessing upon his children, Adolph proceeded, accompanied by his wife, to the impatient soldiers. In a short speech, he impressed upon them the duty of Polish warriors, and Julia at its conclusion presented to the small corps a banner worked by her own hand, exhorting them never to forsake this ensign, which was to conduct them to battle. "Let your motto," said she, "be ever, 'Death or Victory!' — rather perish to the last man, than surrender the freedom of your country to the vengeance of the oppressors!" "Long live our fatherland! — our blood, our life, — we are ready to give them for her liberty. — Long live Count Edmund and his honoured sister! — long live Count Adolph!"

While these enthusiastic shouts were yet vibrating in the air, the trumpet sounded the signal to march; and a hundred gallant horsemen, preceded by a hundred and fifty riflemen, issued from the gates of L——.

Julia, in spite of the remonstrances of her husband, mounted a spirited charger, determined to accompany the corps of volunteers a few miles on their march from the castle. Arrived at the place at which it was necessary she should leave them, with heroic calmness, although with a tearful eye, she bade farewell to her husband and his brave companions; imploring in silent prayer, that God might conduct them in safety to their appointed place, and cover their arms with glory.

In a few minutes they had passed from her view, — but she still stood gazing in the direction they had taken, long after they had been lost among the trees and rising mountains beyond. At length, the reverie into which she had fallen, composed equally of fear and hope — fear for the life of her husband and her brother, — and hope for the deliverance of her country — was interrupted by the approach of her attendant with the horses, who informed her that he heard in the distance, and so far as he could judge, in the direction of the castle, frequent explosions and the voice of tumult; imploring her at the same time to leave the place forthwith, where it must be dangerous to remain.

But Julia, occupied with other and more absorbing thoughts, heeded not the advice of her attendant, but advanced deeper into the wood, following, or attempting to follow, the sounding echo of a song from

Adolph's corps — in which she could still distinguish these words, which had been rendered recently familiar to her ear:

> Rise, White Eagle,* rise!
> Shake from thy stainless breast
> The black plumes of the foe,
> Who comes to spoil thy nest;
> Rise, White Eagle, rise,
> And bid the ruddy tide of vengeance flow!

With what joyous ecstacy she now gazed. It seemed to her that she still beheld the departing warriors, and with a beating heart she followed them with her prayers. Imagination brought to her heart a fond vision of her country's deliverance, — and already she beheld the dear object of her affection returning crowned with the laurel wreath of victory. — Long did she remain fixed to the spot, lost in a happy unconsciousness of all around, feeling no weariness, and insensible to the flight of time. The approach of evening, however, at length warned her to depart, and turning reluctantly to the anxious servant, she mounted her horse, and in another hour was before the gates of the castle of L——. But what had occurred in the meanwhile? —Let us relate it in another chapter.

V.

Breathless, motionless, and with the cold silence of a statue, Julia stood before the smoking ruins of the Castle of L——. The number of dead bodies, the burning habitations in the vicinity of the castle, too

* The ensign of Poland.

plainly showed that here the rage of the Russian barbarians had been expended. The last sighs of the agonized victims,—the shades of night which now began to invest this scene of destruction, and the horrible howling of the wind, as it caught up the dust and stifling smoke from the ruins, at length aroused her from her stupefaction; a heavy sigh burst from her tortured bosom; and raising her tearless eyes to heaven, she sought consolation from the everlasting God!

The scene before her was sufficient to carry conviction of the fulness of her misfortune; in one glance fancy presented to her a picture of her murdered children, sister and friends; and for once, as she sank upon the earth in agony of soul, the heart of The Devoted forgot that even to this last dreadful sacrifice, her country exacted her willing submission. The faithful servant knelt beside her as she lay, and as one deep and heavy groan burst from her bosom, raised his hands to heaven, and prayed that the strength and consolation of religion might return and tranquillize her soul.

Julia heard the touching appeal, and as she regained her presence of mind, a flood of bitter tears gushed from her eyes, and relieved her overcharged heart.

"Come with me," she murmured, as she arose from the ground; and, entering among the ruins of the castle, her fearful glance sought to discover the remains of her innocent children.—But no—her eye met nothing but the murdered bodies of her vassals and servants, mingled with the carcasses of Russian soldiers,—united in one common death.

At length her ear was struck with a deep groan, and with a beating heart she approached the object from whence proceeded this sign of life. How great was her joy on discovering in the wounded man the faithful John! who, faint with loss of blood, rather than from the dangerous nature of his wound, was in a short time restored to consciousness by her timely assistance.

"Tell me,—how came this dreadful carnage?" demanded Julia, as, aided by Casimir, she succeeded in raising the body of the wounded man, which the latter supported in his arms; "let me hear it all; I am calm."

The old soldier heaved a deep sigh, and passed his hand slowly over his brow. "It is a dreadful tale," he said; "prepare to hear the worst, my honoured lady."

"I am prepared," replied the Countess—"proceed."

"About an hour after the departure of Count Adolph with his brave company," began John, "General Davidoff, heading a regiment of Cossack dragoons, with four pieces of cannon, came before the castle and summoned it to surrender. But notwithstanding that we were not prepared to resist so great a force, we barricaded the gates, and the forty riflemen whom the Count had left us, commenced instantly a murderous fire. The wounded Zapolski in vain attempted to rise from his bed, eager to partake in the heroic defence made by the brave riflemen, but his weakness denied him that last consolation. In the meanwhile, the Countess Helen, regardless of the storm of Russian balls that whistled around her, like a protecting angel, ran amid the fire, tending the wounded, and animating the

exhausted strength of the riflemen. The fight had lasted about two hours, when she was struck by a ball and fell dead upon the ramparts. The riflemen, wearied with their long struggle against such overpowering odds, and having exhausted their ammunition, and lost half of their numbers, at last decided upon surrendering; but Zapolski, to whom the women of the castle communicated from time to time the progress of the combat, hearing of the death of the heroic Countess Helen, and the design of the riflemen, conjured them to carry him in a chair to the court-yard. The remainder of the men still able to fight, at the sight of the sick Zapolski, and at the sound of his inflaming words, roused by a fresh spirit, and shouting, "Long live our father-land!" rushed with desperate energy upon the foe now entering at the broken gates. But numbers prevailed over courage; the riflemen fell to the last man, and upon their lifeless bodies General Davidoff with his hangmen entered the castle, and having murdered with his own hand the wounded Zapolski, unable to defend himself, and plundered the castle, the villains set fire to the several wings, and with their cannon razed to the ground this ancient refuge of virtue and patriotism."

"And my children — what has befallen them?" interrupted Julia, who had listened with intense and dreadful interest to every word the old soldier uttered.

"Before I was struck to the ground," replied John, "while defending the door of the children's room, Sophia, their nurse, with two other women, escaped

through the back door of the garden, — but whether they are saved or not, the Lord alone knows! — Let us hope that He has pitied and spared these innocent beings. What further happened I know not; only that, being aroused from my swoon by the fire and smoke surrounding the castle, I exerted all my strength to escape from the dreadful death around me, but, having arrived at the yard, I again fell, and was only by your providential aid restored to life."

Julia wept bitterly at this narrative, and for a moment envied her sister and her friends their heroic death; but speedily calling to mind the duties she still owed to her husband and her country, and not without hope that she might still save her children, she began to reflect in what manner she might best provide for the safety of herself and of her companions.

In a distant part of the park there was a summer-house, not unlikely, from its concealed situation, to have escaped the rage of the besiegers: thither they hastened, and here for the present she hoped to elude discovery.

The sun of the 14th of April illumined as he was wont the surrounding scenery; but what a change presented itself to Julia! Surrounded, the day before, by her children, husband, and friends, to-day deprived of all who were dear to her heart;—but, submitting with resignation to the will of God — she prepared to support without a murmur the trials with which He had been pleased to visit her, to prove her patience, and to exalt the virtue of her sacrifice to her country.

During two days, Casimir and old John were em-

ployed in endeavouring to discover the children, or at least to obtain some clue to their fate, but without success. Nothing whatever could be ascertained to throw a ray of light upon the probable retreat of these unfortunate beings, and the almost heart-broken mother was fain to rest her only hope upon that Power, which from her earliest youth she had been taught to look up to in all her sorrows and afflictions.

"There is hope still," — she said with a calm and resigned confidence.—"I may yet reach the camp of General Dwernicki, — there at least I may fulfil the duties of a Polish wife, — there at least I may once more behold my husband—if he yet lives!"

She checked the intrusion of the busy doubt that had come across her brain, and having completed such trifling arrangements as her altered fortune enabled her to make,— alone, but with a strong and unshaken heart, she set out on foot, resolved if possible, and through all obstacles, to reach the camp of Dwernicki.

VI.

In the meanwhile, the brave troops under the command of Adolph, having on their way fallen in with and dispersed several Russian divisions, at length reached the camp of General Dwernicki on the afternoon of the 17th April, bringing as prisoners two adjutants of Dybiez and Rüdiger, the Russian generals. General Dwernicki finding upon the persons of the adjutants certain dispatches that discovered the real strength of the enemy, which consisted of nine thousand infantry,

five thousand cavalry, and thirty-eight pieces of cannon, resolved to proceed by a shorter route to Dubno, where he expected to meet the Ukraine and Podolian insurgents; but when he afterwards recollected the strength of Rüdiger,—that he would not be able to conduct his corps on the right side of the Styr, because in the woods on this side it was impossible for cavalry to march,—that the infantry, composed almost entirely of new and unpractised soldiers, would be of little value,—and that, in the mean time, Rüdiger would be able to invest the woods with the columns of his infantry, he determined to wait the enemy's attack in the same place:—and with this view, hoping to conceal his movement, he sent two battalions of infantry with riflemen by the bridge, and posted them in the adjacent wood; by which he demonstrated an intention of going in reality to Dubno.—His position was tolerably good. The castle of Count Czacki, to whom belonged the town of Boremla, was situated upon an elevation opposite the bridge. The Prince Puzyna, leader of a part of Dwernicki's artillery, placed upon the castle-platform leading to the bridge, two cannon, and two unicorns, with which he fired upon the opposite wood, from whence on the 18th of April, in the morning, the columns of the Russian infantry poured forth; and under the protection of this fire, the two Polish battalions covered their retreat. After which, the Muscovites carried a heavy battery, and began to fire upon the castle. The marshes which are on both sides of the river, rendered the cavalry useless; and Dwer-

nicki perceived that this attack was only a false one, and that Rüdiger purposed to commence the attack as from the right side of Berestevzko, or the left of Krasne. — A strong cannonade was kept up during two hours by both parties : the Russian balls took effect not only upon the infantry who defended the passage of the bridge, and who lost there about a hundred and forty men ; but also upon the castle of Czacki. — General Dwernicki, who, having but a small force to bring against the enemy, wished not to come to a decisive battle, determined to attack one part of the corps of Rüdiger, stationed near Boremla, and open himself a way to Dubno. But seeing in the afternoon and evening, at the left of his position, the strong Russian columns moving to the village of Stryniki upon Styr ; and receiving news on the 19th of April, at sun-rise, that the Muscovites had built a bridge, and prepared themselves to go over, General Dwernicki decided not to derange their passage, but to await them upon a plain, which extended from the village of Stryniki on the left side of the Styr. At twelve o'clock at noon on the 19th of April, the Russians passed the bridge, and approached with all their strength towards the Polish camp ; at this moment their artillery began to fire, and the Cossack columns showed themselves from the side of Berestevzko. At this moment General Dwernicki led his troops upon the plain, and placed the cavalry upon a free field in reserve — in the front two squadrons of the 5th regiment of chasseurs, and both the Cracow squadrons of Kosciuszko,— and farther behind

on the right wing, three divisions of the 4th and 2nd regiments of chasseurs, and Poniatowski's Cracow horse ; —behind them was the heavy battery of Puzyna ; and round the enclosure of a cemetery, were two battalions of infantry which formed the right wing of the line of battle.— The left wing was formed by the light battery of artillery, and three other divisions of cavalry, with the small number of volunteers conducted by Adolph. The bridge of the castle was defended by two cannons, and one battalion of infantry with the L —— riflemen. — The last two divisions with two cannon were sent towards the Berestevzko, to keep the body of the Cossacks in check. — Rüdiger having placed upon each wing twelve cannons of great calibre, with numerous cavalry, and in the front his strong columns of infantry, began a terrible fire upon the left Polish wing ; which, having resisted for a long time with undaunted coolness, was compelled at last to retire to the left into a valley ; but the Russian cannons appearing to direct themselves only upon this wing ceased not to pour their fire upon them. — Dwernicki perceiving this profitable moment, sent Captain Puzyna with his artillery, who, advancing at a gallop, and approaching with his cannons near the Russian battery, put it in great disorder with his well managed fire. Dwernicki at this moment advancing with the four front squadrons, together with the three divisions of the left wing, attacked the remaining battery, but failed on the first onset ; the squadrons of the left wing, harassed by the continued charge of the

artillery, were thrown into disorder ; and unable to resist the second terrible fire, were obliged to retreat. —At the same moment, when these squadrons were retreating in disorder, and when the Russian regiment of Oranian hussars rushed with impetuosity to the charge, the horse of General Dwernicki fell. Surrounded by enemies, and in the greatest danger, he lost not his presence of mind, but with a well known voice called upon the lancers of the 4th regiment, who likewise had begun to retreat.—" How ! will *you* also leave your old general ?" — At the sound of his familiar voice, which had led them so often to victory, the retreating lancers ranging themselves under the command of Major Rutkowski, and Count Edmund,— and Adolph leading also forward with unshaken courage the handful of men confided to his trust,— the hussars were driven back, and a fresh horse being brought to the general, he was rescued from danger.—Dwernicki, after having mounted the horse, gathered the cavalry together, and attacked the enemy a second time ; and in this instance more succesfully. The squadrons, ashamed of their not having from the first kept their place, rushed forward with the greatest impetuosity, cut in pieces the Russian hussars, and seized eight pieces of cannon. At this moment, the Russian reserve cavalry fell upon the Polish ranks, who, in spite of their being four times feebler than the enemy, fought with courage nearly allied to despair. Count Edmund, in this emergency, performed the duty both of a soldier and an officer ; and Adolph, mindful of the vow he had made in the

L —— chapel, never to forsake the national banner till death, folded to his heart the scarf moistened with Julia's tears, rushed furiously upon the foe at the head of his brave companions, and working dreadful carnage among the enemy, sank down at last, pierced with many wounds.

At the sight of their fallen leader, his company, together with a troop of lancers, rushed with fresh despair and irresistible impetuosity upon the masses of Russian cavalry, and drove them back with tremendous loss. In the meanwhile, Edmund, who, as a guardian angel had watched over the safety of his friend, seeing him fall, and regardless of danger, sprang from his horse and bore him away on his shoulders from the heat of the battle, but alas! all was in vain.—Death was already passing over the pale brow of the brave soldier. He pressed the hand of Edmund: "Should you survive this battle," he said faintly, "tell Julia that I died, like a true Pole, fighting for my country."

"She is here!" exclaimed a voice, and Julia sank beside him on her knees —"Oh Adolph! now am I indeed bereft of all on this side heaven."

The dying man raised himself upon his elbows with a violent effort.—"Julia, is it you?" he gasped; "how came you here?—what has happened at L ——? —where are my children?— I know it all — they are dead — murdered — butchered — there is no help for Poland—may God comfort thee, my poor wife!—Bless thee, oh my country!"

He fell back at these words into the arms of Edmund.

The Count gazed upon his face for a minute — it was sufficient —"He is dead!" he whispered in a choking voice; and with a piercing shriek Julia fell senseless upon the body.

It was a dearly-bought victory that crowned the Polish arms on the 19th of April. As Edmund conveyed his sister to the camp, his mind misgave him as to the final result of the present contest. The most heroic courage must at length give way before overpowering numbers; and the General himself, although astonished at the miraculous issue of the battle just ended, was not unaware of the dangers that beset, and of the fate that perhaps so shortly awaited him.

"This is no place for you, my sister!" urged Edmund, as he endeavoured to offer such poor consolation as was yet left at the present moment. "In Warsaw you may still fulfil the duties required of you as a daughter of Poland — at all events, you may there more safely await the impending crisis."

"Thither, then, will I go," cried Julia, with sudden animation, "even to the last, — deprived of rank — fortune — husband — children — all, — I will yet prove that I am devoted to our fatherland!"

It has become matter of history, and would here be out of place to detail the subsequent operations of General Dwernicki; it may be sufficient to notice that Rüdiger, unable to dislodge the Polish General from an advantageous position he had occupied near the Austrian frontier, in defiance of the law of nations, sent General Berg with many thousand cavalry through the Austrian

territory to the rear of the Polish corps. Surrounded on all sides, Dwernicki could no longer hesitate, but was compelled to commence a retreat through a bye-way into Galicia, trusting that the Austrians would permit them to return to Poland or Podolia. But he consoled himself with this hope in vain! His corps were disarmed — his arms were given up to the Muscovites — and his soldiers, officers, and himself imprisoned in different garrisons, and treated with the most savage barbarity, to the eternal dishonour of the Austrian government.

The loss of Dwernicki and his corps was the first fatal and decisive blow to the Polish cause, and was deplored by all the sympathizing nations of Europe. How much was lost to Poland in this great General, was afterwards shown, when through the whole Polish army ran the universal lament, "That with Dwernicki fortune had left the cause of Poland!"

VII.

It was not with vain and regretful tears that Julia called to mind the present position of her country, in which so many wives and mothers were compelled to the same sacrifice;— remembering the duty which every Polish man and woman were called upon to offer upon the altar of her native land, environed by the most imminent dangers, and in the midst of fatigues and privations of every kind, she at length reached Warsaw. Here, although she took not her place among the intrepid females who fought in the ranks with their

sons and husbands, she nevertheless performed services in the national cause, not less useful, nor less beset with perils. It was in the centre of the hospitals of Warsaw that she proved herself a Polish heroine. Surrounded by the sick and the wounded, she forgot everything but the new duty which she had devoted herself to fulfil; and for five successive months thought of nothing save of binding up their wounds and of alleviating their sufferings. The daughter of O——, the wife of S——, became a humble and an anxious nurse to the brave men of Poland.

When the day of misfortune arrived, the Countess accompanied the Polish army in their retreat to Modlin; and subsequently, taking advantage of the facility her sex afforded of passing through the enemy's army, she profited by it, and set out in search of her beloved children. At length she arrived, after a long and eventful absence, at the spot in which she had passed her happy youth. She had left it in the hope that she might still live to see her country delivered; she returned to it, beholding her country in stronger and closer chains; and as she looked once more upon the ruins of her paternal home, bitter tears gushed forth, and the remembrance of her sorrows returned to her soul in anguish almost too violent to bear.

But Almighty God, pitying her sufferings, rewarded her for her fortitude and for her untiring faith, by giving back her lost children. As she hurried distractedly through the woods surrounding L——, which had once been her own, but which were now the property of the

invading tyrant, she at length discovered her children under the care of Sophia their nurse, in the deep forests of B ——, secluded from mankind, and at peace,— if solitude may be called peace!

In the meanwhile, Count Edmund, sharing the fate of Dwernicki, entered Galicia with him; but, escaping from the Austrian guard, at length reached Warsaw. After fighting in the bloody battle of Ostrotzka, he marched with General Dembinski into Lithuania, and on the unhappy result of the Lithuanian insurrection, he was one in the famous retreat back to Poland. But determining to be ever in the face of the enemy, he entered the active corps of General Rozycki, with whom, after the fall of Warsaw, (his corps being surrounded by the six times greater strength of Rüdiger, and having lost almost half his force) he retreated to Galicia. And now, anxious concerning the fate of his sister, he disguised himself, and reached Podolia, designing to seek her. But here, beholding only the sad remains of fortune and greatness, — and lost in a reverie, whilst gazing upon the scattered ruins of his noble home, he perceived not that he was surrounded by a Russian patrol, who recognising and seizing him, he was sent to Bobouysk, a fortress in Lithuania, where he spent three months in the greatest tortures in the casemates. From thence he was sent on foot with other companions in misfortune to Siberia; but on the third day of his march, he succeeded in eluding the vigilance of his guard, and effected his escape.

Protected by the honest peasantry of Lithuania and Poland, though beset on all sides with the most imminent dangers, he arrived at last once more in Galicia, where, hearing nothing of his ill-fated sister, and fearful of arrest by the Austrian government, he made his escape to France, passing through Hungary, Austria, Italy, Piedmont and Savoy. Here he spent several months; but unable to tranquillize his mind respecting the fate of his beloved sister, he left that country and again entered Galicia in 1833, whence in disguise he proceeded to Podolia. More fortunate upon this occasion, while forced to conceal himself in the forest from the Russian spies, he accidentally discovered in the woods of B —— a solitary cottage, and recognised in its inmates his unfortunate sister and her children!

The mutual joy occasioned by this propitious meeting having subsided, Edmund taking Julia, her children, the faithful Sophia, and the veteran John, and passing miraculously through the Russian guards, reached Galicia; and having found a solitary but secure situation in the mountains of Carpathia,— he placed his sister there, and began at last to repose in her society, after so many perils a d misfortunes.

But Austrian policy, stimulated by Russian intrigue, did not long permit him to enjoy this tranquil retreat. Hunted by the police, he was compelled to leave his sister once more, and to flee to Carlsbad, disguised as a domestic in the service of a Polish family. There, again scented by the spies, and pursued like a wild beast, he escaped to Saxe; but the Russian Consul at

that place offering a price for his head, compelled him to fly to Hamburgh, where, after living three months, he was again discovered by the Russian blood-hounds; and in fresh danger of being delivered up, he retired from that impotent city, and escaped to England.

Count Edmund has supported these almost unexampled trials with calmness and resignation, sustained by the conviction that fortitude under misfortune, and devotion to his native land, are duties which he owes to his country and to his God.

At length, upon the hospitable shores of Britain, he has begun to breathe the air of liberty; and at this moment, from his place of exile, his eye is turned towards the still gloomy aspect of Poland, and he only awaits the first signal to devote himself once more to her freedom.

His sister, the Countess Julia, buried in the mountains of Carpathia, far from the world, and unknown; scarce able to provide subsistence for herself and children, lingers out her days of privation and of grief. The duties of a mother may, perhaps, sometimes tranquillize the anguish of her soul; but the annihilation of her country's liberty,—and the destruction of her dearest hopes have sunk into her heart, and saddened her existence for ever.

THREE SONNETS.

BY R. F. HOUSMAN.

I. — A GREEN LANE.

My homeward path wound through a woody lane,
Green, and of summer beauty. Up its banks
Clomb flowers of every hue, in glowing ranks,
And drooping yet with newly-fallen rain.
Scarce could my sense the pleasant load sustain
Of intermingling odours, breathed away
From the unruffled wreathes that near me lay,
Threading the ground in many a curious vein.
From neighbouring thickets sweetly poured the thrush
His mellow notes, beneath a rosy sky ;
And oft I paused, to hear the tiny gush
Of undiscovered rill, or springlet shy,
Dripping for ever with a gentle sound, —
Like fairy footsteps dancing on the ground.

II. — THE LINN.

Here let us pause. How calm a spot this Linn
Has chosen ; with how musical a tone
Its foamy billows glide from stone to stone,
Low-gurgling. Overhead, the small birds win
Access through braided boughs ; and all within

Is a pale emerald gleam, and a faint smell
Of flow'rets, dew-fed, that delight to dwell
Where the cool waters make this soothing din.
—Speaks not this stream a MORAL as it goes,
Slow-wandering seaward? Speaks it not, sweet Love,
Of unambitious thoughts and chastened hopes,
In quiet nooks secluded, — where the Dove
Nestles, calm-hearted, near the thornless Rose,
And Peace for ever sings on sunny slopes?

III. — THE WANING YEAR.

Did I not *see* the brown and withering leaves,
And the chill aspect of the cheerless sky,
Yet should I know that winter storms were nigh;
For now, the redbreast, perched on cottage eaves,
Sadly, as sinks the ashen evening, weaves
Into the wailing wind that whistles by
A desolate strain of touching melody,
Like one whom death of some last hope bereaves.
And lo! high overhead, the watery moon,
With a rapidity betokening fear,
Hurries through vapoury clouds, thin, dark, and wild!
—Yet welcome, dreary season! Though too soon
For *some* thou com'st — to *me*, O Waning Year,
Thou usherest in a time that ever smiled.

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